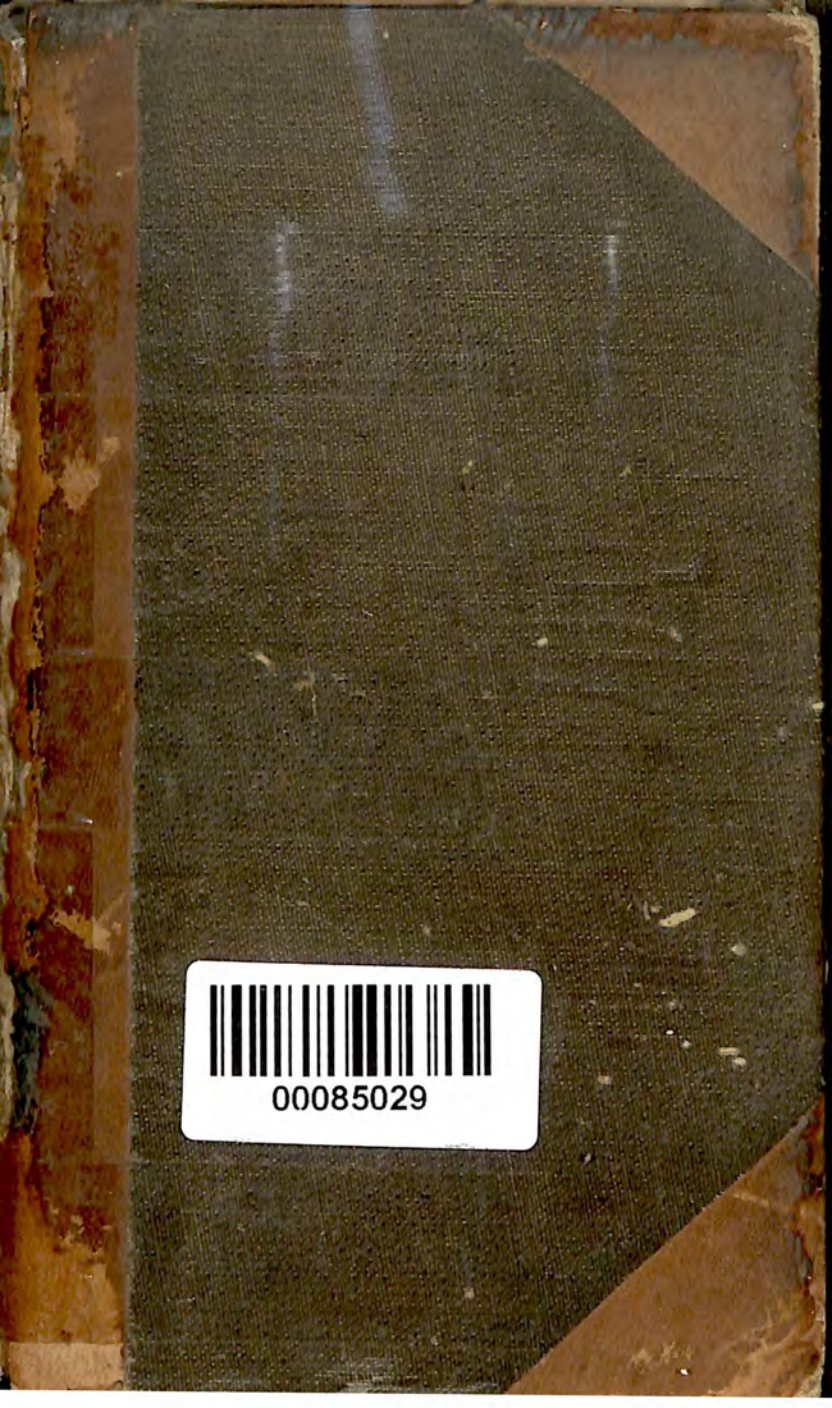
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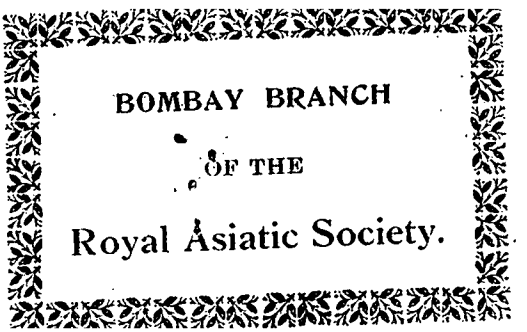

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RAMBLES IN MA[redacted]

AND IN

PORTUGAL,

IN THE

EARLY PART OF M.DCCC.XXVI.

WITH AN

APPENDIX OF DETAILS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE HEALTH, CLIMATE, PRODUCE, AND CIVIL HISTORY OF THE ISLAND.

85029

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1827.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY R. GILBERT,

ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

TO

GEORGE STODDART, Esq.

OF THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA,

This Volume is inscribed,

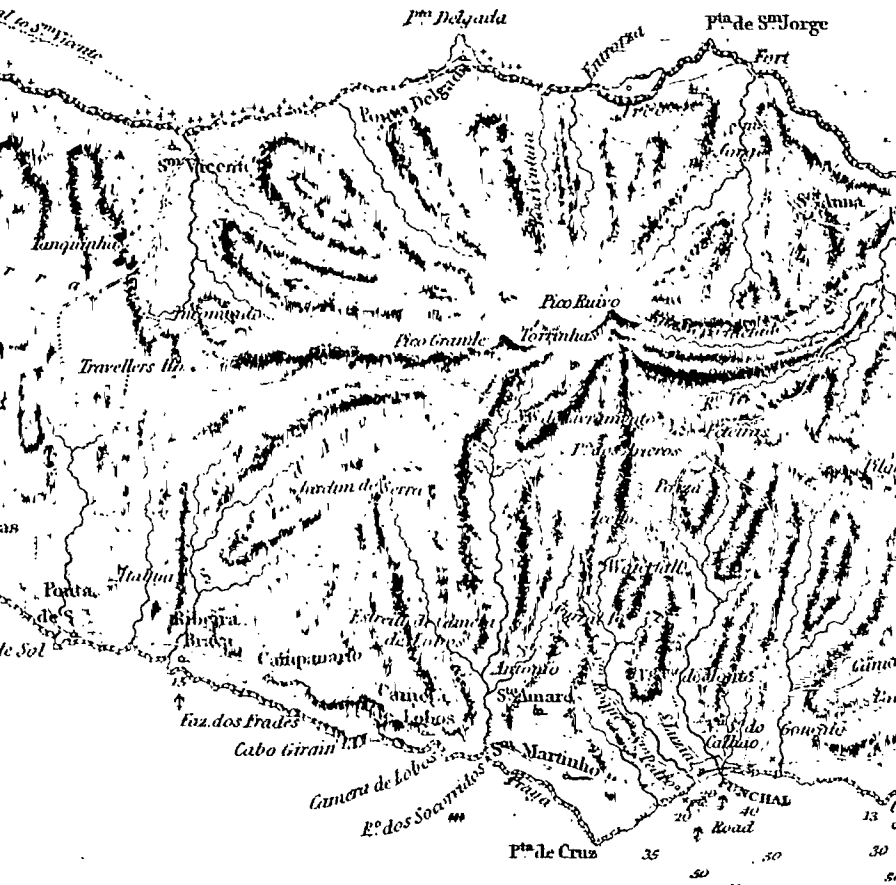
IN TESTIMONY OF WARM REGARD, AND

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT,

BY HIS MOST OBLIGED AND FAITHFUL FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

T L A N T I



O C E A N

PREFACE.

THE Notes, of which this volume for the most part consists, were taken at the time without any purpose of publication, an application of them in the first instance suggested by a request to supply some descriptive notices to a work, chiefly of graphical illu
undertaken by a friend. It was after
thought more convenient that the two departments should appear separately, when it became necessary to alter and enlarge the plan of that which fell to the writer, to enable it in some sort to stand alone; and he has thus been led insensibly into an adventure of authorship of a character rather

more responsible than he originally contemplated. The temptation was the greater, as there is really a want, or at any rate an absence of any book * professing to give a tolerably complete account of an island among the most favoured of the world, and which in so many points of view is peculiarly interesting to this country. Almost every traveller, indeed, that has crossed the tropics, opens his quarto with some short notice of Madeira in passing; but none of these will afford the reader any very distinct notion of the climate, or scenery, or manners of the place; nor could the invalid visitor from such gather much of that particular information which is so important both in determining his

* Mr. Bowdich's work is hardly an exception; its almost exclusive devotion to matters of scientific research, materially diminishes the interest of it with the general class either of readers or visitors.

choice of an abode, and in guiding the steps proper to be taken in carrying his choice into effect. If the present volume should be found in some degree to supply this deficiency, it will chiefly be owing to the details and facts collected in the Appendices. These are exclusively the contribution of a friend, to whom the writer has been further indebted for the most useful assistance, both in the correction of the work itself and the superintendence of its publication.

Portugal has been often described—there is hardly therefore the same excuse for the appearance of the remarks on that kingdom; though, perhaps, 'existing circumstances' may be thought to give an accidental interest to the *latest* accounts respecting it. The map of Madeira is founded upon that of Mr. Johnstone in 1792, but with numerous cor- Page 3

rections and additions, which repeated travel over almost every part of the island has afforded the means of supplying. It may be added, that the graphical work above alluded to has been just published. It consists of twenty-six views, representing all the more remarkable and interesting scenes in the islands *.

* The title is, "Views in the Madeiras," executed on stone, from drawings taken from nature, by Messrs. Nicholson, Westall, Harding, Villeneuve, W. Gauci, &c.

DUBLIN,
March, 1827.

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PART I.

DIARY

OF A

RESIDENCE IN MADEIRA.

DIARY.

I.

FIRST VIEW OF THE ISLAND—IMPRESSIONS ON LANDING—FUNCHAL—BALCONIES—COSTUMES—THE TURRET.

December 27.—About two in the afternoon the peaks of Porto Santo were discerned over our weather bows, and soon after the mass of Madeira itself appeared looming through the haze; the summits of the mountains, as usual, I believe, capped with clouds; while below extended the long line of low, broken rock and cliff, called Point St. Lorenço, which stood out distinct and black against the haze that enveloped the rest of the island. To the left were the *Desertas*, three remarkable masses or islets of rock, which lie to the west of Madeira, and seem in their original formation to have been connected with its western-most cape, the Point St. Lorenço just mentioned.

Night fell before we got a-breast of the island, of which we could only discern the lofty outline, and the precipitous coast; and the lights from the lesser towns situated along the shore. By the

time we had doubled the Brazen-head, a projecting point forming the easternmost horn of the bay of Funchal, the wind had died away and the waters of the bay were perfectly quiet—there was moonlight, and a warm summer feeling in the air which we fancied we could have sat up all night to enjoy, together with the certainty that we were at length at the end of our voyage. The lights for some time were visible from Funchal. We watched them eagerly, longing for day-light, which should reveal to us the scene that lay veiled before us, with something of the impatience with which a child awaits the drawing up of the curtain at the theatre.

Dec. 28. On deck soon after sun-rise. We were then close under the island, a little to the east of the Brazen-head. It appeared one mass of mountain, rugged, brown and steep, with little wood, except some round-headed firs scattered high up, and no cultivation that we could distinguish at this distance. The white city of Funchal was discernible in the farthermost recess of the bay; but for this we might have doubted the inhabitation (so to speak) of the island, so little token did it present at this point of human abode or industry.

This appearance gave way to one* of a livelier

* See "Views in the Madeiras."

character as we gradually approached Funchal. Its white dwellings massed in the bottom of the bay, and the profusion of *quintas* and cottages scattered over the lower declivities of the mountains that shelter it on every side, shone laughingly in the sun which had just risen over the *Desertas* behind us. A light cloud rested on the higher parts of the mountains; but in the region nearer the town we could see the steeps as they were terraced into gardens and vineyards, and divided, from space to space, by the dark chesnut-clothed ravines that run down to the coast. The Mount church, situated high up near the last confine of the cultivated region—the Peak Castle *, crowning with its Gothic bastions an eminence that more immediately commands the town itself —and close at hand, the Loo rock *, a low, black insulated mass of basalt, with a fort at top, that stands out near the shore at the western end of the harbour—were the objects first pointed out to our attention.

We left the ship about nine o'clock—emphatically, *magno telluris amore egressi.* They only who have felt can appreciate the delight with which a wretch of a landsman first steps on shore after a voyage of any length at sea. As I trod the black shingly beach of Madeira, I fancied, in-

* See "Views in the Madeiras."

deed I felt, I was deriving new vigour and strength, and animation from each successive contact with mother earth; then, every pleasant object of sight, however common—every appliance of comfort, however trivial, after so long a desuetude, strikes the sense with all the relish of novelty.

In our walk from the quay, I observed a vine yet in leaf, though somewhat faded; and a banana over a garden wall, expanding the light green surface of its palmate leaves to the sun. There was in the air of this tree something most characteristically tropical. It seemed to tell us that we were no longer in Europe *.

Dec. 29.—I have not yet got over the feeling of delight in being on shore, enjoying again the comforts and cleanliness of civilized life, after our fortnight's swelter under the hatches of the Brazil packet. But all my happiness is not imputable to this change; the climate is delicious, and strikes with peculiar charm to a stranger, whom a short sail has transferred to it from the very midst of the gloom and chill of an English December. Then again we have been received into a palace, profusely furnished with all the comforts and luxuries which European refinement can supply, and what is bet-

* The island, however, is considered as belonging to Europe, though within an African latitude; and the natives warmly disclaim any relationship to this last ill-starred portion of our planet.

ter, welcomed with a kindness and cordiality of which our own homes could scarcely have given a warmer and less equivocal expression *.

Funchal is not a handsome city, but at any rate it is unlike any other, which, to a traveller, is perhaps the best recommendation. Strangers commonly abuse it as ugly and inconvenient, and it is true that the streets are generally both steep and narrow; the former is rather the fault of the island, the whole coast of which, I understand, scarcely presents an acre of plain surface; and as for their narrowness, it must be recollected that they are not like those of every other place, intended for the passage of wheel-carriages; such a machine being as unheard of here as a horse at Venice. Now, for foot-passengers, or horsemen, the streets of Funchal are wide enough in all reason, especially under so sunny a sky as this, and they are clean beyond those of any foreign town I have seen. Their very steepness contributes to this quality, assisted by a copious little runnel of water, which is generally

* Yet we came at rather a melancholy moment; the news had but just preceded of the sudden death, in Scotland, of the head and founder of the house, Mr. John Keir; a gentleman, who seems to have enjoyed, in a singular degree, the respect and attachment of people of all classes in the island, the natives as well as English; and to whose kindness of disposition we are ourselves greatly indebted for attentions the most friendly, and delicate shewn to our invalid friend on the occasion of a former visit to the island.

seen coursing down the middle to the sea; and the sound and sight of which, in such a climate, is particularly grateful.

The houses are commonly low, not often exceeding one story in height, and have generally an agreeable look of whiteness and neatness in the exterior. Those belonging to the *fidalgos*, or to the richer merchants, are large and handsome; our own, indeed, is magnificent; few, if any in London, can compare with it, but it is by far the finest in the island. The families live universally on the first floor; that below being commonly occupied by offices, or sometimes by shops or stores, which are altogether separate from the rest of the building; behind, they have mostly patches of garden, over the walls of which you may get occasional glimpses of the orange and lemon, or palm, or banana, all flourishing with peculiar luxuriance in the shelter of this sunny hollow.

There is no public edifice of any consequence. The governor resides in the castle; a large, irregular, half-modernized mass of gothic building *, situated close on the beach. The churches and convents seem to present nothing remarkable. Opposite the cathedral is a public walk of plane-trees, agreeable enough, but apparently little used; for

* See "Views in the Madeiras," vignette.

the habits of the people here, of the women particularly, do not lead them to this kind of recreation or exhibition.

As yet, however, we have seen little of the place, except from the balconies of our windows; which, in the indolence which such a climate encourages, we can amuse ourselves for an hour in leaning over. There is, to be sure, no great stir in the streets, but almost every thing we see is new; in particular the costumes of the peasants; the men in loose linen *femoralia*, short jackets, and a small conical cap, carelessly thrown on the top of the head; the women with a similar cap, very short petticoats, and a kind of circular cloth tippet or *pelerine*, which is passed over the shoulders and tied behind. This attire is sufficiently picturesque, but it is confined to the peasantry; that of the town's people is wholly English, and in the case of the women, the cut as well as the material, of their cotton gowns is so precisely that which we had left at home, as to produce a sense of incongruity when contrasted with the strikingly foreign cast of their physiognomy. Some of the lower order of females wear men's beaver hats—always, with that class at least, a great disfigurement, and which here strikes with the worse effect, as superseding the light and graceful carapuche of the peasantry. Ladies of a higher class are seldom seen in the street; now and then

one passes by in her palanquin, but the curtains of the litter are so closed as to admit of no view of the tenant within. Sometimes it is otherwise, when the lady is *en grande parure*, on a visit of form, and then perhaps the exhibition is a little too violent.

When tired of the balcony we can betake ourselves to a loftier look-out. All the principal houses of Funchal have at the top a kind of gazabo or belvedere, of more or less elevation above the rest of the building, which they call *torrinhas* or turrets, and as the city is built on a rapid ascent from the shore, these lanterns always command a view of the harbour. Our turret is by much the loftiest of any in the place, and from it we enjoy a splendid panorama of the whole city, with the sea on one side and the mountains on the other *.

* A great object of resort to these turrets is to look out for vessels. The arrival of ships from Europe seems to be the chief topic of speculation and inquiry in Madeira. There are no daily journals, and the usually imperturbable serenity of the atmosphere precludes the subject which forms the other ordinary resource of English conversation. The first thing which is done in the morning is to mount the turret to see if any vessel had arrived in the offing in the course of the night. It is curious what a degree of accuracy in the distinguishing of ships at a distance is acquired by this habit of watching them. Every merchant's house has private signals, which are hoisted by the vessels respectively consigned to them; the destination, and even the name of which, is thus commonly known before they reach the bay.

II.

RIDE TO THE MOUNTAINS — BURROQUEROS — RAVINES — THE MOUNT CHURCH—THE MOUNT VILLA—BATHING—TREATY WITH BRAZIL—TE DEUM—THEATRE.

Dec. 30.—On descending this morning to the entrance court of the house we found it crowded with an assemblage of poneys and their attendants, some twenty of them at least; who, upon our appearance, became most clamorous in their simultaneous recommendation of the merits of their respective animals. These poneys are the ordinary means of conveyance in the island; which, as I have said, from its mountainous nature, is impracticable for wheel carriages; and, we may add, for pedestrians too, who are not gifted with the legs and lungs of the native mountaineers. After much ado we selected our *montures*, and set out, attended each by his *burroquero* or poney-boy, a race of hardy, active, intelligent young fellows, who find no difficulty in keeping up with their charge on foot in the longest and most arduous expeditions, with no other assistance than an occasional hold by the tail of their poney, while galloping up a steep ascent.

We turned towards the mountains by the side of one of the *ribeiros*, or mountain streams, that intersect the city. They tell me that the insignificant rivulet that now dashes along, almost hidden by the rocky masses that strew the bottom of the hollow, was upon the occasion of a flood that took place some twenty years since, so swollen, that it swept away a great part of the houses on its banks, though these are situated at a considerable elevation above its ordinary level—and among the rest a church*, the ruins of which still remain to attest the potential force and fury of the little brook that brawls beneath them.

These streams would seem more considerable, but as they approach the city, a considerable portion of the water is divided by the *levadas*, or water-courses, which intersect the country in every direction, and are employed to irrigate vineyards and gardens, to turn mills, and supply those little channels which I have mentioned as contributing

* Nossa Senhora da Calhao—the oldest, if we may believe Barros, in the island. This deluge is a remarkable æra in the recent history of Madeira, and it is as well to be aware of it at first, for you hear people talking of events that took place *before the flood*, in a manner that rather embarrasses one's notion of chronology.—N. B. The ruins of the Calhao church stand on the bank of the Roxinha river; that by which we ascended on this occasion to the mountains, is the Ribeiro de Santa Luzia.

so much to the freshness and cleanliness of the streets of Funchal.

Some of the waste spaces at the bottom of these *ribeiros* are occupied by beds of yams, as they here call a kind of *arum*, the root of which is the favourite food of the peasantry; it thrives best under water. Higher up the banks rise into cliffs, the sides of which, however, wherever the nature of the surface will admit, have been painfully terraced out with little patches of vineyard and orchard. This is near the town—above, the ravine preserves unimpaired its native character of rudeness and ravage.

I am very happy in my guide—having spent the last spring here, B. is perfectly at home in the country, of which he seems to know every lane and dingle. He is moreover a very quick observer, and an ardent naturalist; thereby particularly well calculated to assist with that kind of information in which I am myself the most unhappily deficient.

We turned from the *ribeiro* up a steep lane leading towards the Mount Church. To a stranger the road would seem really impracticable; our poneys, however, trod it with the most perfect ease and safety.

The rapidity too with which they ascend these

mountain steeps is admirable. They soon brought us through a wood of firs to the Mount Villa—an extensive quinta, apparently higher in situation than any other in the neighbourhood, and which must command a magnificent prospect.

From hence we kept along the side of the hill, through a lane sheltered by the most luxuriant hedges of geranium and fuchsia, in the full glow of their flowers: cross a romantic little dell, down the steep of which rushes a lively little mountain stream, making two or three very pretty falls in its way, and shaded by chesnuts, now leafless.

Close above this is the church of *Nossa Senhora do Monte*. Neither within or without does it present any thing particularly worthy of remark. Of course, 'Our Lady' herself is enshrined over the high altar in all that gorgeousness of jewelled head and spangled petticoat, which, to a Catholic imagination, would seem to form the proper ideal of female beatitude.

Every body knows the sorts of multiplication which the Catholics make of their hierarchy, by the various kinds and degrees of virtue which they respectively attach to different images of the same saint. So that Our Lady of Guadaloupe, for instance, is a power of quite other efficacy than Our Lady of Atocha or of Montserrat.—By the way,

if this do not imply idolatry in any sense in which the word is intelligible, one knows not what can. Thus it is with *Nossa Senhora do Monte;* whether in facility of propitiation, or urgency of intercession, she is held far to overtop all the other *Nossa-Senhoras* of the island, and her good will of course is cultivated with proportionate assiduity.

The situation of the church is very high—1900 feet, I believe, above the level of the sea. From the terrace in front you command a magnificent view of the city and harbour, and far over the Atlantic beyond.

Returning, we diverged from our road to explore a wild glen a little to the east of the church. The ground here is covered with myrtle, much as our English commons are with furze or juniper. I do not know that the advantage, in point of beauty, is much in favour of the myrtle, as it is apt in its growth to degenerate into what we call scrubbiness. You do not meet with it so plentifully lower down, though it be a plant that is known to love the shore. Apparently the climate there is too warm for it.

Jan. 3.—For the last two or three days we have been annoyed by a constant firing of cannon and jangling of bells, in celebration of the news of the treaty which Sir Charles Stuart has brought about

between Portugal and Brazil; the great result of which seems to be—for its provisions as published are not over intelligible—that poor King John is to be declared Emperor of Brazil, in consideration of his renouncing all right or exercise of power or dominion in or over the said empire. The Portuguese themselves seem much alive to the ridicule of making a consummation of this kind the subject of public rejoicing; and certainly it would have been better to let the matter, like any other of a similarly awkward nature, pass off quietly. But after all there can be no doubt, in the present state of relation between the two countries, that this or any termination of the differences between them, is a matter of real congratulation to both.

There was a grand *Te Deum* in the cathedral in honour of, or rather, in gratitude for the pacification. The music was good—the aisles were crowded by numbers kneeling, chiefly women, and of all classes; but remarkably few that we should call good-looking. They never cover their heads in church; the better sort wear a kind of black lace veil over their hair, in the manner, I believe, of the Spanish mantilla.

This cathedral is an old Gothic structure, ugly enough on the outside, and containing nothing very imposing in its interior. Such as it is, they

tell me that in point of size, architecture, and decoration, it is the best church in the island, which may dispense with my saying any thing more about them.

At night to the play. The house itself is really very respectable. The performance was wretched, even beyond expectation. I believe indeed that the company, like Peter Quince's, consists in great part of handicraftsmen in the town, but it seems strange that in these countries where in ordinary life you find so much pantomime of gesture and countenance, and such varied inflection of voice, that the histrionic personifications even of the humblest amateurs can be so utterly tame and spiritless. What amused me most was the part which the audience seemed to take in the characters or sentiments of the piece. Their applause or disapprobation was invariably directed to these; and in the warmth of their sympathy with the action, they seemed wholly to forget the performance. One of the most successful of the actors—but who was unfortunately charged with the part of the villain of the piece—could never make his appearance without being saluted with a general hiss.

Between the acts two or three gentlemen rose in the boxes, and recited certain poetic effusions

of their own in honour of the peace. One of them was encored. The practice is usual on occasions of this nature, and the expectation of these recitations had to-night drawn together a very full house.

III.

QUINTAS—THE ACHADO—TIL—THE VAL—HABITS OF THE ENGLISH RESIDENTS—FRUITS AND VEGETABLES—DINNER-PARTY—ROAD TO THE MOUNT—PORTUGUESE BALL—MANNERS TOWARDS LADIES—PORTUGUESE BEAUTY—ENGLISH CHAPEL—CARREIRA.

Jan. 4. The English merchants have all mansions in the city, but they commonly live with their families in the country houses in the neighbourhood of it. To-day we have been returning visits, which has taken us to some of the finest of these *Quintas*.

One of them is the *Achado:* the situation is delightful; it stands, as the name, it seems, implies, on a level, the only one in the environs, just above the city; and thus enjoys an advantage, in respect to surface, possessed by no other. The grounds are extensive, rich in fruits and in flowers, and surrounded by alleys of vine-trellice. These vine-corridors, as they call them, are common to all the gardens; and in summer, when the plant is in leaf, must be peculiarly grateful.

The *Til* is a villa in the Italian style, and possesses much more architectural pretension than any I have seen here; but it has never been finish-

ed, and what has been, bears evident symptoms of neglect. The name comes from a remarkably fine *til*, one of the indigenous evergreen forest trees of the island, which stands in the garden—*ingens arbos, faciemque simillima lauro;* it is, I believe, of the laurel tribe. In the court, too, is an enormous old chesnut, the second largest in the island.

What is chiefly remarkable in the *Val*, is the singular variety of the exotics, which are seen flourishing in the grounds. Dwellers of every clime, India and China, Mexico and Africa, are here met in a fellowship of beauty; and in the abundance of their fruits and blossoms, appear to suffer no regret for their native soil and sunshine.

There is a large circle of our countrymen residents here,—so large, indeed, as to make them quite independent, in respect to society, of the Portuguese; and accordingly the two races do not seem much to mix together. The English are thus at liberty to preserve all their old ways and habits, which, for the most part, they do most religiously; and a stranger is at first rather disappointed in finding so little of novelty in the social habits and forms of the place. We breakfast, lunch, dine, and drink tea, precisely in the same manner, and at the same hours, that we did in England. I have not yet seen a dish that could be called foreign; and every article of dress, or

furniture, or utensil of domestic economy, is, without exception, of English manufacture.

The fruits of the dessert alone remind us of our latitude. Nearly all the productions of the tropics are cultivated here with great success; and the guavas, citrons, bananas, and custard-apples, are even considered as superior to those of the West Indies. It is commonly the case, indeed, that fruits of all kinds are improved by being grown in a climate that renders some degree of care or attention necessary for their production. Thus the pine-apple here is decidedly inferior to those we have in England. Oranges, of course, are abundant, but they are not, in general, of the finest sort. Those of St. Michael's and Lisbon are superior; chiefly, I suppose, because being an article of commerce, in those places, more attention is paid to the cultivation of the tree. At Madeira the vine absorbs every consideration.

The vegetables are the same as in England, and generally of much the same quality. We are now revelling in green peas and French beans, a luxury that would strike us rather, were the season more marked by its European attributes; it really requires an effort of the mind to remember that it is winter. The same garden which gives us our dessert, supplies the coffee which closes it. The

tree succeeds here perfectly, and the produce is of the finest kind; but till lately it has been grown only for curiosity or ornament.

Jan. 5. Dined out with a large party; all men, including a good many Portuguese from among the first in rank or in office in the island. The dinner was very sumptuous, but quite *à l'Anglaise*. What I fear must be considered as English too, is the series of toasts, each drank with three times three, as they call it, and followed by an appropriate speech of thanks, which literally occupied the whole evening after. In England, however, this foolery is confined to a public dinner at a tavern; it is wearisome enough there; but introduced into private society, it is really intolerable.

A masquerade is about to be given, and we employ our mornings in rummaging the shops for materials for our dresses, and our evenings in rehearsing the performance of our respective characters. This is one of the advantages of being abroad. You are allowed to amuse yourself with trifles like the rest; to forget politics and money-making, and indulge in that light-hearted carelessness which is the charm of boyhood. Foreigners, indeed, particularly Frenchmen, seem never to lose their boyishness of mind and habit; and much that is good, as well as of what is objectionable in their charac-

ter, is connected with this disposition. The severer discipline to which we are subjected in England, may give us some advantage in respect to political institution; but we purchase it at a considerable expense of gratification; so much so, that it might be doubted whether the object be worth the price, were there reason to believe that in this, more than in a higher branch of his trial, it were man's business here to be happy.

Jan. 6. A beautiful sunny morning. We took a ride towards the Mount Church by the direct road. It is steep, paved throughout, and for the greater part of the way runs between the high walls of the Quintas and terraces which throng this ascent to the mountains—and yet the effect is far from unpleasing. The walls are almost invariably crowned by ranges of low square pillars, that support the arches and trellices of the vine-corridors; the geranium and fuchsia, and a variety of beautiful flowering shrubs from the gardens within, surmount the fence, and bush out their exuberance of flowers down to our reach; the creeping plants, it may be believed, are still greater truants;—while from the holes in the wall, intended to give passage for the moisture from the terraced earth, a number of pretty flowering weeds take root, and hang down their green tresses with very graceful effect. Each

garden, moreover, has its summer-house, or belvidere, overlooking the road: they are often of a very pretty construction; and the sound of your horse's feet has not uncommonly the effect of inducing some dark-eyed tenant of its shelter to look through the lattice.

Above the church the Quintas cease, and the pavement also. The road indeed becomes horrible, and no animal but a Madeira poney could keep its footing in ascending it. The country here is green and wild, without cultivation, and without wood; the ground scattered with heaths, which are broused by the small cattle of the island, and a few goats. . . .

After continuing our ascent for a considerable time, we turn to the right, and through a sort of portal in the rock come out in the *Ribeiro dos Escales*, I think they call it—a fine mountain ravine, running towards the sea to the east of the town—green and solitary; the sides thickly clothed with heath and sweet bay; with a stream that, after making a pretty fall at the head, thence finds its way along the bottom, but is scarcely distinguishable from the heights on which we stand.

A Portuguese ball in the evening. The ladies are carried in palanquins, and each received at the street entrance by the master of the house,

or if there be more than one lady, by some gentleman deputed for that purpose, who takes her hand, and so ushers her up stairs. There is much of this elaborate gallantry observable in the manner of the Portuguese towards the sex. Thus a man never passes a lady in the street, or in her balcony, without taking off his hat, and this whether he be acquainted with her or not. We understand they used to offer a similar mark of respect to the English ladies, but desisted on finding that our gentlemen did not reciprocate in the same homage towards the fair *Portuguezas*. I don't think that this difference in the manners of the two people does us credit. Not that all that kind of homage means much. In this, as in a more serious concern, our southern neighbours may seem to have the advantage in the practices of external devotion; but it would be a mistake to infer from thence, that there is with us less of that service of the heart, which, after all, is the one thing needful.

The party was large, probably two hundred, including most of the native rank and fashion of the island. We found the ladies all seated together in one room, and the effect of this concentration was sufficiently dazzling. Some people deny that there is any standard of female beauty; and, at any rate, there is no doubt but that habits and associations,

as well as complexional and sentimental considerations, interfere more with our perceptions in respect to this than any other object of taste. It is not immediately that we enter into the merits of a style of beauty very different from that which we have been accustomed to. Perhaps it is owing to this circumstance that I was not struck by so many instances of individual attractiveness as might have been expected in so crowded a galaxy. The traits that first strike a stranger in a Portuguese belle, are the tendency to *embonpoint* in the figure, and to darkness—I had almost said swarthiness, in complexion. This last character, however, is not particularly obvious by candle-light; and it is always relieved by the most raven hair, and eyes such as one seldom sees elsewhere—so large and black—if their fire were softened by a longer lash, and their expression less fixed, there would be no resisting them. I fancy, too, that their effect would be rather greater in a *tête-à-tête*, than in a circle like this, where, looking round, one sees on all sides the same eyes—and which all (it is every where the reproach of black eyes) say always the same thing. Their dress was perfectly in the English fashion; and, in general, there was something not un-English in their *mise* and *tournure*. The superiority of French women in these matters is incon-

testable. Perhaps we may account for it something on the principle by which Dr. Johnson explained the excellence of our neighbours in cookery, when he suspected that the inferiority of their meats rendered indispensable some extraordinary skill in dressing it.

The general arrangement and progress of the evening was very English too*. They dance remarkably well, the men as well as the women. Indeed it is, I believe, the great end and occupation of the earlier part of their existence.

We came away at two o'clock; few of the English staid later; but among the Portuguese, the more ardent spirits kept up the dance till long after day-break, when it is customary to serve up *caldo*, a sort of chicken-broth, for their refreshment.

Jan. 8. (*Sunday.*) The English chapel here is one of the prettiest I have seen, and certainly does credit to the taste which designed, as well as the liberality which supplied the means of constructing it. It is very prettily situated too, in a retired

* Two circumstances struck me as rather peculiar, though perhaps they are hardly worth mentioning. Upon a table in one of the rooms, not, however, frequented by the ladies, was spread out (the only book there) the whole series of an English work called "Harriet Wilson," with plates; and among the refreshments handed round between the dances, were mutton pies and bottled porter.

part of the town, and surrounded by a garden crowded with flowers and flowering-shrubs, which even at this season make a gay appearance. The Datura, in particular, is in the full display of its snow-white trumpets.

Returning from chapel, you pass the *Carreira*, the best and widest street in Funchal, and in which are situated the houses of many of the first Portuguese families. Here you commonly see a good many ladies in their balconies. This, indeed, is among their principal resources for passing the time, for they never walk except to church, and never ride, unless now and then in a palanquin, when making a formal morning call on some friend, —an occasion that does not occur very often, as it is a business of much ceremony; they go in full dress, and send before to announce their coming.

On Sunday, however, almost every window in the *Carreira* is filled, to watch the English ladies returning from chapel; these, in their turn, have an equal satisfaction in observing the Portuguese belles above; and altogether the scene is perhaps the liveliest and prettiest which the streets of Funchal afford in the course of the week.

You pay the ladies, at least—something for the gratification; for the fair Donnas on high have the reputation of being most acute and vigilant

observers, and by no means sparing in their scrutiny or their criticism.

These sedentary habits among the women are probably directly derivable from their Moorish ancestors or conquerors; a tradition which is traceable in so much of the Portuguese language and customs. It is known that their favourite posture when at home and at their ease, is sitting cross-legged on low cushions or carpets; which, moreover, is the attitude they commonly use at church.

Jan. 10.- The masquerade I have spoken of took place. Nothing can be more dismal and disgusting than a public masquerade, as we have them in London, at least; and of course no man of sense ever went to one twice. But I suspect it is these that have brought discredit upon the entertainment with us; for otherwise, in a private circle, where people know each other, it is certainly capable of producing much mirth and amusement. It is the amusement, however, of idle people; for the preparation of your dress, and the study of your character, in which, perhaps, consists no small part of the interest, really require more time than in England people commonly have to bestow.

Perhaps too there is something in the English character, good or bad, rather repugnant to that travesty of person and manner which the dramatic

part of the entertainment imposes. Abroad, one certainly feels more at one's ease in this respect; and we give way to the frolic of the moment with less fear of committing our reputation for sense and propriety.

IV.

CAMA DE LOBOS—SOCORRIDOS RAVINE—CAPE GIRAM—COAST TO THE EAST—CAPE GARAJAM—PALHEIRO—SUNSETS.

Jan. 11.—Took a ride to *Cama de Lobos*, a little town on the coast some half-dozen miles west of Funchal. The road thither is not interesting though continually in sight of, and never far from the sea. But the cliff here is comparatively low, and between it and the mountains intervenes a tract of tufa, of gentler declivity, rising sometimes into low hummocky hills; and almost universally cultivated. The vine, of course, is the prevailing produce; you see also corn, beans, lupines, and here and there a patch of sugar cane *.

We cross several of the ravines which run down from the mountains; as they approach the sea these channels commonly lose their picturesque interest. One of them, the *Ribeiro des Socorri-*

* This was the staple commodity of the island for some time after its discovery. It was introduced from Sicily by Prince Henry, and from hence found its way to the West Indies. The cultivation is now almost wholly discontinued; but the arms of Funchal still present five sugar loaves, the token of its former prevalence.—Vide Bowdich, p. 102.

dos *, is the outlet of the celebrated Curral Valley. The stream is considerable, and in the great flood swept away a part of the bridge. There is here a sugar mill, which it is worth while to inspect, for I imagine you could not find another nearer than the West Indies.

Cama de Lobos is a diminutive old town, situate in a hollow on the coast; a ledge of black basaltic rocks which runs out forms a kind of shelter for its little harbour. The place is chiefly interesting as the spot where the Portuguese discoverers first made their landing, (1420.) In itself it is poor enough, but the sides of the mountains around are covered with quintas, and vineyards, and are said to form one of the finest wine districts in the island.

To the west of Cama de Lobos the cliffs begin to rise rapidly, till at no great distance they accumulate into the *Cape Giram*, a magnificent headland, the loftiest in the island, I had almost said the world; being not less than sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, which washes its base. We took a boat, and after a short pull came under the shadow of this stupendous cliff. I thought it hardly struck us with a full effect of its actual elevation; from the want, probably, of other objects of human size wherewith to measure its

* See "Views in the Madeiras."

dimensions; still, as we came close beneath and looked up, there was something fearful in the contemplation of the enormous mass which was piled above us.

To a geologist the sight would be interesting in a different point of view, and even an unlearned eye must be struck with the basaltic dykes, as I believe they call them, which are seen intersecting from top to bottom, the tufa strata of which the cliff is composed. The contrariety both of material and position, here mark, as plainly as any thing can do, the different stages of convulsion which the soil has undergone, and I can understand the interest of the study which makes it its business to trace by vestiges of this kind the history of our planet beyond the period of its human inhabitation.

Part of the cliff appeared to have given way, and formed, here and there, little ledges of soil between the base and the sea. With a southern exposure, and backed by such a wall, these spots of course enjoy a peculiar warmth of climate, and on them is raised some of the finest wine. One, the *fazenda dos Frades*, produces from ten to twelve pipes of Malmsey annually.

Near the bottom of the cliff; that is, some two or three hundred feet up the face of it; are several square holes, which were formerly used for quar-

rying the stone, and by examining closer you distinguish the ladders by which a fearful access was obtained to these excavations. A few years ago, however, some lives were lost by the breaking of one of these ladders, and the quarries were abandoned*:.

Upon turning the point of *Cape Giram* the whole coast westward comes into sight as far as *Ponta da Sol,* a bold headland to which the cliffs gradually descend from the heights overhead. Near, is the outlet of *Ribeiro Bravo,* and over it, the chesnut shaded village of *Campanario.*

Returning, we landed under the Cape at the *Fonte Pedrida,* a little fountain of delicious water which breaks out at its base. The spot is a pretty one; inaccessible except by boats; and I rather wondered that it was not occupied by a little chapel or hermitage. To an anchoret whose 'feast" comprehended only

> 'A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
> And water from the spring,'

the little nook might be made to afford abundance.

In one of the chapels of the church of Cama de

* The stone is the black kind used for the sills and coping of doors and windows. It is not found in the neighbourhood of Funchal, and this circumstance, with the facility of water-carriage, formed the inducement for attempting to procure it at this spot by so singular a risk of human life.

Lobos we saw the corpse of a young girl awaiting interment; she was laid out on a carpet in a white dress, her feet tied together, her hands clasped, a wreath of flowers round her head, and wild jonquils strewed over the corse; the face was exposed, and wore a placidity of aspect not unaccordant with this gaiety of attire.

Riding home, we met a man bearing on a tray the corpse of a child similarly decked out, and doubtless to the same destination. Upon the remains of the young and fair this sort of decoration sits not unseemly. It is probably confined to them.

The view of Funchal, entering it from this direction, is very striking; indeed I do not think that you see the town, the bay, and the mountains together, to nearly the same advantage from any other point. The Peak Castle standing out bold and prominent in the near ground, contributes much to the picture; and in front the horizon of the sea is well broken by the *Desertas*.

Jan. 12.—We directed our course to day in an opposite direction, towards the east. This extremity of the town seems the most agreeably situated of any part of it; it is close upon the sea, of which it commands a beautiful view, and has immediate access to a part of the country affording some of the pleasantest rides and walks in the neigh-

bourhood. There is a house, next to the *Socorro* church, which for situation, I fancy, I should prefer to any in Funchal. Perhaps, indeed, I felt more interest in it from a curious legend which I found in an old history of the island, from which it appears to have been at one time the residence of a fair donçella—*fra bella e buona, Non so qual fosse piu*—but the story is too long to relate here.

The road here runs close to the cliffs, and commands a splendid view of the sea and coast to the eastward. You look down to the waves over the black crags of the cliff, thickly overgrown with the cactus opuntiæ or prickly pear, which with the aloe are found spreading their grotesque excrescences over all the rocks in the neighbourhood. A more graceful native is the Cassia (accuminata) with its golden flowers; it springs profusely among these sunny rocks. In the orchards about, the fig-tree is already in leaf, and the peach tree in blossom. This last seems a good deal cultivated here, but as they do not take the trouble to engraft it, the fruit is said to be of a very inferior kind; the one side often rotting before the other is ripe. On the other hand the Madeira fig is described as peculiarly delicious.

The *Ribeiro de Gonçalos*, a pretty little ravine, running down to the sea about a mile from the

Socorro; a picturesque old fort guards its outlet. Beyond this the cliffs rise rapidly; and the road, which no longer follows them, becomes steep and uninteresting. At the top of the ascent you pass the little chapel of *Nossa Senhora da Neve;* a tract of green mountain pasture, scattered with round-headed firs and descending steep to the cliffs on the left, succeeds; but soon gives place to a tame, dreary, half-cultivated region, in which the absence of every other feature of interest is ill compensated by the extensive sea views, which its elevation commands. Nothing indeed is duller or more tiresome, if continued long, than a mere sea view; unless accompanied by some circumstance of foreground, or accident of light, which may relieve its monotony.

We found our way down to the Brazen Head—or Cape *Garajaô*, as is the Portuguese name. It is by no means the loftiest of the neighbouring cliffs; but, by its projection, it forms the easternmost horn of the bay of Funchal; and is thus an object of constant interest and observation from the place, as all vessels from Europe are first seen coming round its point. The same circumstance of projection affords it a striking view of the rest of the range of cliffs, rising high on each side; wild, broken, of a dark umbered colour; capped above by the green herbage of the mountain, or overgrown

with the cactus and fig, with a dragon tree scattered here and there; and below is the black beach, strewn with fragments of basalt, over which washes the sea, which till it breaks into foam is of a blue, as deep and transparent as that of the Rhone at Geneva.

The top of the cliff beetles much over its base; and we lay long on the edge watching the breakers beneath us. We found here too an unusual variety of the plants which love the rock and shore; and it cost us a little effort, and even risk, to get at some of them. There is a peculiar charm in scenes and scrambles of this kind. The time passed much sooner than we were aware of, and we had to put our poneys at full speed to get home by sunset.

The road returning from this ride was much pleasanter than we found it in the morning. In the first place you descend continually, instead of ascending; and then you have Funchal shining before you the whole way; and, whatever be the result of the controversy as to the interior of our city, no one can dispute the peculiar cheerful aspect which it shews from a distance; seen as it is shining brightly on the shore of its own blue bay, and sheltered by the steeps of the vine-covered mountains.

Jan. 13. One of the great *Lions* of the neighbourhood of Funchal is the Palheiro, a quinta, or

rather park, belonging to Seignor Joao de Carvalhal, the richest fidalgo in the island, and probably the richest subject, in landed property at least, of the King of Portugal. We made it the object of our ride to-day. By going to a considerable elevation, at the summit of some heights, a little to the east of the town, Mr. Carvalhal has been able to obtain a considerable portion of comparatively level space, which he has planted with oaks and firs, and laid out in rides and walks. All this is well done, and has really made the whole more like an English park than one could have supposed any spot on such an island susceptible. But the very circumstance that gave it this capability, implied the absence of those grander and wilder features which are more characteristic of Madeira scenery, and which it is that one comes here to see. At the same time it is quite intelligible that the feeling of a native or resident here may be just the reverse of this—and in the summer every one must enjoy the comparative coolness of climate which you have at this elevation. Besides, the beauty of the place will much increase as the trees grow up, which they do very rapidly in this climate.

The house is unpretending as to size or architecture, but has an air both of elegance and comfort. The gardens about are very extensive, and richly

stocked with flowers. The double Camellias form their great pride; they do not thrive so well in the warmer regions below. The trees are from six to eight feet high, with blossoms in profusion, and very large, of white and crimson; and I thought, both in respect to hue and form, threatened the rose with a more fearful riva in loveliness, than her "Paradise of leaves" has yet encountered. But the perfume of the rose will perhaps always secure her supremacy, though the Camellia has a decided advantage in the bush that it grows upon, the thick dark polished foliage of which throws out her delicate flower with peculiar relief.

Returning home, we have the sun setting before us in great magnificence behind Cape Giram—

> Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
> But one unclouded blaze of living light.

In reality, however, there seems no such superiority in the sunset of these latitudes; on the contrary, I think our own the finer. The vapours of our horizon reflect and multiply the glories of the setting orb, and prolong them when set.

V.

EXPEDITION TO THE EAST—MODE OF TRAVELLING—SANTA CRUZ—MACHECO—LEGEND OF ANNA D'ARFET—POINT ST. LORENCO—FOSSIL BED OF CANIÇAL—NORTH COAST OF THE ISLAND—VALLEY OF MACHICO—PORTELLA DE PORTO-CRUZ—ST. ANTONIO DA SERRA—CAMACHA.

Jan. 17. We set out on an excursion to Machico and the east of the island.

An expedition of this kind costs some trouble here. With the exception of one, and not a very good one, in Funchal, there is nothing like an inn in the island. Moreover few or none of the gentry reside habitually out of the city or its immediate neighbourhood; so that if you go any distance from it, neither love nor money can purchase accommodation. A letter from some fidalgo to his *feitor* or steward, will procure you the use of an empty house; every thing else you must take with you. It is not advisable to omit even bread or wine, as the kind of each that is to be gotten on the spot will not always be found very palatable.

We followed the same road as on our ride to the

Brazen Head. It did not improve as we pursued it. You have high hills on the left hand, and the sea on the right, but neither under circumstances of much interest. There was a good deal of cultivation, which, on a mountain surface, has always a very *deforming* effect. It has so here particularly, where the apparent poverty of the soil seems ill to repay the labour of the husbandman; which, however, from the lightness of the said soil, cannot be very great.

Reached Santa Cruz; about ten miles from Funchal, yet we were more than three hours getting thither. The road runs throughout at much the same elevation from the sea; but it is perpetually intersected by the ravines which come down from the mountains; and the climbing up and down the sides of which is a work of much time and labour.

A little village is commonly found near the outlets of these ravines. Santa Cruz itself is so situated; and the view up the valley to the mountains above, approaches to grandeur. In the town, the church and market-place and vicar's house, with a grove of poplars close by, formed rather a picturesque assemblage *. While my companion took a sketch of it, I strolled about the place, which of

* See "Views in the Madeiras."

course was dull enough. What I fell in with most worthy of remark was a palm tree, the largest we have yet seen, and which bore three splendid bunches of date. One has an African association about this tree, that makes me always glad to see it. They are not very common here, and those there are seem generally much disfigured by the stripping of their branches, which are used in some of the processions of the Romish church.

Soon after leaving Santa Cruz you pass a friary with a locust tree in front. A curious rude cross stands on the edge of the cliffs opposite, which is said to have been erected by the first discoverers, and hence the town itself derives its name.

Ascend gradually till we reach a spot overlooking the valley of Machico—a broad and deep ravine—the bottom of a green and cultivated aspect; walled to the west by the black and lofty cliff on which we stand; while on the opposite side runs a range of high mountains, having a peculiarly bold and alpine outline. Below—near the beach, at the mouth of the valley—stands the town, to which we descend by a long, steep, and winding road.

All country towns are dull, but abroad they are commonly dismal, and of the minor miseries of life there are not many more formidable than the being confined in one for the four and twenty hours

even. The *villas* of Madeira form no exception to the description; and Machico is perhaps below even the average demerit of the class.

To be sure we did not see it to advantage. It was a black, lowering evening. The sky threatened a storm, and the breakers were beginning to roar on the beach as if impatient for its coming. The landscape around looked gloomy, hemmed in on either side by precipitous rock, while the mountains at the head of the valley were dark in mist.

After some perambulation of the dull, dirty, unpaved streets of the place, we found out the *Senhor* to whom our letter was directed, who with much civility and alacrity procured us a place of shelter for the night; a large, old, empty mansion, belonging to the Camera or municipal body of the town. We selected the rooms that seemed the most weather-tight and took possession of them, in a mood perhaps of more gloom than there was any thing in the circumstances to justify. However, as our travelling *Maitre d' Hotel*, the trusty Manoel, proceeded to develope the contents of the provision basket, our spirits sensibly lightened; soon after a friend joined us from the city, and the rest of the evening passed in very tolerable hilarity.

This is, I believe, an average specimen of Ma-

deira houses, such as they are out of Funchal: the windows are seldom more than half glazed, the rest of the aperture is closed by a shutter; they have no ceiling on the first, which is the only inhabited floor; over head are the dark wooden shingles of the roof. Certainly in these countries there is little to detain one within doors.

The storm came on—heavy rain, accompanied by thunder—an unusual occurrence in this island, and the effect of which, among the mountains, was very magnificent.

Jan. 18.—Machico, dull and ugly as it is, is illustrious in the romantic history of Madeira, as the spot where our countryman, Robert a Machim with his ill-fated bride Anna d'Arfet landed in the year 1323; and the town is said to take its name from that of the unfortunate lover. One would wish this story to be true, for there are few prettier in romance. It is certainly not very probable in itself, nor supported by much evidence, other than the presumption arising from the universality of the tradition, which one sees not how it could have originated at all without some foundation in fact. The Portuguese in general however do not profess to entertain any doubt about it, and there is no reason why an Englishman should not, at least, be 'willing to

believe.' It is a pitiful kind of freethinking that piques itself upon being sceptical in such matters. If you could positively disprove a tradition of this kind would it be worth while? Generally speaking, where the question of mere matter of fact is indifferent in its result either way, I do not think the better of the critic who takes pains to destroy any little illusion, in the belief of which either national pride or the better sympathies of our nature find a harmless gratification. Perhaps we should ourselves have been the rather disposed to implicit faith on this occasion were the scene a little more in character with the story with which it is connected; but it is disfigured by a shabby town, and Machim's chapel itself, a building small and no ways remarkable, was filled with work people who were laying down a new floor.

The morning, after the storm, was still lowering, and the sea rough. However, we hired a large boat, manned by six stout fellows, and pushed off for Point St. Lorenço. After a voyage of about an hour and a half we reached a little bay, with a sandy beach, the only one they tell me in the island, nearly two miles east of Caniçal. There was a heavy surf, but one of our men stripped himself, and conveyed us through it, sitting on his

shoulders, and holding as well as we could by his head. Close on our right was a green conical peak, on the summit of which is perched the little chapel of *N. S. da Piedade.* In front, on the declivity of the hill to the beach, lay the fossil bed, or petrified forest, as it is called, of which a full account is given in Bowdich. I shall only add, that the application of the term *forest* to these petrifactions, or whatever they are, is apt very much to mislead our expectations as to their appearance. Had not my attention been called to it, I believe I should have walked over the tract without being at all aware that there was any thing extraordinary in the fragments of white calcareous deposit with which it is plentifully scattered. On closer attention, however, you perceive that these have precisely the configuration of the low stems and roots, not of a forest, indeed, but of large broom and heath bushes; and, for a considerable space, the ground is over-run with their convolutions, which, in form and size, are so exactly similar to that with which they have been identified, that it is difficult not to believe in the fact of their vegetable origin.

The fossil bed extends quite across the Point, which is here not much more than a mile broad. We passed over it, continually ascending

from the beach where we landed, till stopped by the cliffs which form its northern boundary. From the heights of these you see the north coast of the island as far as St. Annes. It is of a character quite distinct from that of the south; a range of dark, lofty, precipitous cliffs—of great height—cleft, from space to space, by steep and gloomy ravines, and broken into headlands, of which the one is seen heaving out beyond the other with a character of most accumulative grandeur. In front was the Atlantic—perfectly quiet—for under the lee of this enormous barrier its surface felt nothing of the storm which agitated the waters behind—but even in slumber it bore something of that character of power, which one fancies to belong to its immeasureable expanse—and the waters broke minutely against the cliffs beneath, with a slow, measured, but mighty swell, of which the effect was peculiarly solemn.

Point St. Lorenço itself is, as I have described it, a long narrow ledge of rock, about six miles in length, and scarcely ever reaching to one in breadth, which runs out from the easternmost extremity of the island. The surface is exceedingly varied, but its general tendency is that of declivity from the cliffs and peaks on the north side, to a low rocky shore on the south. The cliffs, though lofty, are not

nearly of so great elevation as are those of what may be called the main land; but they are of a much more broken and fantastic formation; often rising into peaks of a mountain character, and then sinking rapidly to a low isthmus, where a strip of land, not fifty yards wide, divides the one sea from the other. In some parts the rocks push out in wild beetling promontories; and again fall back, enclosing little bays, the entrance of which is guarded by huge pyramidal masses of basalt that stand out in the sea, altogether insulated from the rest; several of these are pierced through and through by natural archways, or excavated into caves, and fashioned into the strangest variety of shape and groupe—the frolic workings of the giant element indulging, through ages, his uncouth gambols on this lonely shore *.

The interior surface of the promontory is not interesting; presenting, in parts, nothing but the bare rock, or denuded tufa, occasionally covered with a patch of herbage, which affords a scanty pasture to a few sheep or goats. There is no trace of human habitation in the whole Point; nor any building, save the little chapel, which I have mentioned, of 'Our Lady of Mercy.'

* See "Views in the Madeiras."

I kept close to the cliffs, and soon bewildered myself in its intricacies, which offer an inexhaustible variety of exploratory adventure: and it is pleasant enough thus to wander away hours, with the constant excitement of some new object to discover, or enterprize to achieve. Perhaps no scene gives so perfect a sense of loneliness as a coast of this kind—where earth and ocean have been left, as it were, to fight it out alone—and man has been as little able to impress on the one element as the other any vestige of his passage.

The decline of the sun at length warned us to our boat. Our passage returning was very rough; the waves repeatedly broke over the little vessel, but we got to shore safely before sunset, with no worse consequence than some wet clothes. The night again was rainy, and every thing at Machico wore its usual face of gloom.

to *Jan.* 19. In the morning, while B. was taking a sketch of the town from the beach *, I employed myself in scaling one of the lower mountain peaks, which form the eastern barrier of the valley. It was about an hour and a half before I got back. Leaving the town to ascend the valley, we passed by a dragon tree, the largest in the

* See "Views in the Madeiras."

island, and which is one of the sights of Machico. It is not of any great dimensions as a tree, and even as a dragon tree must be poor, as compared with its fellow of Oratava, which is described by Humboldt. This sort of tree, in general, has nothing but its strangeness to recommend it; and when the effect of that wears off, is ugly enough. I see no reason why a precise *fac-simile* might not be produced by an ingenious carpenter.

Our road lay along the west side of the valley. It is an uncommonly good one, and we trod it with especial pleasure after those we had hitherto met with. The valley itself improves eminently as you ascend. The mountains which enclose it to the north and north-east, rise in the grandeur of their outline and aspect; and its lap is spread with farms and orchards and vineyards, with white quintas and cottages interspersed; all crowded and intermingled with a singular effect of profusion. A little country house, called St. Christophe, struck me as one of the most inviting situations I had seen.

Higher up the valley narrows in some degree; and the surface at the bottom is much broken, and of steeper declivity; this gives a wilder and more varied character to that luxuriance of vine and orange orchard, which still revels in its hollow—at

the same time the stream that rushes below acquires a more torrent impetus—you never lose the sound of the cataract; and from time to time get a glimpse of its foam shining white through the evergreen thickets that tangle the steep.

Cross a small tributary ravine from the left, and ascend by a deep hollow way, much like an English lane, with high broken banks that are thickly overgrown with heath trees, and faya, and myrtle, and bilberry. The top of the ascent brings us out upon another valley, but of an open, green, Swiss-like character, with little huts like *chalets* scattered along the mountain side. We strike across the bottom, and rapidly ascend a road to the north-east, till we come near the summit of the ridge that bounds it in that direction. B. here makes me shut my eyes, while he conducts me through a kind of cut or *Portella* which has been made through the rock, like the Wytch at Malvern; and in a moment or two bids me open them again upon one of the most striking prospects they ever witnessed. Before us was the Atlantic; in front of which the mountains on each side of us formed a magnificent amphitheatre; their sides, clothed with the richest vegetation and wood, descending precipitously to a lovely region placed far below, and which seemed to teem with all that

wealth and variety of culture and fruitage which enriches the bottom of the Machico valley. What more particularly marks the picture is the *Penha d'Aguia* (or Eagle's rock), a vast, insulated, and somewhat cube-shaped mass or mountain of rock which rises immediately from the sea, and stands out black and huge against it. Its height I should think not much less than a thousand feet; but the squareness of its shape diminishes the apparent elevation, which is farther dwarfed by the apposition of the more aspiring peaks of the other mountains *.

In our way home from hence we cross the *Serra de St. Antonio* †, a sort of table land, or tract of comparatively champaign country, situate at a great elevation above the level of the sea. It is of considerable extent, and partially cultivated for grain; but the greater portion is overgrown with broom

* See "Views in the Madeiras."

† Or the *St. Antonio da Serra*, as it is commonly called, meaning more properly, I apprehend, the church, than the tract on which it stands. In the same way I suppose the name *Paul da Serra* must properly allude to some chapel or shrine of St. Paul, which does or did stand in that region; though the denomination of *The Paul* is now universally applied to the region itself. *Serra*, like the Spanish *Sierra*, strictly means a mountain, or rather range of mountains. Here it seems to denote an elevated plain, or fell, at the summit of the mountain.

and brushwood. There is here a chapel containing an image of St. Antonio, which was formerly an object of much veneration with the islanders. Close to it is a house for the Padre, and another of greater extent for the pilgrims, whose devotion leads them thus far to do honour to the saint. It is chiefly used, however, by the English residents of Funchal, to whom this *Serra* is a favourite place of resort, and indeed from an inscription on the wall it would appear that the present building had been for the most part erected at their expence.

From the *Serra* to the city the road continually descends, except, of course, in crossing the ravines which intersect it, and which are the same that we had passed near their outlets, two days before, in our journey along the coast to Machico.

Passing through the pretty village of *Camacha*, which stands about half way from Serra, we were tempted to call at a beautiful little quinta on our left; the lady of the spot was not there, but her footsteps were sufficiently visible in the taste and skill which prevailed in its arrangements. It possesses the luxury of a most copious streamlet of water, and is shaded by the finest chesnuts, and in summer, at this elevation, must enjoy a delicious coolness of temperature.

In general, however, the country hereabout is far from interesting. We pushed on as quickly as the rapidity of the descent from the Palheiro will allow and reached home before sunset.

VI.

LADIES—STYLE OF THE PORTUGUESE BEAUTY—EXPEDITION TO THE ICE-HOUSE—ADVENTURE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Jan. 20.—Another great Portuguese ball, which went off much as the former. It cannot be dissembled but that in general the *Portuguezas* are far from coming up to our notions of beauty either in face or figure. Their forms tend too much to fullness, the effect of which is the worse as they are seldom tall; and their features are apt to have that depressed, irregular contour which not uncommonly accompanies round faces. Their complexions are dark; but not sallow; and this circumstance would create less difficulty, if we oftener perceived that fineness of texture in the skin which frequently more than redeems the tint in the brunettes of our latitude; though even there this charm is more commonly found in the instance of a pale than a brown complexion. Their eyes are almost always fine; too universally so, indeed, not in some degree to diminish the effect in individual instances; almost every donna we meet is furnished with a most imposing pair—

large, full, and dark, with something of a slow, sleepy expression, that nevertheless is sufficiently speaking in its way. The expression, it is true, is rather that of passion than intelligence, which, in fact, cannot be said to be generally the character of their countenance; and one sadly misses that eloquence of smile and play of feature 'like sparkling waves on a sunny day,' which so often abundantly compensates the absence of every other beauty. Perhaps, however, it is hardly fair to judge of them in this respect from seeing them merely at a window or in a ball room, for it is in conversation, chiefly, this sort of charm is elicited. If they possess it, it must come with double effect as contrasted with the rather opposite character which their countenances preserve in repose.

There are exceptions of course to all this, but fewer than one might expect; a stranger will be apt to be struck with the singular uniformity of style in face, figure, and expression, that prevails among them. No doubt this arises from their inclosure within the limits of a narrow island, and thence, particularly the upper classes, marrying so much among each other. The national characteristics of feature are thus more strongly preserved. However, the combination even of these is often not unproductive of beauty; or at least of attraction.

When the fullness of figure is relieved by height it almost becomes an advantage; and in the first freshness of youth I have seen an under-tint of carnation glowing through the dark cheek with great richness, and as it were *sunniness* of effect—add to this fine arms; small and well-formed feet; a profusion of jet-black hair; the depth and darkness of eye which I have spoken of; and withal a languid, lazy, almost *boudeuse* expression of countenance and carriage; and you have a Madeira belle of which I think I have, at least, seen *one* exemplar.

What charms they have, they quickly lose. They marry early, and from their singular habits of inaction and indolence soon grow fat; and it is incredible how short a time effaces all trace not merely of beauty, but of youth. I have seen women of five-and-twenty whom it was difficult to believe under forty.

Jan. 21.—It is not every day that we can get to the mountains here; at this season they are frequently, perhaps more days than not, enveloped in clouds. This morning, however, the summits looked open, and we were tempted to an excursion to the ice-house; a deposit for snow, situate at nearly the highest point of the mountains visible from Funchal. We ascended by the road described on a former day; and, passing round the heads

of several ravines (among the rest a very deep one, distinguished as that of the Waterfall,) reached a kind of level Fell, or Serra, called the *Balcão*. The ascent is one of nearly three hours. In clear weather the view of Funchal from hence is very striking. We were but just in time to see it to-day, for bright as had been the morning, the clouds were beginning to gather fast around us.

At the ice-house we gave our men and horses a rest, and rambled on foot towards the Pico dos Arieros, a very lofty summit, that rises a little to the north-west of it. A narrow ridge here divides the heads of two deep ravines, and forms an isthmus between them. That to the south is a branch of the *Curral;* it appeared of great depth; the sides of almost precipitous rock, but affording in every rift an anchorage for the Til and Vinhatico to strike deep their roots, and thence stretch their broad shadow over the abyss below. The hollow was filling fast with vapour, which seemed to rise incessantly from the bottom, and hung its white shroud over every crag of the precipice—there was something almost mysterious in this motion of the cloud—and in the glimpses which it betrayed of the gray rock and dark green foliage between its snowy drifts.

The ravine to the north was already completely filled with this mist. It lay quiet and massed in

the hollow, nearly reaching to the spot where we stood. We amused ourselves with rolling pieces of rock down into their hidden depths, and in listening to the course of the missive, the bounds and rebounds of which continued to be audible for a time incredibly long after it had been lost to our sight.

The employment was amusing enough, but we paid for it rather more than it was worth. The clouds in the mean time had covered the higher summits of the mountains around us, so that when we thought of returning, they were no longer distinguishable. Deprived of these landmarks, it was not difficult for us to lose our way, which we soon found that we had effectually done; and, instead of approaching the ice-house, were descending the misty depths of a steep ravine, of which we knew neither the name nor the direction.

In the present state of the atmosphere, and utterly ignorant as we were of our bearings, there was little chance of recovering the track to the ice-house. After much rambling to no purpose, we began to abandon all hope of being able to do so, and thought it the best course to descend to the bottom of the ravine, which we suspected might be that of the Waterfall, and so make our way as well as we could along the river-course to the city. The scheme we might have

known was impracticable, for the heads of these ravines are invariably enclosed by perpendicular cliffs; the bottoms, too, are commonly impassable from the rocky masses that cover the surface, and the windings of the torrent, which sweeps from one side to the other. However, for want of a better alternative, we began our descent; in some parts it was not without difficulty, but we soon came to a point where the *aplomb* of the precipice debarred all further progress. At the same time a partial breaking of the mist disclosed the hollow below us—a deep narrow ravine, enclosed between cliffs which, over-hung with vinhaticos, shewed black in the dusk.

We climb back again, and after a time fall in with a slight goat-track, which at length leads us to the edge of another and apparently much wider and deeper chasm than that which we had left. The day was now near its close. Already the chances were that we should pass the night in the mountains; a necessity which, in this climate, I did not contemplate with any peculiar dread, but my companion, who is something of an invalid, was not by any means equally reconciled to it. Persuading himself that the valley beneath us was that of the Curral, he proposed that we should descend, and endeavour to make our way to the house of the Padre of the Livramento church. It seemed

hardly possible that by any error of reckoning we could have got in the direction of the Curral; however I acquiesced, thinking that at any rate we should get a warmer and more sheltered *gîte* for the night below, than on these summits. Accordingly we began to go down, following the path as long as we could; but it soon became undistinguishable, and we then hastened our descent in the most direct way, forcing a passage through the thicker part of the underwood that clothed the steep; and often hanging from one tree till we got a footing on another below it. It was a wild and gloomy scene—the depths of the ravine beneath seemed deepened and darkened by the mists, which continued to roll their white waves about in the valley, producing the strangest and most impressive effects of light and form—the roar of the torrent became more audible as we got lower—and every effect, whether of sound or sight, was heightened by the dusk of twilight—and perhaps, too, by the circumstances of our situation, which had enough of adventure and uncertainty in it to excite the imagination, without oppressing us by the apprehension of any very serious inconvenience.

We descended a good way, (several hundred feet I should guess) and pretty rapidly, for latterly our course had not been much out of the perpendi-

cular; but the forest continued to thicken, the rock to steepen, and it seemed probable that we might soon come to a cliff, such as not uncommonly terminates the sides of these hollows, which, if we did not tumble over in the dark, we were not likely to get down in any other fashion. Fortunately, at this moment our embarrassments were relieved by a partial clearing away of the cloud at the further end of the valley, which disclosed to us a distant glimpse of the sea—and, what we least expected, of the *Penha d'Aguia*, the remarkable mass of rock near Porto Cruz, the identity of which it is always impossible to mistake; so that we found we were making for the *north* instead of the *south* of the island, in a direction precisely opposite to that of Funchal.

We now retraced our steps with all possible speed, in the hope of regaining the summit before it was quite dark. Luckily, by the time we reached it, the mist had cleared away from the peaks and we had no difficulty in finding the ice-house. Our men, of course, were gone, for it was more than four hours since we had left them, and we had nothing for it but to walk home. The night, though cloudy, was very light, or there might have been some difficulty even in this; as it was we found none, save that arising from the road itself, which, from the roughness of surface and rapidity

of the descent throughout, is, beyond all comparison, the most fatiguing my feet ever experienced. Near the town we met our men with horses and torches, coming back to find us—we gladly mounted and gallopped the rest of our way home, which we reached a little before nine.

VII.

WEATHER — PARTIES — EXCURSION TO THE WATERFALL — THE DEANERY, WITH ITS GARDEN — LENTEN CEREMONIES — PROCESSIONS — RIDES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Jan. 26.—The weather is raw and unsettled, peculiarly so for Madeira; and for some days past there has been snow on the mountains. It never, I believe, descends much below the icehouse, or lies long even there. The residents and the invalid visitors complain much of this ungenial state of the atmosphere. I am not myself very sensible of the rigour; though the fire in the evening is not unwelcome, any more than it would be some half of the evenings of our ordinary English summers.

Jan. 28.—Made an expedition to the *Waterfall*; the late rains, we thought, would shew it to advantage. It is situated at the head of one of the ravines, behind the city, from which it forms a favourite object for an excursion. You ascend the hills for about two miles, as far as the parish of St. Roque, and thence descend the side of the ravine to the bottom, where it is necessary to leave your horses, and make the rest of the way on foot.

Ladies, or those to whom the effort would be too fatiguing, are commonly conveyed in palanquins. The bottom, as usual, is thickly strewed with huge masses, which have either fallen from the adjacent cliffs, or been brought down by the torrent. During much of the journey you have to step or spring from one to the other of these; a kind of effort which, for a time at least, is rather animating than fatiguing.

The scene preserved throughout very much the same character; too much so, perhaps, considering the length of time the journey occupied. It is constantly shut in on all sides by the cliffs of the valley, which, though fine in themselves, are somewhat too uniform in their aspect; and unbroken, as far as I recollect, by a single cleft or tributary ravine, by which you might escape from their enclosure.

A walk of about two hours brings us to the Waterfall; we see it at first with very good effect, shining through the trees that fringe two low projecting cliffs, forming a kind of portal to the scene. The volume of water is not considerable, but it falls from a great height, in flakes of white spray, unbroken by any projection in the face of the rock*; very similar both in height and volume and man-

* See. "Views in the Madeiras."

ner with that of the *Chède*, near Chambery, which made such an impression on the memory of Rousseau. The apposition, in our recollection, of similar scenes in Savoy or Swisserland, however, is not to its advantage; and the distinction which it has acquired of *the* Waterfall, as by excellence over every other in the island, sufficiently indicates that it is not in them that the characteristic merit of Madeira scenery consists.

Our walk back occupied much the same time as did our ascent; and I confess I felt something of relief when, on emerging from the confinement of these cliffs, my spirit again expatiated over its accustomed expanse of earth, and sky, and ocean.

Jan. 30.—To day we have removed to the Deanery, our country house. For the enjoyments of this, too, we are indebted to the same unwearied kindness, which has hitherto, in so many respects, and so unsparingly, provided for our comfort here; obligations so considerable, that we should find it difficult to repay them; but conferred with that frankness and delicacy, that though it only deepens the claim on our acknowledgment, takes off from it all its oppressiveness.

The house is a very pretty one; it has not been long built, and in fact only a portion of the apartments has as yet been used for residence; but there are more than enough for our

accommodation. The situation is delightful, scarcely a quarter of an hour's walk from Funchal; and enjoying from its comparative elevation a beautiful view down the valley to the city, (which, though so near, is scarcely visible from the orange trees and cypresses that embower us)—and to the bay, and coast, and the blue *desertas* beyond. Close on the west is the St. Luzia ravine, the further side of which rises to a considerable height; its cliff terraced in the way I formerly described, into little gardens and vine grounds, and crowned by the trees and trellices of the *Achado* quinta.

Our great luxury, however, is the garden: it is one of the largest and most beautiful in the island; a spacious vine corridor runs round nearly its whole extent, under the green arches of which, in summer, you may either ride or walk in coolness; while the interior space forms a "leafy labyrinth," in which trees and shrubs, flowers and fruits of every clime and hue, are crowded into a wilderness of shade and beauty. The higher part of the ground, upon which stands the house, is elevated considerably above the rest, and is divided from it by a terrace of considerable height. This circumstance is of very happy effect for the beauty of the garden; it in a manner doubles its extent, and multiplies its variety; while the wall of the terrace, in some parts nearly twenty feet high, affords an

admirable field for every species of tropical creeper, to luxuriate, as it were, at full length, and to put forth its leaf and blossoms to the sun in all the fearlessness which such a climate and aspect justify.

Above the house the ground rises another *step*, and the boundary of the garden here is a wall of native rock, which is already half veiled by the trees and trailing plants, interposed to relieve its ruggedness. The freshness of the scene is completed by the tanks, always copiously supplied with running water, and which a little trouble might, I think, bring into play as fountains. The effect here would be delicious—to watch the element springing light from the basin:

> Et dans l'air s'enflammant aux feux d'un soleil pur,
> Pleuvoir en gouttes d'or, d'emeraude, et d' azur.

I enjoy all this much; besides, there is a prodigious independence in being alone. In the option between the *ennui* of being always in society, or that of being never in it, I think one should hardly hesitate to prefer the latter.

Jan. 31.—It has rained the whole day, with a violence and perseverance of which we remember no parallel in England. In the evening it desisted awhile and I took a walk to observe the

state of the rivers. That near our garden wall now fills its whole channel, and rushes along with a most torrent impetuosity. All the roads from the mountains have become the channels of streams of some depth and much violence, which completely fill them from side to side.

Feb. 2.—Short as is our distance from the town, and inconsiderable our elevation above it, we feel sensibly the difference of the temperature between the two spots; to a degree, indeed, which I should hardly have credited before the experiment. My invalid charge, of course, is much more susceptible of the change than myself, and during the present unusually unsettled state of the weather has adopted the precaution of returning every night, before sunset, to the town to sleep. I myself have no objection to a fire in the evening, which, by the way, is made of orthodox English sea-coal. The comparative coolness of the temperature here is no doubt partly to be ascribed to circumstances in the local situation of the house, other than that of its elevation, which alone would not sufficiently account for the difference. The ravines are always comparatively cool, and the site of the Deanery partakes of that character.

Feb. 6.—I have not observed any peculiar symptom of carnival festivity here, but on Shrove

Tuesday they have a licence of showering water and flour from the windows upon the passengers in the street; and, accordingly, I had the honour of being very handsomely drenched and powdered by some ladies in returning yesterday through the *Carreira*.

There was also a masquerade last night, given by the English consul. The Portuguese, who composed a large proportion of the company contributed not a little to the *eclat* of the scene by their exertions; one large party of them got up a kind of fancy dance which was performed with infinite grace and spirit; while another enacted the humours of a country christening with much comic and characteristic effect.

To day the beginning of Lent has been solemnized by a procession, consisting of some twenty images of saints, which are carried through the streets, preceded and followed by monks chaunting.

These images are nearly as large as life. They are all dressed in religious habits, even to St. Louis of France, and St. Isabel (Queen) of Portugal. One of them which represented our Lord was well executed. He is shewn bending under the cross, and there was much power of expression in the countenance. I confess there seemed to me in

these visible effigies of the sufferings of 'him who has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows,' something calculated to produce an impression not otherwise than salutary, nor could we be angry with the innocent idolatry of those who were seen catching the hem of his garment to kiss. The misfortune, no doubt, is, that this kissing of his garment is so far from leading to an imitation of His life, that it is oftener depended upon as a substitute. In general, the objection to the employment of these and other assistances to devotional exercise, would seem to lie chiefly in the abuse to which they almost necessarily lead in the practice of the multitude. To those who can keep the instrumentality of them subordinate to that worship in truth and in the spirit, which is the reasonable service that we owe, they might be not only harmless, but useful and edifying; but then it is precisely these who can do without them. However, in a religion like the Catholic, among a people not allowed to read their Bibles, these pageants are perhaps not ill adapted to keep alive a sort of sense and recollection of the great events and most venerable heroes of their religion; and even in a Protestant Church, which possessed the materials for such a representation, I do not know that they might not be employed with that view, without

necessarily committing any of the great principles of truth and simplicity, upon which our dissent is distinctively grounded.

The procession set out from the church of the convent of St. Francis, where there was a sermon, delivered by a monk, with very good action; but in that loud, monotonous tone of voice, like a boy repeating his lesson, which I have before observed in Catholic preachers. In its way it passed through the church of Santa Clara, and the nuns from a grating above, sung a hymn, and threw down rose leaves on the images as they passed: Unluckily they sung very ill, or the effect of this part of the performance might have been pretty.

Feb. 11.—We commonly take a ride in the course of the day about the neighbourhood of the city; but there is not much that deserves specific mention in these airings. One is to the *Alegria*, a charming little cottage, situated on the mountain above St. Roque; another to the *Palmeira*, one of the finest quintas on the island; and perhaps, after the *Palheiro*, the most extensive. A pleasant ride is that along the cliffs to the west of the town, as far as Praya Bay. The rocks here afford two or three peculiarities of disposition, which are pointed out as natural curiosities; one is called the *Fornou*, or oven, and is a circular depression of the

earth near the cliff, at the bottom of which is an opening, to which the sea, though at some distance from the beach, makes its way by a subterraneous inlet. The *Forge*, as they call it, is another of these accidents; the water is driven through a small perforation in the rock, and when the tide is at a certain point, springs, fountain-like, through the aperture, to a considerable height.

Beyond is Praya Bay, a retired little beach, from the cliffs above which, is a striking view of the entire mass of Cape Giram.

VIII.

CURRAL—THE JARDIM—FIRST VIEW OF THE VALLEY—SERRA D'AGOA—PICO GRANDE—BOTTOM OF THE CURRAL.

Feb. 13.—Set off early for the *Curral.* This is the great marvel of Madeira scenery; and that which strangers are first taken to see; it has been matter of accident that we have delayed our visit thither so long; but perhaps it is as well that it has so happened, for I do not know that the good policy is to take the best scenes first. Thus I would recommend every visitor to exhaust the south coast of the island before he touches upon the north. After enjoying this last, it is incredible how comparatively tame the scenes will appear that had previously struck him as the perfection of natural grandeur.

We follow the Cama de Lobos road as far as the Socorridos Ravine, and then turn to the right, passing another, the Ribeira real, along the western side of which we ascend towards the mountains. Beyond, a steep but well-paved road leads to the Estreito church and village,

and not long after brings us to the edge of a deep ravine—green, and scattered lightly with vinhaticos and chesnuts, with, of course, a torrent shining at the bottom. We keep along the side of the valley, and soon come in sight of a large and somewhat castle-like mansion, situated on the mountains at the head of it, and embosomed in a forest of chesnuts*. This is the *Jardim*, the quinta of the English consul, and seen from this point of view it certainly has a very imposing aspect. We were lucky enough to find the consul at home. He received us with his accustomed cordiality, and gave us assurance of a dinner and a bed at his house that night.

Fortified with this comfortable perspective we almost immediately resumed our journey; ascending gently towards the north-east, through the green mountain district that lies behind the Jardim. The view in front was obstructed by a high ridge; of which we had nearly gained the highest point, when we left our horses, and running up a few yards of steep turf found ourselves all at once on the brink of the Curral.—It is a huge valley or rather crater, of immense depth—enclosed on all sides by a range of magnificent mountain precipices, the sides and summit of which are broken

* See "Views in the Madeiras."

in every variety of buttress or pinnacle—now black and craggy and beetling—at other times spread with the richest green turf, and scattered with a profusion of the evergreen forest trees, indigenous to the island; while far below, in the midst of all these horrors, smiles a fairy region of cultivation and fruitfulness, with a church and village, the white cabins of which seem half smothered in the luxuriance of their own vines and orchards.

We gazed long and eagerly at the prospect. It is not easy to give an accurate notion of its peculiar character; and even painting would but ill assist, for one of the most striking features is the great and sudden *depth* which you look down, the effect of which we know the pencil cannot at all convey. The side on which we stand, however, though steep, is not absolutely precipitous: on the contrary, the gradation of crag and projection, by which it descends to the bottom, is one of the finest things in the view. Close on our right a lofty peak, presents its rocky face to the valley to which it bears down in a magnificent mass, shouldering its way, as it seemed, half across it. The opposite sides appear more bare, precipitous, and lofty; and this last character is heightened by some white clouds that rest upon and conceal their summits.

Rejoining the road we for a while lose sight of

the valley. When we again came in view of it, it was rapidly filling with clouds, but at first their interposition was hardly a disadvantage; they gave a vague indefinite grandeur to the cliffs and mountains, which seemed to rise one knew not from what depth, and lose their summits in regions beyond our ken. The breaks, too, that occurred in this shrouding of the scene, shewed fragments of it with strange effect—till at length the whole hollow filled, and presented an uniform sea of vapour.

We were soon repaid for the loss of one prospect by another, and that scarcely inferior. This was the *Serra d' Agoa*—a magnificent ravine, that opened to us from the west, and which is divided from the Curral by one of the narrow ridges * which I have before spoken of, as separating the conflux of these mountain hollows. For awhile it lay before us unclouded, in all its depth and grandeur—bearing perhaps more of a ravine character than the Curral—the sides descending less precipitously, but closer together, and shadowed by a thicker gloom of forest. But the mountain summits here also were already obscured by clouds, particularly those opposite to the west, which bear up the extensive fell of the *Paul*; and while

* See "Views in the Madeiras."

gazing we perceived the mist momently gaining upon and drawing its veil over the depths beneath.

Turning for a time altogether from the Curral, we hastened our course for some distance by the road which has been cut out nearly midway along the face of the mountain that bounds this Serra to the north. Close on the right rose a cliff, which, looking up to it through the mist, seemed of insuperable height—ribbed with strata, and lightly draped with trailing plants, while small rills of water course down its face, and sometimes form dropping wells, under the sprinkles of which you are obliged to pass.

Below, on the other side, the steep is less precipitous, so as to admit the growth of wood; and all the native dryads of the island, the Til, the Vinhatico, the Pao Branco, the Folhado, intermixed with the heath tree of both kinds, mingle the gloom of their unfading foliage—broken only, from time to time, by the courses of the streams that cross the road from the cliffs on the right, and through the gullies of which, and down an immense depth, you are occasionally able to scan the white rush of the torrent, whose roar is never absent from the ear.

After awhile the face of the cliff on the right recedes a little, and the forest gains a footing

there also. Here and there breaks occur in the mountains—ravine-like clefts, of the most romantic character, giving passage to the little rivulets that seem to rush with characteristic impatience and vivacity to join the torrent that calls for them from below. One of these, in its fury, had recently carried away the arch of the road, and the few planks which had been thrown across in substitution of it, did not promise a very safe footing for our beasts; so we dismounted, and for awhile pursued the exploration on foot. The scene preserves the same general character, but at every step presents some new accident or combination of tree, or crag, or precipice, or cascade, to arrest the eye and excite the imagination.

The decline of day at length warned us to return. It was already dusk when we repassed the sides of the Curral; they were still, for the most part, obscured by mist. High in the air I descried a black spot, which, after a time, we identified as the topmost peak of Ruivo, the loftiest point in the island. It is incredible what an effect of height is given to a mountain summit by this sort of interception from the base.

It is nearly dark by the time we reach the Jardim.

Feb. 14.—Set out soon after eight—a cold but delightfully clear morning promised a more favour-

able day for our mountain explorations than was yesterday. As we once more gained the ridge overlooking the Curral, the scene opened upon us almost with the effect of novelty; the entire range of the peaks opposite and at the head of the valley—*Ruivo*, the *Torrinhas*, *Sidrao*, the *Pedraes*—all which were before completely hidden, now stood out in the clear blue morning sky, with a startling distinctness. The sea, too, shone bright and boundless to the right; its whole surface mottled with cloud and sun-gleam; and beyond were the Desertas, rearing their ridgy masses in blackness against the light horizon. The sun was yet low, and a cold gloom still hung over the valley beneath.

We pursue, at first, the same road as yesterday; and enjoy the views, looking down into the Curral on our right, and soon after into the Serra d'Agoa on the other hand, unobstructed by a single flake of vapour. The *Paul* alone preserved its accustomed mystery, and a long band of cloud lay motionless upon its summit.

Between the two valleys I have mentioned, the Curral and the Serra d'Agoa, stands the *Pico Grande*, a huge insulated mountain, steep and massive, and rising in its summit to a remarkable rocky peak; in fact, being in shape, air, and outline exactly what a mountain ought to be. The

San Vicente road, which we followed for some distance yesterday, runs along the west flank of this giant; while another diverging to the east, winds down his side, till you reach his very feet, at the bottom of the Curral.

We took this last—the descent is long, but we made it longer by various little exploratory excursions to the right and left. One of these was to the extremity of a remarkable ridge, that about half way down juts into the valley, of which it commands a magnificent view, from one end almost to the other. Near the head, the valley appears to widen to a kind of basin, forming, as Mr. Bowdich surmises, the crater of the volcano which is supposed to have generated the island. The shape of the basin is certainly not very inconsistent with this conjecture, though I should have thought its size might be considered so.

At the north of this crater stands Pico Ruivo, the highest summit in Madeira; but his crest does not appear at all to overtop those of his neighbours; and altogether his mass is not sufficiently insulated to give him the effect which we look for in the monarch mountain of the island. Indeed, the whole range above has too wall-like a continuousness, and it was not in that direction that we most constantly turned our eyes.

The Torrinhas are much more happy in their summits—they rise into peaks of a peculiarly jagged outline, which renders them always distinguishable. To the south stands Sidrao, guarding the approach of the branch ravine, the head of which we reached in our memorable adventure of the 21st of January.

As we approached the bottom, the scene assumed a different character; the lower slopes of the mountains have a green, woodland aspect; the surface of the bottom itself is very varied, and broken, here and there, by masses of rock that have evidently been sundered by time or tempest from the heights above; the whole, too, is scattered with magnificent trees; and the intermingling plantations of vines and yams, with orchards of peach and cherry trees, give to it a rich and smiling countenance, that contrasts well—and yet, from its wildness, not discordantly—with the Alpine cliffs that stand stern and impassable on every side.

We descend to the torrent which we find full and vigorous and exulting in its strength: cross it by a rude foot-bridge, formed of two or three stems of trees. This is a remarkable spot. The home scene is of the most romantic character, and the views of the mountains among the best you have from the bottom of the Curral, particularly

that down to the opening of the valley; looking up the sight is always too rigidly obstructed by the cross range of cliffs that form the head. A little way below, the road passes over a rich level tract of soil, considerably above the bed of the torrent, and which is thickly set with vineyards and orchards, with cabins scattered among them. At the lower end of this level stands the church of *N. S. do Livramento*, with the Padre's house close by *.

We spent some hours in sketching and rambling in these wildernesses. The road up the other side is for the most part very good; ascending the steep in regular zigzags, the returns of which gave us frequent opportunities of giving another look to the splendid scene we were leaving. It was a lovely day—at this time not a speck of cloud was to be seen in the heavens—every crag and shrub of the opposite mountains was distinctly discernible, and the successive prominences and hollows of their sides alternated in sunlight and shade with the most vivid effect. Yet there was nothing of glare on the scene, which I take to be one that requires a strong light and bright sky—it would otherwise tend too much to gloom.

Return home by the Curral bridge and St. An-

* See "Views in the Madeiras."

tonio, passing several ravines, not otherwise than fine in themselves, but which did not appear to advantage after what we had left. Reach the city before six.

IX.

EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH OF THE ISLAND—PORTELLA MOUNTAINS—VALLEY OF PORTO CRUZ—ASCENT OF THE PENHA D'AGUIA —FAYAL.

Feb. 18.—An expedition to the North. It was seven o'clock before we could get off; we breakfast at the Pilgrim's house on the St. Antonio da Serra, and about half-past twelve reach the *Portella*.

Notwithstanding the freshness of my Curral recollections the view from hence struck me as much as ever; B. sat down to take another sketch of it, not being perfectly satisfied with his former attempt. In fact the subject is one of great difficulty, for here also, as in the Curral, a chief source of the effect consists in the great and immediate depth to which you look down. Another principal charm is, the extraordinary richness and variety of the vegetation which clothes the steeps of the mountains on all sides. The myrtle, pomegranate, sweet bay, bilberry, wild olive, with heaths and brooms of every sort, flourish with the utmost luxuriance and profusion. Among the rest I love to distinguish the balm of Gilead, as I think they

call *it*; it overruns all these mountains, and I am never tired of plucking its deliciously aromatic leaf.

While B. was sketching, I undertook a little excursion by the side of a *levada* or water course that has been conducted along the mountains, forming the eastern segment of the amphitheatre. The surface of the embankment just affords room enough for my horse to tread; after a time, however, I lost the assistance of this little cause-way, and leaving my horse to the burroquero, continued my journey on foot, towards the mountain peaks that form the extremity of the range, and which rise immediately from the shore. I climbed one of the loftiest of these summits; it commanded a sublime view over the waste of ocean on one side and of Alps on the other; but nothing in the whole prospect so struck me as that which lay close below—the effect of the sight plunging down the entire depth as it were of the mountain and through its wooded steeps, to the sea—the waves of which seemed to break under my very feet.

Return to B. We begin our descent to the valley. The road is a very good one, but the steepness of the mountain renders necessary a zig-zag formation, which gives us full leisure to enjoy the scene. It increases in interest as we get down; the lower steeps and slopes

are covered with chesnut trees, over which are trained vines, and though neither are just now in leaf the effect is one of great richness. Ever and anon you see orange trees interspersed with them, apparently of greater size and of more luxuriant bearing than those on the south of the island; and along the brooks at the bottom a few bananas are scattered, as if by nature, with that effect at once picturesque and oriental, which I think is peculiar to the plant. The lanes that lead through this fruit forest are often hollow, with luxuriant hedges of myrtle or pomegranate; and sheltering in their intricacies a variety of flowers; I frequently distinguished a new and very beautiful species of Iris.

The bottom of the valley is of a very broken surface, though its inequalities are hardly distinguishable from the heights above. You are incessantly ascending the sides of one hollow, or descending another; and crossing in each a lively mountain stream, in the full eagerness of its course to the sea. The immediate scenes that open at every step in treading these sylvan intricacies, are often quite perfect in the richness and wildness of their composition; but to complete the enchantment of the picture, there are always the mountains, rearing their dark steeps as a magnificent background; and the ocean, of whose bright expanse we continually

get glimpses through the opening of the valleys below. We made our way to a green eminence, not far from the base of the Penha d' Aguia, and commanding the beach. The peaks of Porto Santo were distinctly discernible to the north-east.

The day was now fast closing—we return towards the mountains, and, ascending under the vines and orange trees, at length halt for the night, at the house of a Portuguese gentleman, to whom we had been recommended, and who, with a friend, had had the extreme civility to come over from Funchal expressly to receive us. Both these gentlemen had travelled—our host indeed spoke English as well as ourselves, and in their intelligent conversation the evening passed most pleasantly. In the course of the evening two friends joined us from the city.

Feb. 19.—Before we left the house of our host, I could not help lingering awhile, to enjoy the view from his terrace. It is for the most part the same with that which you have from all these mountains, but I do not know that a happier point could be selected from the whole.

Since the addition of our two friends, with their baggage, our train has become rather formidable. It is nearly a dozen in number, and the march of our caravan excited some staring as we wound

down the hill to Porto Cruz, a little town on the beach, situated close under the eastern cliff of the Penha d' Aguia.

From hence we again returned inland. The road runs round the base of the *Penha*, through a valley of singular beauty; the rise of the immediate hills shuts out the mountains; which circumstance, combined with the soft but continual undulation of the surface, and the air of cultivation and verdure around, give the scene almost the look of English woodland.

We scaled the Penha d' Aguia from the south. The ascent is very tedious and toilsome, being for much of the way by a kind of step cut out on the face of the cliff. The summit is an extensive surface, shelving towards the sea, tolerably level, except where divided by two or three ravine-like hollows, and cultivated throughout. The rock indeed, as we understand, forms a principal part of the estate now remaining to the family of Teixeira, which is perhaps the noblest and most ancient in Madeira, being descended from one of the original hereditary captains.

There is nothing here, however, to repay the trouble of climbing; unless it be the view looking landwards, which includes the whole range of the surrounding mountains, descending from Ruivo and his neighbouring summits, black, and forested

and riven by gloomy ravines, to the sea. As far as mere aggregation of mountains is concerned, the spectacle is the most impressive I have seen on the island.

Towards the sea the cliffs of the Penha are not nearly so lofty as those inland, but they rise immediately from the beach; and the *look* down them to the breakers is of most *vertiginous* effect. They are thickly overgrown with myrtle; the tree seems much more abundant on the north than the south side of the island: this indeed is the case with vegetation in general, a circumstance no doubt attributable to the greater moisture of the atmosphere. Among the shrubs was pointed out to me one I had not seen before here, the *azvinho*; I do not know its botanic name; like the faya, it is I believe peculiar to Madeira.

We descended the Penha on the west side—a long and steep and in places difficult descent; and, crossing a river which washes its base, reached the little village or town of Fayal. From hence, after dinner, we returned homewards. I should mention that in the morning, as we were inquiring our way up the *Penha*, a respectable looking man took an interest in our expedition, and proposed to accompany and guide us, which, in spite of our remonstrances he did, and certainly made himself very useful. We treated him through-

out with much respect; and at the end invited him to share our dinner, and moreover gave him our address in Funchal, with an invitation to come and see us when his affairs should call him thither. After all this interchange of compliment on the footing of reciprocal equality, we were a little surprized, when on the point of parting, he preferred a charge of three pistorines (about three shillings) for his trouble.

The road home from Fayal * runs for the most part along a high ridge, between two ravines, of which that on the east, the *Meyo-metade*, one of the largest in the island, continues, as we ascend, to deepen in abyss, and darken in forest, if I may so express it, till the chasm, at the moment we leave it, presents a profundity of gloom which it was fearful to look down into. The mountains at the head concurred in this effect; their summits were shrouded with mist, through which the sun, already sunk behind them, threw up its slant beams with a wild, vague, eruptive glare.

Turning to the left, the road after awhile descends through the Ribeiro Frio—another ravine of exceeding beauty, but of a gentler and more open character. A lovely stream falls through the valley—its course finely broken by masses of rock,

* See "Views in the Madeiras."

and overhung by magnificent old trees. The spot where the road crosses this little rivulet by a romantic foot bridge formed of two or three trunks of vinhatico, struck me as the finest piece of forest scenery I had ever seen.

We ascend through this forest on the other side, and emerge on a kind of open serra, called the *Feyteiras*. Over this the road still rises, till we gain the *Poiza*, a ridge which may be said to divide the island from north to south, as from hence our descent is continual and rapid till we reach the town. The road through the Ribeiro dos Escales to the Mount Church is horrible throughout, and as it was already dark, nothing but the instinctive sagacity and infallibility of foot peculiar to these Madeira poneys, could have brought us through with safety *.

* By far the best road, whether to ascend or descend the mountains, is the central one, that rises from the Roxinha.

X.

SOCIETY—LENTE—STRANGERS BURYING-GROUND.

Feb. 25.—A peculiar feature of Madeira life is the number and constant succession of strangers whom we meet here. Besides those that call for wine, most vessels going south of the Line are glad of any excuse to take this little Fairy-land in its way, and the inhabitants are thus favoured with a sight of a great part of the personages whom official duties may call to the charge of the various departments of our East or West Indian administration. An accession is likely to take place in the number of these visitors, from the springing up of so many new states in America, which has given employment for a considerable increase of the diplomatic corps. The last week has been almost wholly engaged by the hospitalities with which the English residents love to do the honours of their island, to some distinguished strangers of this class. I shall not be sorry when they are over; not but they manage these things here pretty much as at home; but very large din-

ner parties are always dull; particularly if composed of men only, and those for the most part strangers whom you are never likely to see again; and I have once or twice, while assisting at some of our late *reunions*, fancied we might be considered to be brought together with a view of ascertaining the minimum of social enjoyment which could be extracted from an assembly of rational beings.

Feb. 26.—This is the Sunday *dos Passos*, and a procession took place, the object of which was the meeting of two distinguished images of our Lord and the Virgin at the outside of the Franciscan church. These images are often confided to the custody of some Morgado or gentleman, who holds an estate upon the tenure of giving them lodging. Thus the image of 'Our Lady' was brought down last night by torch light, from the house of a gentleman above the Deanery, and deposited in the Franciscan church, to be used on this occasion.

Feb. 27.—To-night 'Our Lady' was brought back to her ordinary place of mansion. The effect of the procession—the monks—the lights—the music and chanting—was impressive, particularly as it first appeared passing the bridge below. I followed the crowd up the Willow Walk, and was admitted with the rest into the Morgado's drawing

room, where the Religious sung a short hymn, and, after taking some refreshment, retired.

March 1.—They have here a wind called the *Leste*, which, as its name implies, comes from the east, although all east winds are by no means *Lestes*. It is, I believe, of much the same kind with the Sirocco of the Levant; of a hot, close, drying nature, particularly oppressive to some constitutions, whom it affects by languor, headache, and a parching of the skin and lips. What is remarkable, they are the residents whom it most disorders in this way. Visitors in general suffer much less, and the invalids are never so well as while it lasts. There has been something of this Sirocco in the air for a day or two past, and I have found it far from disagreeable. The air is hot, but not to me at all oppressive; and in other respects the weather is lovely; for a very peculiar clearness and cloudlessness in the atmosphere are among the invariable indications of Leste.

March 3.—I have lately taken two or three long rides in the mountains, but always managed to get home by dusk. These excursions are very pleasant. I start after breakfast with a small basket of luncheon, and gaining the summit, abandon my horse to the burroquero, and expatiate for the rest of the day through the desert air, of which in-

deed at that elevation one seems more a denizen than of the earth.

There is a sort of excitement attending the sense of elevation and of solitude, which you have on these summits; otherwise we do not gain much in respect of landscape. A mountain we know (and Madeira may be said to form but one,) looks better from any point of view than from the top; and this is peculiarly the case here, where, as you ascend you only obtain a wider horizon of sea. When the weather is clear we get a view of our humbler neighbour, Porto Santo, distant about thirty miles to the north-east. To-day I saw it with peculiar distinctness; it lay almost mapped out beneath me, and I could have counted the heads of the low conical hills which compose its surface.

I sometimes, for the sake merely of variety, return to the city round the head of the Waterfall Ravine, descending by the Alegreja* and St. Roque.

March 4.—In England, when detained for a few hours without occupation, in a strange place, one naturally lounges towards the church-yard: in fact, we find ourselves more at our ease in these cities of the dead, than in the crowded streets of a town, where the endless succession of strange faces only oppresses us with an additional sense of our

* See "Views in the Madeiras."

own loneliness—the grave-stones, too, at least, tell us the names of our company.

The Portuguese always bury in their churches. The only burial grounds I believe at Madeira, are those of the English. There are two of them. During the late war, when the island was garrisoned by English troops, the merchants found that the space of their own little cemetery was no longer sufficient for the increased demand for accommodation which such an accession of their countrymen necessarily occasioned. Another piece of ground was accordingly procured, and allotted for the reception of strangers; it is small and surrounded by a high wall—the Peak Castle almost immediately overlooks it, and the Gothic bastions of the old fortress nowhere shew better against the sky than as seen from this spot.

For the rest the area is perfectly unadorned; and we rather wondered no one had been at the pains to plant a few cypresses among the mouldering heaps. I, like the presence of trees, particularly evergreens, in a church-yard—there is something at once instructive and consolatory in the *rapprochemens* which they suggest.

The sun shines so bright on these graves—Lord Byron has somewhere a beautiful line, where he speaks of a fine morning as

"Smiling as if earth contained no tomb."

—The sense of this contrast is nowhere more strong than in these climates. The day is here so animated and brilliant, that one might fancy, when dying, we should cast a more longing and lingering look than elsewhere, to the warm and cheerful precincts which we leave behind. It reminds one of the *Et ego in Arcadia*, on the shepherd's tomb in Poussin's pictures—substitute a less happy climate for Arcadia, and the words will lose much of their impressiveness.

One is always allowed to moralize in a churchyard; the topics which it suggests are such as though obvious to the most rustic philosopher, can never, from their nature, have the effect of any other kind of common-place. Perhaps there is something more than commonly touching in the sentiment of this little cemetery—the tenants below were all strangers and sojourners in the land, and for the most part young; for the age of the greater number does not exceed twenty-five. The recollections attached to them are those of youth and beauty—of hope and promise—they did not stay long enough for disappointment and degradation and decay—

> " The good die first;
> ' And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
> " Burn to the socket."

So says a great living poet; and however ungen-

tler spirits may question the accuracy of this philosophy, it is something to have the benefit of the natural sympathy which prompts us to think thus kindly of those who are taken before their time *.

* There is nothing remarkable among the inscriptions. Among the tablets on the wall is one to the memory of Eugenia, wife of the late J. K. Esq.; a woman of singular beauty and elegance, and of whom we have heard much since we came to the island. She was a great grand-daughter of the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield; her only child a short while preceded her, and lies by her side. Her husband, as we have seen, has just followed.

XI.

THE RIBEIROS, FRIO, AND MEYOMETADE CLIFFS, NEAR FUNCHAL —SOCIETY—LUNCH PARTIES—MOUNTAIN EXCURSIONS—GEOLOGY.

March 7.—A beautiful day, which I devoted to the exploration of the Ribeiros Frio and Meyometade. It was a pure *leste*, but I set off early in the morning, in order to pass the mountains betimes, and thus spent the whole heat of the day in the forest.

The Ribeiros Frio—as before, the scene at the bridge particularly struck me. Nothing can be imagined more lovely, or more complete in its own character of shade and freshness and seclusion. The descent of the bed of the stream is very rapid—yet it does not, as is usual with such, hurry down in incessant quarrel with its obstructions, but falls over the masses of rocks that at every few yards bar its course, and collects below in a beautiful glassy pool—then falls again, and again, as it were, reposes awhile in clearness and quiet—thus forming a succession of cascades and lakelets, each of which, from the happiness of surrounding circumstances, would in itself compose a perfect picture. The banks consist of masses of smooth mossy rock,

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richly hung with underwood, from the midst of which spring the finest *Tils* and *Vinhaticos*, overcanopying the glade and its naiad, with their unpierced shade.

I explored the stream for some way above and below—it preserves throughout the same character in its course, which is always very beautiful; but I think nowhere with so happy a disposition of accident as at the bridge.

The ravine, or rather the valley of the Meyometade, is of a very different character, but as perfect in its way *. The mountains above were to-day quite unclouded. These are the mightiest of the island—Arieros—the Torrinhas—Ruivo—with their peers; and they do not here, as at the head of the Curral, present a bare wall of cliff to the valley, but each peak severally descends to it by a distinct ridge of mountain rock, clothed on both sides with the thickest wood, and inclosing between a deep ravine, that looks as if cut into the entrails of the parent mass. There are, I think, some half dozen of these chasms; all of which seem, as it were, to bring the tribute of their gloom and their precipice—their woods and their torrents—to aggravate the wilderness and blacken the night of the abyss below—which is of immense depth—the sides almost

* See "Views in the Madeiras."

precipitous, but not so as to be incompatible with the growth of the finest forest trees, that shoot up from the steeps in the full throng and rankness of primæval nature. I rambled in the direction of the head of the valley, and then clambered down its

" hairy sides
With forest overgrown, grotesque, and wild."

till the increasing precipitousness of the descent made it prudent to stop. There was a clump, or rather bunch of vinhaticos of enormous size, and all shooting like so many suckers from the same stem—literally giving out—"*uno ingentem de cespite sylvam.*" Here I stayed my descent, and leaning from between the trunks of this giant weed, contented myself with watching awhile the blue torrent foaming beneath me. The mountains on each side descend to its bed—no strip of cultivation intervenes—a woodman's hut scattered here and there, I thought rather heightened than disturbed the desert grandeur of the scene: so slight a trace of man seemed to remind you the more strongly of the absence of his power, and marked how little the native genius of the spot had been profaned by its intrusion.

Returning to the Ribeiro Frio, I took my dinner of sandwiches on an isle of rock, in the midst of the

stream; cooling my wine in its unsunned lymph. It was nearly dark before I got home.

March 11.—These mountain excursions are pleasant enough, but they require a whole day for the expedition, and are practicable only in a favourable state of the atmosphere. For some time past the summits have been commonly covered. It must be confessed that the island is not favourable for taking much exercise; walking beyond the town is out of the question; and independently of the gratification of any taste you may have for natural scenery, there is no great temptation to ride. All the roads ascend immediately and steeply from the town, except those to the west, which, however, are far from affording the most interesting part of the environs; and they are nearly all paved; so that I can fancy that having once fairly familiarized myself with all the sights in the neighbourhood, the mere gratification of riding would not often tempt me to mount my horse. This is one of the most considerable drawbacks that occur to me upon the pleasure of living here. For short rambles almost the only resource is the shore. The coast in the neighbourhood of Funchal, and generally on the south of the island, (with the exception indeed of the headland of Cab Giram) is not comparable in boldness of character to that on the north; but it is nevertheless often

very fine in itself, particularly that lying east of the little Ribeiro de St. Gonçalo. A pathway, very practicable for footmen, commonly leads along the base of the cliff; and I have never yet exhausted the pleasure which I find in wandering among these rocks. The constant climbing and leaping among the crags satisfies one's active powers—the incessant sound and succession of the billows as fully engage the sense—and the mind is thus left to wander at will in that listless reverie, the indulgence of which is never so perfect as when our more material faculties at the same time find amusement.

March 14.—We have certainly no want of company at Madeira, and the parties, when composed of the visitors or residents, without any irruption of passengers from the ships, are exceedingly pleasant. You soon become in a manner intimate with almost all the families here, which puts the society upon a very easy and agreeable footing. After tea they commonly get up a little dance, which should always be done where practicable. It is pleasant for those that dance, and I think almost as much so for those who look on. After being happy one's self, the next best thing is to see others so.

It is rather a misfortune that the invalids can seldom appear at these more formal *soirées*, as they

dare not risk the exposure to the night air. With a view to their accommodation, there are frequently what are called lunch parties, which are a kind of early dinner, about two or three o'clock, and composed wholly of young people. After the repast they sometimes dance—or set out in a body to ride—or hear music—or lounge about the gardens, spending the hours till sunset in that kind of easy chitchat for which young people, when thrown together in a certain footing of unrestrained intimacy, seldom want materials.

These parties do not always take place within doors. When the weather is favourable we often send our collation to some favourite spot along the coast, or up the mountains, and ride after and partake of it—spreading our viands on some slab of rock, round which we seat ourselves on the turf, and indulge in all the gaiety of heart and elasticity of spirit, which this sort of temporary release from the dull routine of ordinary life is always very well calculated to promote. Thus the other morning a small knot of us made an excursion of this kind to Santa Cruz, and took our lunch in the platform of the little chapel which stands near the cliff as you begin the descent to the town. I am very particular in the designation of the spot, as I spent there a very happy hour.

March 26.—Easter Sunday. Scarcely a day of

last week has not been marked by the performance of a religious ceremony appropriate to the season: some of these I have been at the pains to witness,—from a notion of the obligation which one imagines there is when abroad to see all that there is to be seen, though at home the expectation of such a spectacle would hardly draw one to the window. The most remarkable of these ceremonies takes place at the Mount church on Good-Friday, where the taking down from the cross is enacted with full dramatic effect, and each stage of the process marked by wailings and beating of breasts on the part of the spectators. Luckily the day was one of incessant and heavy rain; and we had therefore a full release from attendance.

The *Santo far-niente* of the Italians is a present power in all these climates, and it is impossible to inhabit them long without mingling in some sort with the worshippers. Among the regular resources of indolence for the younger and more *desœuvré* portion of our community is the paying of morning calls—if we may so term a visit that sometimes lasts a whole morning. In England this sort of interview is often oppressively tiresome; and that perhaps partly from the very circumstance of its shortness; in a space of a quarter of an hour one has no room to converse, or broach any subject of interest, and we are con-

sequently driven to fill the interval with that routine of question and answer upon ordinary matters of fact, than which, no doubt, nothing can be more stupid. Here, however, every body has time to be amused; and the habits of constant and daily intercourse at length puts us very much at our ease with each other—then music, or books, or drawing, or the garden are always at hand to fill up the pauses of conversation—which are fewer than might be supposed—for there is hardly any end to what one may find to say in the *abandon* of that sort of intimacy which allows one to say any thing.

It is a beautiful provision of benevolence, this separation of mankind into two parties, of which the one has thus a natural good-will and kindness towards the other. Another great charm of female society is that the sexes have no rivalry; their pretensions do not clash; on the contrary, they have each a specific pleasure in the perception and admiration of those traits of characteristic excellence wherewith nature may have respectively distinguished them.

All this only illustrates afresh the old remark how essential it is to have nothing to do in order to enjoy society. But then we must be all idle together. In England one has need to marry and to have children, for out of the pale of one's own

family there is, in this respect, speaking generally, no resource. It is of course very well ordered that it is so; seeing that we are not sent here merely to amuse each other; nevertheless, I repeat it, the sacrifice we make, though right and necessary, is considerable; and operates with some hardship on certain constitutions of mind, who have naturally very little anxiety for the ordinary objects of ambition with the people about them.

March 29.—Spent the day again in the mountains above the ice-house. We made a desperate attempt to scale Sidrâo from the Arieros; and got so far as to find some difficulty in getting back again. One is always the better for an expedition of this kind, and I really think it is not the *physique* merely that feels the benefit.

My companion is a geologist, and while I am watching the picturesque outline or poetic aspect of a peak, he is not unfrequently busy in interrogating the dip or direction of its strata. I hardly know which has the best of it. The habit of speculating on the formation of these *autochthenes*, seems not quite compatible with the sense of that sort of personality which the superstition of less enlightened observers loves to ascribe to them; and yet the class of facts, which form the object of the geologist's investigation, have not merely much historic curiosity in themselves, but are of a kind

eminently calculated to excite the imagination. Burnet's book on this very subject is of itself sufficient evidence that there is no necessary repulsion between cosmogony and poetry. In one respect the two pursuits may be thought to have a nearer analogy than their professors suspect. A learned mathematician objected to poetry that it proved nothing. Judging from its history hitherto we should fancy geology to lie open to a similar reproach. Of all the rival suppositions there is no one by which a large proportion of the phenomena can be consistently or indeed at all accounted for; and the only effect of fresh investigations seems to be still farther to complicate the difficulty, and to puzzle the brains of philosophers about other matters, of more importance than the comparative probabilities of the Huttonian or Neptunean hypotheses.

XII.

DEATH OF THE KING—FLOWERS—SPRING—CAMOENS LUSIAD.

March 30.—We are not much troubled with politics at Madeira. Portugueze news there commonly is none; our own reaches us only at intervals and in the lump; and this circumstance, together with that of our distance from home, perhaps tends a little to diminish the interest we take in it. The intelligence of the death of the king, however, has naturally created a strong sensation both with the Portugueze and the English. Don John, though a weak, was a kind-hearted and well-meaning prince, and I believe very popular with all classes of the people; and these are qualities, which in the present state of the Portugueze monarchy, may possibly stand it in better stead than the more active, vigorous and intriguing genius of either of his sons. How the pretensions of these sons will be disposed of affords matter for anxious speculation. Every body, with the exception of a few desperate ultras, or crazy bigots, dreads the return of Don Miguel; at the same time the situa-

tion of his elder brother is one of singular embarrassment; his only hope of retaining the Brazils is in remaining there; of itself a considerable sacrifice to an European: besides, it is natural to believe that Portugal will never long consent to remain a mere province and appendage of her former colony. Sir Charles Stuart has no doubt settled all this somehow or another, but his late treaty, as published, leaves us wholly to seek in what way; nor do I see by what diplomatic arrangement it can be contrived that Don Pedro should retain his European as well as his Brazilian dominions. Were I in his place I should not hesitate to wash my hands of these last, with their fantastic title, and return to the land of my fathers. In Europe he will at any rate find good society, and something like civilization; besides, in Europe a king can obtain a sort of guarantee of possession from his brethren, which as things now go is perhaps, for some of them, the best security which they can have for maintaining their place in it. But the warrants even of the Holy Alliance, I fear, will tell for little on the other side of the Atlantic.

April 3.—We have lately had some days of violent rain; and the weather has not as yet settled into that genial warmth and sunshine, which at Madeira commonly makes a fine day a matter of

course. Our garden, however, is always beautiful; and at this season, every morning reveals to me some fair shrub or flower, which I had never known before, (or, if at all, only as the denizen of an English conservatory or hot-house) putting forth its leaves or its blossoms to the sun. The Judas trees, with their swarm of pink butterfly blossoms, are particularly conspicuous. The Selandria (grandi-flora) too is beginning to develope its large white bells, but they are neither in shape nor hue so elegant as those of the Datura; this last I am glad to see has not yet exhausted her stores. Some of the Passion flowers at present in bloom are very exquisite; especially one of the scarlet kind—the flowers of which, wreathed in the dark hair of a young Madeirense, forms one of the most effective coronals I have seen.

You are not, however, sensible here of that change, either in the air or in the face of things, which makes spring so delightful in England,

> —When April starts, and wakes around
> The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
> And lightly o'er the living scene
> Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

There is hardly any sense of this delightful vicissitude at Madeira: the year is one summer, with comparatively little alteration either of temperature or

hue; and I have not as yet made up my mind which system of seasons I should prefer. We have had a profusion of flowers all the winter; indeed the tribe of roses has never been in such full and general glow as soon after we arrived in January: the trees then, too, were laden with guavas, and oranges, and custard-apples, which now only give in their flower the promise of another crop next autumn. There are still bananas, however, which, I believe, last all the year; and oranges we get from the north: as for the others, their loss to me is more than compensated by the quantity of wild strawberries which they are now beginning to bring down by baskets full from the mountains, and which form a delicious addition to the breakfast table.

Some improvement, nevertheless, in the face of the country; the spring works even here. The vines are now beginning to push their leaves, and the corn-fields to look green; which gives to the lower slopes of the mountain an aspect of verdure, which at other times, perhaps, they too much betray the want of. There is little or no change observable in the woods and hedges: few or none of the indigenous trees and bushes are deciduous. Of exotics, the chesnut is the only one seen in considerable quantities, and the plantations of that are very partial.

I do not know that the native Flora has much

improved since we came: the little peasant girls have for some time ceased their morning tribute of violets from the hills.

In the leisure of these rainy days, I have managed to get through the Lusiad, and am not very sorry that I have done so. This sense of effort is perhaps more or less common to the lecture of all the great heroic poems; with the exception, indeed, of one, though that is the longest; but the lightness of tone, and romance of adventure, which, after the inimitable grace and facility of the style, are the qualities that most beguile one in Ariosto, may be thought to take him out of the orthodox canon of the class.

Nothing of this brilliant extravagancy can be reproached to Camoens, the legitimacy of whose rank is so far unimpeachable. But his story in itself is dull, and he has not a lively way of telling it. So careful, on the contrary, is he not to sophisticate the original matter of fact by any embellishments of his fancy and invention, that there is scarcely an event or accident of the voyage of Gama, as described in the Lusiad, of which I had not previously read the whole in Barros, given in precisely the same order and with the same details.

I recollect but two passages in exception to this, those of the Spirit of the Cape, and of the Fortunate Island; and perhaps they form the most suc-

cessful of the poem. The idea of this last is certainly rather open to the ridicule which Voltaire has thrown upon it; but it gives an opportunity for some very charming description.

The mythological machinery is the great blot of the conception of the work; and, in spite of the explanations and glosses of the commentators, is utterly indefensible. It is difficult to understand how a man of genius like Camoens could have gone out of his way for such an absurdity; unless he had reason to apprehend that the employment of the hierarchy of the Christian covenant—of which Tasso has availed himself to such good effect, and which obviously would have been equally well in place in his own fable—might be ill regarded by the religious opinions of his time or country.

XIII.

BEAUTIFUL NUN—PEASANT WOMEN—WALK DOWN THE SOCORRIDOS —SANTA CLARA CONVENT—CLIMATE.

April 4.—Every body who has been at Madeira has seen or heard of the beautiful Nun. Riding to-day with some ladies by the convent of Santa Clara we saw the abbess with three or four of her flock at the inner gate: we turned into the court and dismounted, and I was then, for the first time, introduced to the celebrated Donna M—— C——. She is really very pretty; fair; with light hair; a regular outline of feature; and a soft, laughing expression of countenance. This is a style of beauty not common here, and which accounts for her celebrity among the Portugueze She is the first *blonde* I have met with among them.

There is certainly a singular dearth of beauty among the natives of all classes; but particularly the lower. In the whole course of our rides we have never met with even a tolerably pretty peasant girl. They nearly all are thick and clumsy

in their make; of a flat and snub outline of feature, and swarthy complexion. On the north side of the island perhaps they improve a little, both in complexion and feature; but even there I have not fallen in with a face striking enough to be recollected five minutes after it had passed me. Like the women of all warm climates they early attain to puberty, and as soon lose the freshness of youth; and when old they become hideous; a calamity to which they seem to resign themselves with too much philosophy; for they take no pains to alleviate its effects by any aid of cap or turban, or suppositious curls; such as, after a certain age, our own fair, I believe, think it expedient to have recourse to. The uniformity of this state of aspect among the sex, is really a sort of deduction from the satisfaction of living in the place. One begins to lose one's habitual interest in "the human face divine." We see a young figure approaching, but with nothing of that sense of hope which the chance of agreeableness naturally awakens elsewhere; we overtake another in the same direction, and invariable disappointment at length hardly leaves us curiosity enough for a sidewards glance at the object in passing.

It is remarkable that, at the same time, the men, the peasantry I mean, are a particularly fine race; commonly of singular strength and symmetry of

make; and lease of carriage; with most animated and intelligent countenances. This last circumstance is very observable in the boys, whose fiery eyes laugh out from under a profusion of black curly hair, with an effect of *espieglerie* and archness which Morillo or Reynolds would have been glad to fix.

April 5.—I set off early, and alone, on an expedition to walk down the Socorridos Valley from the Curral. The day was *Leste*—of that perfect beauty and delightfulness which Leste alone can bestow; and of which, indeed, no other weather which I have ever experienced has given me the notion. The sky of a deep bright blue—so stainless one might fancy it had never been sullied by a cloud since the creation; with a transparency in the atmosphere, which, like the effect of moisture, seemed to bring out fresh hues from every object.

The air was warm, and even hot, yet with nothing of oppressiveness in the temperature—on the contrary, it seemed rather to brace the nerves and exhilarate the spirits; thus sensibly heightening that kind of intoxication with which the eyes drank in the glowing colours of sky and sea and mountains.

The country looked very lovely. The vines are already in nearly full leaf; the corn fields in their

freshest green; in the orchards the figs and peaches seemed almost to have attained their full size.

Approaching the Curral from the east side, I was more than ever struck with the view of that part of the ravine which falls below the kind of basin, more properly designated by the name. You look down to it at an immense depth—precipitous—winding—clothed with wood—and so narrow, as apparently to leave at bottom scarcely room enough for the torrent to make its passage. I am not sure that any view of the Curral itself, from the east at least, is so striking. It was this part of the valley which I purposed to explore.

I found that the road had been rendered impassable for horses by a *quebrado*, or avalanche of rock and earth; brought down during the late rains by the little stream that, not far from the Livramento, falls so beautifully from the mountains on the right. Accordingly I here dismissed my burroquero, with instructions to re-ascend, and come round again to the ravine, by the St. Amaro road, a few miles below, and there wait for me: proceeding myself to the village, where I procured a man to guide me through the intricacies of the valley, and then descended under vine-trellices, and through cherry orchards, all now in full leaf and blossom, to the bed of the river.

The man was a stout active fellow, and made himself useful as much as a bridge or boat as a guide. The bottom of the ravine is very narrow, and the torrent, swelled just now by the recent rains, sometimes fills the whole space; at others it sweeps from one cliff to the other, so as to make it continually necessary that you should cross it. I had, in consequence, often to mount my guide's shoulders in the course of the day; there was something awkward in the repetition of this mode of passage, and if I undertook the adventure again, I should make up my mind to the wetting, and ford the stream on my own legs.

The scenery you pass through would repay worse pains than this. It is difficult to give an accurate notion of its peculiar character. The prevailing feeling is that of being placed at the bottom of a profound abyss; shut in by the loftiest cliffs and mountains, which come down upon you close and steep on every side; for the valley winds incessantly, and thus presents, above and below, as well as on either hand, a barrier of insuperable height, to which as you look up you might fancy yourself cut off from any possibility of escape. By this continual winding of the valley, too, the detail of the scene is constantly varying, though the general character is always the same: at every turn the mountains offer a new aspect—sometimes descend-

ing rapidly to the torrent in a wooded steep—but more commonly presenting a face of lofty cliff, that, now beetles over head, so as still more to darken the natural gloom of the site; or at other times is cleft, by wild water-courses, through the gullies of which you gain a glimpse of the sunlit peaks above.

A striking spot is the *Passo da Cruz*; the torrent here is pinched in its passage by two low masses of rock, which project from either hand. My guide told me that some years ago, a man flying from the pursuit of justice, leaped over the chasm, and escaped.

The journey, however, is much too long; we were five hours in descending to the St. Amaro road, and during all this time one is incessantly springing from stone to stone; a kind of exertion which, though for a time it excites, is at last fatiguing; and the constant gloom and uniform character of the scene are at length a little oppressive to the spirits. Moreover, as you descend, the scenery, instead of improving, becomes tamer; so that I confess I was at last not sorry to get out of it, and remount my horse, which had been for some time waiting for me at the point assigned. In all our expeditions I have invariably been struck on returning with the first view of Funchal and its neighbourhood—It looks so light, and lively, and sunny. I did not feel the cheerfulness of the prospect the less to-

day, on emerging from the long gloom of the Socorridos ravine.

April 8.—Spent an hour in the parlour of the Santa Clara convent. It is rather an odd scene; the nuns are separated from us by a thick double grating, through which we peep and talk as well as we can. The ladies appeared by no means impatient of our gaze, or to take ill the little *fleurettes*, which those more voluble in the language of Portuguese gallantry offered them. Of course, the pretty M—— C—— was there: we remarked another belle, Donna H——, more in the Portuguese fashion of beauty, of which indeed she was one of the best specimens we have seen—she has all the national embonpoint, which, when within the limits of proportion, is desirable enough; a rather full face; small features; clear skin; and the finest large dark eyes, *a l'orientale*, one can fancy.

We buy of the fair prisoners various articles of their delicate manufacture; wreaths of artificial flowers; waxen fruit baskets; and conserves: the sale of these trifles, for the benefit of the convent, is the motive of this facility of access. They tell me that there is a regular system of flirtation going on between these ladies and certain favourites of theirs, commonly officers of the regiments without; and that much amusement may be extracted from watching the little signs of intelli-

gence, which are given from the grating in the chapel, and on other occasions, when the fair recluse are conscious of the presence of their admirers. All this, I suppose, can end in nothing more than flirtation; and one is rather glad that they are still allowed this resource against the terrible ennui of their situation *.

April 15.—Our days certainly pass pleasantly enough here; and I begin to look forward with regret to the time approaching for my departure. The weather seems at length to have settled into that warmth and beauty, which is the ordinary habit of the climate. To-day has been again a pure *Leste;* accompanied, which is not common, by a strong wind; but so delightfully warm and wooing to the sense, that I fancy I can never enjoy enough of it. All the residents, however, complain of the oppressiveness of this weather; and some it evidently makes quite ill; its worst effect upon me is a lightness and buoyancy of being, the expression of which it costs me a little pains to repress.

The nights too are delicious—so soft and balmy, with the moon walking in summer brightness. The orange trees just now are in full flower, and in

* We have reason to believe that a late writer was altogether misinformed in respect to the circumstances under which the young nun, to whom such unwelcome celebrity has been given, took the veil. The story, we are assured, is unfounded in all its details.

these warm evenings load the air with perfume. It is delightful to lean out of the window, and inhale all this luxury. From the silent hills around, to the white city beneath me, every thing is sleeping so still in the moonshine—all, save the sea, the rippling of which is distinctly visible in the bright track of light that strikes across it to the desertâs.

I love, too, in these warm bright nights, to ramble in the corridors; the young vine shoots have just covered in the trellices, and the effect of the moonlight through the leafy bower is very pretty. The whole garden indeed, at such a season, affords in its wilderness an inexhaustible store of studies, equally romantic and picturesque. The bananas, in particular, strike me; the large expanse of its light green leaf, catches, and as it were reflects the rays with a breadth of light and shadow quite different in its effect from that of any other tree.

April 17.—It is one consolation for leaving all these enjoyments, that every body else is going away too; that is, all the visitors, who certainly make a very pleasant part of our society here. There is always something melancholy in being left behind; and this annual migration of so large a portion of my society, would, were I a resident, form to me one of the least agreeable circumstances of the place.

To-morrow morning a large party leave for England in the ship Funchal. I have myself, with three others, engaged a passage for Lisbon in a Portuguese vessel, which will sail next week; and nearly all the rest of the moveable class will embark by the next opportunity.

XIV.

LAST EXCURSION—A NIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS—RIBEIRO BRAON—PAUL DE SERRA—VALLEY OF SAN VICENTE—PONTA DELGADA—THE ENTRAZA ROAD—ARC OF ST. GEORGE—ST. ANNES—ASCENT OF PICO RUIVO—LEAVE THE ISLAND.

April 19.—Set out on my last expedition, and my friend S——, to whose kindness we owe so much of what has contributed to make our residence here agreeable, as a last act of friendliness, engaged to accompany me. Our object was the north coast of the island, from San Vicente to St. Annes; with excursions to the Paul, and to the summit of Pico Ruivo, in our way. It was late before we got off, and as we could not hope to reach St. Vicente that night, we took with us a small tent to pitch somewhere in the mountains. The weather did not promise very favourably for our purposes, for the *Leste* was just gone, and its departure is almost invariably followed by rain: the shortness of my remaining sojourn here, however, did not allow of any postponement.

We ascended to the Curral from the Jardim. The view down into the crater was half veiled in cloud, but, as usual, the other half did not

look the worse for it. The mists, however, were fast accumulating on all sides; and on reaching the Serra d' Agoa, its whole depths lay stretched out beneath us, white and level like a lake. At the same time the sky was quite cloudless, and all the mountain heights perfectly clear—particularly the long ridge of the Paul opposite, which I now saw for the first time, and with peculiar distinctness, for the sun was on the point of setting behind it.

We pursue our former route, along the north side of the Serra—the cliff on the right—the abyss, and forest, and torrent on the left—all heightened in their natural effect by the cold gloom of twilight which was gathering around. Soon after the moon rises full and clear over the mountains behind; and happily for us; as the continual descent of the road at length brings us into the mists of the valley, and we have need of all her light to distinguish our way. For another hour it still runs along the side of the mountain, but we see nothing save the objects immediately at hand—crags and rocks and forest trees, scattered and twisted in the most fantastic extravagancy of shape and attitude.

At length we reach a little cabin, built of stout masonry, on a green ridge, that projects into the valley on the left. This is one of the many similar

places of shelter which the singular liberality of an English merchant (Mr. Page *) has erected in some of the most remote and desolate passages in the mountains, for the accommodation of benighted travellers. — And here we had determined to pass the night, ourselves under the tent, and our men in the cabin; none of these, however, had as yet come up, and we had to wait more than two hours before they made their appearance. The interval was rather tedious—that which passed before our tent, &c. could be arranged, was still more so; for it was nearly midnight before my bedding was fairly spread out upon the grass—which, by the way, was here so long and so wet, that under other circumstances I should have hesitated a little as to my *gîte:* as it was, I most gladly threw myself upon it, and slept well.

April 20.—Awakened soon after four, by the wind blowing about our ears. It was nearly light —we got up, and in about an hour's time saw our baggage and men under weigh, for we were resolved not again to precede them.

From the spot of our encampment the road de-

* The same gentleman has evinced his public spirit and munificence in various other works of charity and general accommodation; and the Portuguese government has shewn its sense of his services in this respect, by bestowing upon him a commandership of the order of the Tower and Sword.

scends rapidly, and turning to the right, winds round a ravine to the bottom; from which, as it again ascends, it takes, I know not why, the name of the *encomiado* of San Vicente. Two or three picturesque *ribeiros* cross it from the heights on the right; and near one of these we stop to breakfast. The woods around afforded abundance of dry wood and my companion's gun gave us light; so in a short time three splendid fires were lighted, the heat of which was very agreeable, for the chill of the morning had not yet gone off.

Resume our march, ascending westward along the side of the mountain ridge that divides the *Ribeira Brava* from that of St. Vicente. At the top there is a very striking view of both ravines running north and south to the sea at either end. We send on our baggage to St. Vicente, and pursue the road that ascends to the Paul de Serra, along the west side of the Serra d'Agoa.

The whole of this ascent affords a series of views among the very finest that I have seen any where. You overlook the entire valleys of the *Serra d'Agoa* and the *Ribeira Brava*, which are immediately bounded on all sides by the most magnificent mountains. In front, and at the head of the former, stands *Pico Grande*, conspicuous, as usual, by his insulated mass, and peculiar crest. Behind him shoot up the crags of the Torrinhas, and other

central peaks; and beneath are the valleys, grandly broken by the ridges that branch down from the mountain summits, and their bottoms enlivened with cabins, and teeming with culture and fruitfulness.

The Serra mountain, as we continue to ascend along its side, steepens into a wall of rock of immense height, and hung with luxuriant vegetation. Here and there a break in the cliff makes way for a waterfall. One, I remember, struck me particularly; it is in a hollow, near the top of the ascent; the spot was further remarkable, being the only one from which we could get a view of the rounded head of *Pico Ruivo*.

It was about half-past ten when we gained the level of the Serra, the 'champaign head of this steep wilderness'—a large open tract, not unlike an English heath in its character, and having nothing at all remarkable about it except its elevation, which is not much less than six thousand feet above the level of the sea. The day was quite clear, but we had no views, save of the Serra itself, spreading far away to the west, and of the sea on the south.

We hastened our way towards the north, by pathways cut through the broom and bilberry, which covers the fell to the height of a man in all directions. These passages are of most perplexing

intricacy, and we should never have been able to find our road, but for the assistance of a guide, whom we had the precaution to bring from the *encomiado*. The man himself, however, seemed a little to seek on more than one occasion. In the thick weather which commonly prevails here, the difficulty must be much aggravated; and they say that scarcely a winter passes in which some of the peasants do not perish with cold while wandering through these uninhabited wolds. On this account, or from the desolateness of the region—from its extraordinary elevation, separating it far from all human abode, and the mysterious veil of cloud and mist that generally envelopes it—the people, it is said, have a certain superstitious association about the Paul, which makes them unwilling to frequent it more than they can help.

—Our descent from these heights to the valley of San Vicente occupied us full three hours. The road throughout is horrible, being a surface of rough, hard-baked *scoria*, and one of the most disagreeable to the feet I ever experienced. The clouds that floated below us for the most part obscured the views of the valley; but the scenery in the immediate neighbourhood of the road was eminently beautiful; the steep rocky sides of the mountain, richly overgrown, as it is every where with wood and vegetation, afforded at every step new

accidents of disposition and form, from which an artist might fill a portfolio.

The valley below has a more open and airy aspect than is usual with those of Madeira. On the east the mountains trend north and south, in a perfectly straight line; but on the other side they retreat considerably, forming a curve, which again approaches the opposite range at the outlet of the valley to the sea; where indeed the two sides are separated only by a very narrow pass. The space included between presents a lovely scene. The whole bottom is covered with vines, which are here again trained over the chesnuts, and being already in many parts in full leaf, stretch overhead their tangled bower with an enchantingly rich effect. Gardens, and orchards, and orange grounds, are profusely intermingled with these vine woods—all thronging with the luxuriance of their produce—insomuch that, sometimes, you can scarcely, through the vines and the fruit trees, get a glimpse of the purple sky overhead, or of the mountains that on all sides lift their dark and seemingly inaccessible cliffs, as if in guardianship of this little Elysium. As I have said, the recession of the range on the west, gives the scene a look of light and cheerfulness, which is observable in no other of the valleys which we have seen.

We had a letter to the *Padre* of the parish, a simple, good-natured, jolly old gentleman, who gave us a friendly reception, though, I thought, a little embarrassed as to what he should do with his guests. He introduced us to his apartments, hung round with coloured prints of the Evangelists, &c. from the shop in St. Paul's Church-yard; and to his housekeeper, a comely dame, who perhaps did not enough conceal how much she shared her master's perplexity at this unexpected claim upon their hospitality. She appeared indeed to exercise all that habitual authority, which befits a bachelor's *gouvernante;* and I fancy it was not immediately the worthy *Padre* could prevail upon her to set about preparing our dinner. The truth was, that all we wanted was shelter for the night, as we had a better repast in our provision basket than we could hope from the hospitality of our host; but we could not decently make use of it in his house.

The town, as they call it, of St. Vicente, consists of a few shabby huts and houses, situate in the gorge, through which the river makes its way to the sea. At its outlet, the stream divides itself into two channels, leaving a space of shingle between, on which stands an insulated rock, which has been excavated into a small chapel, and is capped with a cross. The people connect this romantic little

oratory with some legend of St. Vincent, but I could not distinctly make out its purport *.

From the beach you have a view of the whole coast westward, as far as Porto Moniz. It preserves the height and gloom and steepness which every where form the character of the north coast of the island; and may be said to be accessible from hence by sea only; for to reach Seisal, the nearest town, by land, you must ascend and traverse the whole extent of the Paul.

In the evening we were joined by two more friends, from the city, and the good Padre's tureen of *caldo de gallinha*, of which he himself partook, did not afford a superfluous regale for four hungry travellers. However, by dint of praising both her broth, and some apple jelly of her own making, which she produced, we at length softened *Mad. la Gouvernante* into good-humour, and consequent communicativeness.

March 21.—We turn our steps eastward. The road runs along the beach, and close under the cliff, which seems of gigantic height; for some way a small and rich tract of vines intervenes between it and the shingle: this terminates at a spot reputed dangerous, where the sea at high water washes the

* See "Views in the Madeiras," vignette.

cliff; but we pass without difficulty, and after an hour's ride reach Ponta Delgada.

This is a pretty little town; the most considerable in the north of the island, and the liveliest and neatest of any, excepting, of course, the capital, which I have seen in Madeira. It is built on a low and richly cultivated point of land, jutting out from the base of the mountain: there is no appearance of a street; but the houses, which are numerous, and many of them large and respectable, are scattered thick among the vines and orchards, and with very pleasing effect. The church, one of the largest and handsomest we have seen here, is situate close to the sea *.

We now leave the beach. The road winds very steeply up the mountain: from the summit after awhile we descend into the ravine of Boa Ventura—a wild broken valley, in a manner divided into two by a lofty ridge that runs down through the midst of it; the sides abrupt and romantically clothed with vegetation; the streams at bottom copious and rapid.

Beyond this, the road again ascends along the face of a steep—indeed one may say, perpendicular cliff, that immediately overhangs the sea. This is

* See "Views in the Madeiras."

the *Entrada* road, and its construction is considered one of the marvels of the north. It certainly does credit to the engineer; but I saw nothing of that apparent danger which, we had been told, would make us so nervous. It is said to be in part formed upon timbers projecting from the rock: this too escaped us.

Descend to the *Arco of St. George*—a semicircular *bay*, as it were, in the mountains of the coast; the bottom consisting of a tract of very fertile soil, among the vines and orange trees of which is situated a smiling little colony of cabins and quintas, all white and neat as though built yesterday. It is a most romantic situation. The encircling mountain-cliffs rise perpendicularly behind, and push their insuperable headlands into the sea on either hand; while the Atlantic, whose shore forms the chord of the Arc, affords as magnificent a boundary to the north. And this apparent inaccessibility on every side only heightens the charm of the little region; so sufficient does it seem to itself in the affluence of culture and produce that throngs its soil—and so cheerfully do its white habitations shine out from under the dark barrier that frowns behind them.

Ascending from the *Arco* we diverge a little from the sea and come out at the top on an open champaign country, scattered with huts, and of a dif-

ferent character from any I had seen—the road so broad and the surface so level, that a stage-coach might be driven along it without difficulty.

The Ribeiro of St. George—immensely deep and precipitous—a tedious, toilsome descent and ascent * with little to amuse on the way. On gaining the summit on the other side you get a very fine view of the upper part of the valley, where it seems to branch, or rather root out in several other ravines that run high up among the mountains and forests above. The landscape is one of great magnificence, with a character of gloom; that was farther aggravated by the lowering blackness of the evening.

From hence to St. Anne's we pass over an elevated plain like that of St. George, but richly cultivated with corn and flax, over which stretches the vine trained upon chesnuts; the road runs between, unlimited by a hedge or enclosure of any kind; so that you seem to be traversing a sort of *Pays de Cocagne*, where corn and wine spring free on all sides, the fruits of the unbought liberality of nature.

Halted for the night at the house of the *Capitao-Mor*. It is new and handsome, and being situated near the verge of the cliff commands a fine view

* See "Views in the Madeiras."

of the sea, with Porto Santo in the distance. The master was at Funchal, and we found the servants in tears for the death of their mistress, the news of which had just arrived. This sort of sympathy with the weal and woe of their masters is common with the Portuguese servants; and gives a pleasant idea of the footing on which they are held in the family.

April 22.—Up before three—deceived by the moon, whose light we mistook for day-break. By four o'clock we are off on our expedition for Pico Ruivo. The moon gives us our only light. Overhead the sky is clear; but the mountains to which we are tending seem enveloped in mist and rain. However we still hold on our course for the Peak; though not without some consciousness of the absurdity of such a project; as it is quite certain that we shall see nothing, and equally so that we shall get well drenched for our pains.

Day breaks over the sea behind, and the outline of Porto Santo shews well against the illumined horizon. The road, at first good, becomes vile; and the worse for the rain, which has made the ascent so slippery that our beasts with difficulty keep their footing. We see little to interest in a picturesque point of view at any time, and that little became less, or rather nothing, as we get into the mist and mizzle.

The road and the weather grow worse at every step; and after some hours of unprofitable toil and exposure one of our companions has the sense to stop short. S. and I however still push up till we come to some steep ground covered with rocky fragments, over which our animals can find no footing, and our guide no way; and both of them seem to intimate their intention of going no farther. The rain is now heavier than ever, and we are at length fain to return; being then, as we have since learnt, about half an hour's distance from the summit.

At no great distance below we found Mr. F. and the burroqueros stowed in a deserted cabin, the looped and windowed raggedness of which but ill sheltered them from the pelting of the storm. They had kindled a fire in the midst, round which we all sat cowering; shutting out the rain as well as we could by cloaks and horse-cloths; but very imperfectly; and annoyed yet more from the smoke within than the storm without. There was, however, a novelty and excitement in the scene that made us tolerably independent of such inconveniences. We contrived to make tea and boil some eggs; and enjoyed our breakfast as people may be supposed to do who have been out some five or six hours, scrambling up a mountain.

The rain abates. We descend a great part of

the same road by which we mounted; and then strike off to the right, by the church of St. Anne, towards the Fayal ridge, through a country open and smiling, and comparatively level. Crossing the ridge, which is here not high, we begin to descend into the ravines which from the central mountains debouch into the Meyo-metade valley. We wind round two or three of these; distinguished each by some picturesque characteristic,—its cataract above or its bridge below, till we reach the bottom of the great ravine.

I had expected a fine view from this spot, looking up through the wooded cliffs to the mountain-peaks above. But we see nothing here; it is only after we have awhile ascended the road on the other side, that in turning a kind of elbow in the rock we suddenly come in sight of the head of the valley; and behold, what I am inclined to think, the finest scene in the island—this too, both as respects elevation and the disposition of objects forming the fore-ground, is the best point to view it—and out of the elements of mountain and forest—rock and ravine, with a blue torrent raging along the bottom, Salvator himself could not have formed a grander combination.

From hence home our route was of course the same with that which has already been described twice. But I was not sorry to pass it again. The

Ribeiro Frio, without the grandeur—the gloom—the immeasurable depth—the impenetrable forest of the Meyo-metade, has something of a gentler and lighter wildness, upon which we not unwillingly dwell after escaping from the more imposing night of the former.

The evening was fine, and descending the southern side of the mountains we seemed to get into a different climate from that which we had been accustomed to for some days past. I hailed Funchal with that sense of reviving cheerfulness with which I have always approached it after an absence—though tinged with something of melancholy on this occasion, from the reflection that I was thus returning to it for the last time.

Three days after we sailed.

XV.

GENERAL REMARKS—PACE OF THE COUNTRY—CULTIVATION—TOWNS—SCENERY—RAVINES—COAST—WOOD—FLOWERS—CLIMATE—INVALIDS—ACCOMMODATION FOR VISITORS—PRICES—HOUSES—MEAT—WINES.

In a diary kept solely for one's own satisfaction, without any purpose of publication, it is natural that in the selection of objects and topics the writer should be guided rather by the interest which he himself may accidentally feel in them, than by any consideration of the importance attached to them by people in general; and in this way, much of that information most interesting to an ordinary reader runs a chance of being totally omitted. I shall endeavour, in some little degree to supply my omissions of this sort, by putting on paper a few remarks and *recollections;* they will be found to be of a very miscellaneous nature, and strung together without much attention to arrangement or connection *.

* Concerning some of the points on which I have slightly touched in these chapters, and upon many which I have altogether passed over, the reader will find full, and I believe authentic information, in the Appendix.

Every gazetteer can no doubt give the latitude, longitude, length, breadth, and population of the island. Of the general face of the country the preceding pages will, I hope, have afforded some notion. It may be shortly described as one mass of mountain, rising to the highest summits in the centre—descending on the north to a range of lofty cliffs which confine the ocean—and to a lower and gentler character of coast on the south; and riven throughout with deep ravines and valleys, which radiate to the sea in all directions.

The cultivation is confined to the coast, or to the bottoms of some of the valleys; and occupies altogether a very small proportion of the whole surface. Vines form the chief feature; for the corn grown scarcely supplies a two month's consumption to the inhabitants *.

The towns and villages are invariably situated on the sea coast, and commonly at the outlet of a ravine; but where the bottom is fertile and the surface permits, the cabins and quintas are often scattered up a considerable extent of the valley.

It is in the upper and wilder windings of these

* The greater part is grown in the west of the island; it consists of bearded wheat and barley. There are spots on the Serras which afford a crop of rye, once in six or seven years; the ground being previously manured by the burning of the underwood, which has been allowed to grow up in the interval.

ravines that the more striking features of the Madeira landscape are almost exclusively found. The mountains are steep and lofty, but so massed together that they do not, except in two or three instances, present that variety of summit and outline which forms the chief effect of such ranges; and were it otherwise, the narrowness of the island would not allow you to get far enough off to seize them in the proper point of view. The same circumstance rather diminishes the interest of the scenery in another respect. Ascending one of the central heights, the sea is often discovered at no great distance on both sides; we thus see the limits of the wilderness at once; and this map-like survey of it necessarily disturbs that illusion of incessant intricacy and untravelled extent, which we love to encourage in our mountain or forest explorations.

Nothing of the kind can possibly be finer than the ravines themselves: the blackness and precipice of the cliffs that enclose them, and the dark laurel forests by which they are shadowed, give them a character peculiarly their own, and quite distinguishing from any similar scenes elsewhere. Perhaps the effect is further heightened by the singular transparency of the atmosphere; and the indescribable *blueness* of the vault which we always see overarching the chasm above. With

a less prodigal shower of light and colour from the sky there would be the danger of a too great predominance of gloom *.

The other fine circumstance in Madeira scenery is the sea. The whole coast of the island presents a range of cliffs or headlands, varying in its altitude from two hundred feet to nearly two thousand. They are for the most part of a dark, umbered, volcanic aspect; and on the north—where the mountains rise almost immediately from the beach, and the forests are at hand in the full spread of their aboriginal shade—the prospect discloses a succession of cliff and chasm which, in the grandeur of their character, form no unfitting barrier to the magnificent waste of waters that breaks beneath them.

The indigenous wood is all of the evergreen kind, and, except the chesnuts, there is little other. When first discovered, the island, it is said, was one forest; at present the southern aspect of the

* As it is, one has, perhaps, more than enough of that impression in the enclosure of these abysses; which, it may be further observed, are apt to be too like one another; and this uniformity of aspect at length begets a sense of monotony. The objection, however, does not apply to the finest of the valleys. Those of Porto-Cruz; of the Serra d' Agoa; of St. Vicente; above all, the Curral and the Meyo-metade, are as different from each other as they are from every thing else.

mountains is quite denuded: the ravines on the north, however, still retain their shade, and, from the much greater moisture of the climate on that side, vegetation in general is there the most luxuriant.

The native Flora of Madeira did not strike me as rich. I saw fewer of our garden flowers than I expected. In this respect these mountains are not comparable to the heaths of Portugal. But if not fertile of original productions, the soil and clime are eminently favourable to the naturalization of exotics of all countries. The *quintas* of the English merchants, in particular, are full of these beautiful foreigners, who seem to make themselves at home in the gardens of our countrymen, as readily and perfectly as strangers of another kind do in their houses. There are few even of tropical fruits or flowers that may not be made to flourish on the lower slopes of the mountains; and, as we ascend, the temperature becomes almost equally suited for the produce of our own parterres and orchards. Thus the Deanery garden near Funchal produces excellent ananas and custard apples; that of the *Jardim*, under the Curral, sends us the common apple in equal perfection; and higher up the mountains abound in the delicious wild strawberry, the regale of which at breakfast really formed one of my regrets on leaving the island.

The great natural distinction of Madeira is the climate; which perhaps, taken altogether, is the finest in the world. No more direct or decisive test can be applied to this point than the feelings of invalids; you meet them here from all parts, and some who have successively tried every spot the most favoured in Europe—Nice—Lisbon—Montpellier—Pisa—Rome—Malta—and I have never known them hesitate in their preference. The bitterly cold winds which, during some seasons, prevail in all the shores of the Mediterranean, are never felt at Madeira. Winter there is properly none; a peculiarity not so remarkable, as the fact of the comparative mitigation of the summer heat; which, except in particular situations, hardly exceeds that of an ordinary hot season in England. Indeed the perfection of the climate consists in this uniformity of its temperature. It differs perhaps less in summer and in winter than in any other spot north of the tropic. The thermometer commonly ranges from 60 to 75; and, in the greatest extremes, seldom sinks or rises more than five degrees below or above that medium.

Although thus in the enjoyment of an almost continual spring, the island is singularly free from the annoyances and inconveniences that so commonly infest warm climates; and which go far, in fact, to overbalance all the luxury derivable from

the temperature itself. There are here no periodical fevers; and, what is more remarkable, no snakes or noxious reptiles of any kind; nor scarcely even a gnat. Mosquito curtains—light defences! the bare mention of which consoles us for so much of what is ungenial in our own atmosphere—are altogether unknown *.

It is another pleasant circumstance † at Madeira, though of course not so peculiar, that throughout the year, the days do not materially differ in length;

* The place indeed seems unusually poor in animal life; I saw very few birds, though the green canary and tutinegro are common. This last has a low, rich, sweet note, with a song much resembling that of the nightingale, but considerably inferior in compass and power. There is game in the mountains; woodcocks, snipes, quails, and red-legged partridges; but it is scarce—Mr. Carvalhal has in vain endeavoured to naturalize the hare. You sometimes see a large vulture —the Manto—balancing himself over the wilderness. Rats and mice are abundant; they could scarcely fail to find their way in so many ships; they are often very destructive to the grapes. The lizard, too, in the lower and warmer parts, is seen sunning himself on every rock.

† And I may add yet another—the abundance and excellence of the water—a circumstance particularly grateful in warm climates, though not so commonly met in them. Springs are found every where; and copious; even the streams at the bottom of the ravines, fed by the mountain mists, are never dry in the hottest season; and the height from which they descend enables the inhabitants to divert the course of the water at any elevation, or in any direction: the whole cultivated region, therefore, is irrigated on all sides by these levadas.

perhaps not three hours in the whole. The sun, I believe, never sets much before six, nor long after seven. This equal division seems very much preferable to the system that prevails in our latitude. One would never desire to have darkness before dinner, nor day-light after.

The heat of the day begins to decline early in the afternoon; at a time which is commonly the hottest in England. There is little or no twilight. In fine weather the sun in setting often leaves a rich purple glow over the face of things; but within half an hour after all is dark. One misses, therefore, the charm of evening—so much the most grateful season of the summer day with us.

The nights are dry and warm; varying (and it is a further peculiarity of the climate) comparatively little in their temperature from that of the day. "When between the island of Madeira and Africa," says Humboldt, "we were never weary of admiring the beauty of the nights; nothing can be compared to the transparency and serenity of an African sky." I do not know that I was quite sensible of this difference: the stars, however, are very brilliant: Venus, they say, casts a shadow—in the morning, I suppose, when her light is strongest.

Although the weather is never properly cold, in the sense in which we understand the word in

England, yet, during the winter, there is often a chill and damp in the air, which would make a fire not disagreeable. None of the town-houses, however, have fire-places; with the exception of those of one or two of the English merchants, who have brought their English habits with them; nor, in general, is their construction or furnishing well adapted for cold weather. Among the Portuguese neither carpets nor curtains are usual.

What has been said must be understood as applying to the town of Funchal, and the coasts in its immediate neighbourhood, which is very much the warmest part of the island. I observed that in the gardens within, or immediately adjoining to the town, the deciduous trees, such as the chesnut and plane, and even the vine, often preserve their leaf, though somewhat withered, throughout the winter. You are sensible of a difference in this respect almost immediately upon leaving Funchal—a circumstance that forms another happiness of the place, as it enables you, with a very slight expence of locomotion, to attemper your atmosphere exactly according to the season. In the summer every one flies from the town, to the comparative coolness of the neighbouring mountains. In ascending these the thermometer varies at every hundred yards; and by crossing their summits to the north, you come into a differ-

ent climate altogether; combining all the shade and coolness and freshness so peculiarly grateful at that season. As you ascend, however, the air, though cooler, becomes more damp; the quintas at the mount are frequently involved in mist, while all is sunshine in the city below.

Persons who come to spend the winter at Madeira, for the benefit of the climate, invariably confine their residence to the town, or its immediate coast. There are always a good many of these from England, and they form a very pleasant part of the society here. Many come merely from precautionary motives; and even in worse cases the disorder is one which, till a very late stage of it, does not at all disqualify its victim for the enjoyment of company: nor is it attended by any of those unsightly symptoms which preclude other patients from mixing with their fellows. Moreover they are generally young, and not unfrequently of rather a superior order of mind. So far from being oppressed by the sense of their infirmity, a certain undue excitement of spirits, like the hectic flushing of the cheek, has been supposed to be among the occasional indications of its presence.

Some of the invalids are stationary altogether. The migratory portion commonly makes its appearance in the autumn (September or October), and remain till the following spring. It is desirable

not to be too early in returning to England, as it is known that in May we often have the kind of weather most trying to a delicate chest. Medical men there (and I believe the opinion is that of the best informed of their brethren at home,) say, that it is in every point of view worth while to spend a summer as well as a winter in the island. In the winter they insist that you rather avoid the injury of a worse climate, than derive any positive improvement; and that it is the genial warmth of summer only, that *heals* and *strengthens* the affected viscus. On this principle some even advise a winter in the West Indies to be succeeded by a summer at Madeira *.

Visitors find very tolerable accommodation. There are boarding-houses for single men, and families may hire residences, sufficiently comfortable, for this country at least, where the climate makes one very independent of a large portion of those appliances which in England we should consider indispensable. The chief plague of housekeeping at Madeira arises from the necessity of

* We may remark the change in this, as in so many other medical aphorisms. Dr. Gourlay, I observe, no longer ago than 1810, quotes the dictum of Cullen, "that it is as pernicious for phthisical patients to pass the summer in a very warm climate, such as Madeira, as to remain in England in winter."—P. 93. As Sganarelle says, "Nous avons changé tout cela."

employing Portuguese servants, a loose, indolent race, upon whom little dependance can be placed; except as to their honesty, on which point they are perhaps not less trustworthy than our own.

I do not know that there is any peculiar inducement to live at Madeira in respect to economy. With the exception of meré meat and wine, almost every article of ordinary use and consumption is brought from England, and cannot commonly be cheaper than we get them at home.

House-rent is not particularly low *; for building is expensive, so much of the materials for it comes from abroad; and the absence of all wheel-carriages increases the labour necessary for the land conveyance of them. This same absence of wheel-carriages, in one respect, however, induces an economy in the mode of life; and as no one can use a coach, no one feels the mortification of not being able to keep one.

Meat in general is good, particularly the beef. They have a small breed of mountain cattle, the flesh of which is remarkable for its tenderness and flavour. The mutton is much inferior; yet, I

* In general about ten pounds a month, and you cannot engage a house for a less term than six. There is a very great difference as to the comparative desirableness of situations; an invalid cannot do better than consult a medical man acquainted with the locality, before he fixes.

think, not so indifferent as is commonly described. There is an abundance of fish, of great variety of kinds, and commonly very good; but perhaps hardly equal for firmness or flavour to the produce of our own seas *.

The wines of Madeira are undoubtedly among the finest in the world. Perhaps for the combined qualities of richness, body, and flavour, with perfect immunity from injury by time or exposure, there are none of any extensive culture that can be considered superior to them. It would be very useless to enter into much detail about an article so familiar to us. The finer sorts of Madeira, however, are not so commonly seen in England as one might expect: the *Malmsey*, that combines so much strength, sweetness, and smoothness: the *Tinto*, a very pleasant red wine, of something of a Hermolen flavour, the lightest of the Madeira vintage: the *Bual*, a rarer grape, said to be of Burgundian descent: above all, the *Sercial*, one of the most delicious I ever drank—combining with the ordinary richness and flavour of the Madeira, an aerative and stimulancy, as it were, of spirit, that leaves

* Poultry is sufficiently plentiful, and the turkeys are of a size and delicacy that would do credit to the table of a Norwich alderman: the only material deficiency which I recollect in these matters, is the scarcity of fresh butter.

nothing to be desired; the grape is said to have come from Hockheim; if so, it has improved extraordinarily by emigration*.

All these wines are the produce of the south coast of the island. Those of the north are very inferior in quality, and are commonly remarkable for an acidulation, which, with their general poorness of flavour, makes them any thing but agreeable. Now and then I have met with a better specimen, particularly in the Porto Cruz vintage; a light acidulous wine, by no means unpleasant, though very unlike one's ordinary notion of Madeira.

* The prices of all these wines is much the same, being nearly double that of the ordinary dry Madeira. The Bual, I believe, is somewhat dearer; though it possesses no peculiar merit to justify the difference.

XVI.

PORTUGUESE OF MADEIRA—MANNERS—DOMESTIC LIFE—SOCIETY—PROPERTY—LEASES—EDUCATION—LITERATURE—PEASANTRY—BEGGARS—CLERGY—CONSTITUTION.

We saw much less of the Portuguese at Madeira, than we could have wished. The English circle is so large as to be in a great measure independent of the natives, with whom it mixes very little; and this applies, of course, much more strongly to the visitors, who are commonly ignorant of the Portuguese language; a circumstance that in a great measure disqualifies one from getting any certain or satisfactory information respecting the people. Of the men several speak English, and others French, but not by any means so universally as might be expected. The ladies are all, with a few exceptions, ignorant of any language but their own.

What we did see of the Portuguese, however, was much in their favour. They seem a very good-natured and obliging folk, that is, for ordinary purposes; and at any rate are invariably civil. The people of the lowest order practise

habitually towards each other a refinement of courtesy, which in England persons much their betters do not trouble themselves to observe; and they do it, too, with an ease and grace of manner which marks it to be native in their constitution.

As for the general tone of their morality I know little, that is, little of my own knowledge, or so certainly, as would justify one's speaking positively on the subject either way. Conjugal fidelity, I believe, is not the kind of self-denial on which people in these countries chiefly value themselves; and the Madeirenses probably form no exception to the rule. In the annual returns of births in the parish of the Cathedral, the number of children *espostos, que nâo sę ſabe quem sâo seus pays* generally nearly equals and sometimes exceeds that of those born *de legitimo matrimonio*. This relaxation is not confined to the town, or to the upper orders. A lady, living in one of the most populous villages near Funchal, told a friend of mine that she did not believe that a single woman, meaning of the peasantry, in her parish lived with her husband. Very considerable allowance, I hope, must be made for the roundness of this statement; but if it be any thing near true, it presents a strange picture of manners, —and such as one would hardly think the existence of compatible with the fulfilment of the general purposes of society. With us, there is no doubt such

a corruption would lead to the most frightful disorders—whereas here things seem to go on much as elsewhere—external decency is always consulted; more uniformly perhaps than in countries of stricter practice; and what is more inexplicable, the domestic affections do not seem to suffer essentially from a perversion which one would think must have poisoned the sentiment in its source.

In other respects, too, they seem to have much of the good and the evil of the nations of southern latitudes: a certain complectional susceptibility that receives impressions easily, and loses them as quickly: people of this temperament act more from impulse than duty—are too exclusively affected by the sense of what is present to be very much alive to the recollection of the past. They have often much kindliness of feeling as well as manner, and are ready enough to act upon that feeling as long as the excitement remains; but that is too commonly of a short duration, and when it fails, one can depend little upon their mere good-will, or even their sense of gratitude.

Something of a similar mobility is observable in their intellect—they are quick, lively, and intelligent, qualities which it is impossible not but to be struck with, even in the most uneducated classes. The common people catch your meaning through all

the obscurity and perversion of a broken idiom, with almost intuitive quickness and precision; and form in this respect a remarkable contrast to our own peasantry, the dullest perhaps of any; and who, from the vacant stare with which they receive your questions, and the repetition they compel you to make of them, one would sometimes fancy do not understand their own language. Yet all this vivacity of apprehension avails them little in cases where continued or persevering application of the faculties, whether of body or mind, is called for. In this respect the natural indolence and impatience of their disposition is insuperable—nothing but the urgency of the moment will compel them to the exercise either of thought or action; and they seem nearly incapable of exertion with a view to distant or contingent exigencies.

The trade of the island is almost wholly with England, and in the hands of English merchants. Judging, indeed, by the vessels that come into the harbour, it is difficult not to fancy oneself in an English sea-port; so seldom do you see the flag of any other nation, or even a Portuguese vessel, except the little yachts that run between the island and St. Ubes. There are, therefore, few Portuguese merchants of importance, and the society in Funchal consists entirely of the landed proprietary,

fidalgos, and morgados, among whom the greater part of the surface of the island is distributed. The estates are for the most part tied up in strict entail, and in many instances remain in the descendants of the original grantees. Some are very large, and of considerable revenue. Thus one gentleman is said to possess not less than forty of these entailed properties, and his fortune is variously estimated at fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five thousand a year. This, however, is by much the largest; we heard of no other property in the island the annual rental of which amounted to five thousand a year.

The system of perpetual entail is here as elsewhere productive of every kind of inconvenience and hardship—political, economical, and domestic. Formerly there was no limit to the institution of them; and some of the morgados, thus inalienably bound up, do not produce ten dollars a year. This evil of the Portuguese law, among others, attracted the attention of Pombal, who checked it, for the future at least, by an ordinance forbidding the entail of any estate of less than a certain value; and moreover rendering the execution of such a disposition a matter of more difficulty than before, by the expences to be incurred, and the formalities to be gone through, previous to its registration.

The cultivation of the land is universally carried on by the *Metayer* system; a division of the produce between the farmer and the landlord. I suppose, however, the proportion of this division cannot be universally the same, but must vary according to the fertility of the soil, or the difference between the nett and the gross produce; in which case the cultivator pays a rent, with no other difference from that paid by an English tenant, except that it is given in kind.

Leases are not usually granted; but the tenant, upon ejectment, has a right to be repaid for whatever outlay of capital he may have made upon the estate. In some cases, such as that of houses occupied by English merchants, the improvements have been so considerable as to make it impossible the landlord should ever have an interest to reimburse the expence of them: and the tenant has consequently as secure a possession of the property as though the fee-simple were vested in himself.

There is no literature; and, I fear, not much information or education among the Portuguese of Madeira; that is, speaking generally; for individual exceptions have occurred to my own knowledge. Funchal does not even possess a bookseller's shop; and, probably, very few books. Several of the men have travelled, and speak French

or English; and these are perfectly intelligent and well-informed: the great mass, of course, have not had this advantage; and of the ladies, in particular, very few, I believe, have thought it necessary to overlay their native attractions by the supererogatory merits of what we call accomplishments *. Dancing is perhaps the only one which is generally cultivated. I do not believe that they are often musical.

I have always been at a loss to understand how they pass their time: the men in particular; for mere gossip is not commonly with them so complete a resource as with the livelier sex. Without politics or literature—not even a newspaper—without business of any kind—without sporting, or riding, or farming, or a theatre—how they manage to get through the livelong day, is to me yet a mystery. But I suppose there is a sort of self-adjusting principle (vulgarly called habit) by which the mind adapts itself to the atmosphere in which it lives, and regulates its appetency of stimulus by the supply to which it has been accustomed.

Besides, the great resource here, as every where

* Of course there are many, and some very distinguished exceptions to all this. At one period, during the war, when from the exaggerated price of their wines, the revenues of the proprietors were proportionably increased, many families evinced a praiseworthy desire to give their children every advantage of this kind, by sending them to England for education.

else, is, no doubt, their own families. A man with a wife and children has his world within doors, and commonly comes to take little interest in that which lies without, except as respects their welfare. And possibly they who care less about their own wives, still concern themselves in some sort for those of their neighbours:—then they commonly meet at each others houses in the evening, when there is dancing for the young, and cards for the elders; so that, after all, their mode and degree of ennui is not very different from that of the idle elsewhere.

From the narrowness of their circle, and the habit which they have of intermarrying with each other, they all become not merely intimate, but related: this circumstance naturally renders more easy their way of living together, and heightens the interest which they mutually feel in each others concerns.

Of the habits of the other classes there is still less to say. Idleness is the proper mother of caprice and whim; but the necessity of giving one's daily labour for one's daily bread, begets a considerable uniformity in the mode of life among the working classes of the community in all countries.

A stranger—an Englishman in particular—is struck with the careless indifference which the tradesmen manifest towards their customers. Your

tailor or shoemaker will hardly come to your house for an order; and in their shops the tradesmen manifest no eagerness or anxiety to propitiate your purchase; and are evidently as far as possible from fancying, that in supplying yourself at a reasonable price with a commodity which you want, you confer any favour upon the seller. Nor, indeed, is there any reason why they should so fancy; but in England we are spoiled by the refined address and indefatigable *empressement* of the shopmen: a manner which is not exactly in the national character; nor do I see to what peculiarity of circumstances we are to attribute its prevalence among our tradesmen rather than those of any other nation.

That there is not here the same distance of manner between the higher and lower classes, or masters and servants, as in England, is not a peculiarity of Madeira; for this sort of *morgue aristocratique*, as Buonaparte called it, (giving, however, too respectable an epithet to a feeling so essentially coarse and narrow,) is our own exclusive distinction.

The condition of the Portuguese poor seems in general pretty good; that is, comparatively, for it is every where bad enough. But this climate hardly admits the degree of misery to which the destitute are exposed in our latitude. Nothing

can be more miserable than the little mud huts, without windows or chimneys or flooring, in which the peasantry live; but such a style of habitation does not here involve the same discomfort that it would in England. The climate renders them in a great degree independent of shelter, except for the purpose of sleeping under. For the same reason they require fire only in cooking, and are thus secured from the want from which, perhaps, our own poor suffer the most. In respect to food there seems no remarkable deficiency. They never taste meat, indeed; but fish of various kinds, particularly the thunny, is abundant; and, with yams—pumpkins—batatas—chesnuts, and *milho*, or Indian corn, they make messes equally nutritive and savoury.

There are very few beggars—professionally so, though all the poor children seem to think they have a right to implore a little gratuity—*por sua saude*—'for the sake of your salvation,' as I translate it. This they often ask with an expression of countenance so arch and light-hearted, that sufficiently propitiates the good-nature of the passenger, though it extinguish his compassion.

The peasant women, as I have said, are far from well-looking; they seem by no means overfavoured by nature in this point; and their habits of life; early marriage, hard labour, and constant

exposure to the sun, are of course ill-calculated to promote the developement of whatever advantages they may have originally possessed. A woman is a delicate plant, and in respect to personal as much as mental accomplishment is peculiarly the creature of care and cultivation.

Beauty, however, does not appear to be so essential an attribute of the sex, but that the Madeira *camponezas* can manage to do very well without it. In spite of the hardship of their mode of life, I should take them, judging by their ordinary air and expression, to be a happy race. The domestic affections, in some relations at least, are said to have a strong hold upon them; and it is the indulgence of these which, after religion, forms the great equalizer of human happiness.

The clergy are not numerous—not obtrusively so at least—nor does one hear or see much of that incessant meddling and interference on their part, which is observable in some Catholic countries—Portugal itself for example, where the ascendency and sway of the church is much more obvious*.

On this account, perhaps, it is partly, that there

* There are by no means many friars. I observed none in the streets, save the Franciscans, and from the muster which these make in the processions the number of them must be small. Of the seculars many are well-informed, and some even superior men.

is so little division of political opinion among the Portuguese at Madeira. They are nearly all constitutionalists, as it is called; the fidalgos especially; and there was so strong an expression of their opinion on this head, at the period of the fall of the Cortes, that the restored government thought it proper to send out a commission for the purpose of repressing, by exemplary severities, this revolutionary tendency among the people. This period of the constitution is still looked back to as one of general jubilee and holiday; though their exultation must have depended, as much as any thing, I think, upon the triumph of the abstract principle; as I really cannot see that the government interferes much with the habits or happiness of its subjects in this corner of its dominions *.

* The present governor and captain-general (1826) Don Manuel de Portugal e Castro is universally liked and respected, and by all classes, whether English or Portuguese. He is a man of very high birth; a brother of the Marquess of Valencia, whose family is said to be of the same origin with the royal house itself, though I believe they are not in the order of the succession to the throne. It is the practice of the Portuguese government—a very absurd one—to change the governors of its settlements after every third year. When we left, the period of Don Manuel's administration had nearly expired, and people looked forward with so much regret to his departure, that there was a purpose of petitioning the government at home for a prolongation of his term. The salary is not high, but the indirect

However, there was much to excite and to interest in such a change; and Paley, we know, has thought the superior amusement afforded by the operations of a popular assembly and political discussion, as not unworthy to be reckoned among the peculiar advantages of a free government. The island sent three deputies to the Cortes. A paper, too, was then, for the first time established. It has fallen with the constitution itself, and the editor, we hear, was rewarded for his patriotism by a voyage to Angola.

I have little more to add. We certainly spent our time very pleasantly at Madeira, and left it with regret. Indeed if a luxurious climate, magnificent scenery, and the most friendly and hospitable set of people in the world can make a place agreeable, we had some reason for this feeling. Whether I should like to reside there altogether, is another question. Experience, I believe, at length convinces all, what Horace told us long ago, that it does not matter, so much as at first

means of acquiring or extorting money, I believe, are considerable; and even within this limited term it has hitherto been usual with the governors to carry home a considerable sum of money, the earnings of these not very honourable though admitted practices. It is not a little creditable to Don Manuel that, though of perfectly simple habits, he has not hitherto been supposed to have made a dollar by his administration.

we thought, where we live:—"*Cœlum non animum mutant.*" Yet if there be any one external circumstance which, more than another, can be supposed to influence our well-being, it would be the sunshine of Madeira. To men of robuster frames of body or mind, or those under the constant excitement of business or ambition, such an item in our system of *eudæmonics* may seem ridiculous—others, but less happily employed or constituted, can appreciate the importance of a warm, bright day, and know that nothing more sensibly lightens the burden of being.

PART II.

REMARKS ON PORTUGAL.

I.

VOYAGE—THE TAGUS—BUENOS AYRES.

THERE is always something very animating in the act and bustle of setting sail, whatever be our regret for what we come away from—even they who feel no other pleasant hour throughout the voyage, are not insensible of the exhilaration that attends the first. The good spirits, indeed, with which one goes on ship-board, in the deliberate expectation of a period of discomfort and suffering, such as would be considered a rare and serious calamity on shore, is rather unaccountable. Perhaps it is a provision of our nature, to lessen the horror of a necessary evil, like that which is traceable in other instances of analogous interference. The disgusts and privations which attend a sea-life in general are such, that a service so important to the civilization of mankind, would not be performed so readily and cheaply as it is, did not in this case a kind of instinctive determination seem sometimes to supersede the cooler comparison of advantages, upon

which we act in the selection of other departments of life.

We had a large party of Portuguese passengers, some of them of high respectability; but, from our monopoly of the cabin, they were stowed uncomfortably enough. However, they were all uniformly well-mannered and obliging. Among them were three *Senhoras*, who never once emerged from the hold in the course of the voyage. We saw them for the first time in the Tagus, on the day we left the vessel—and were then in some degree consoled for this long economy of their presence. I am not of the opinion of those who say they never wish to have ladies on board ship; on the contrary, the complete inertness of being to which one is thus condemned, is, I think, more than usually favourable for the enjoyment of female society—spending whole hours, as one does, in mere vacancy of thought, reclining on the deck, or leaning over the side of the vessel, the service of an agreeable woman, is very much the sort of employment and excitement which is wanted to fill one's mind and one's time. Under such circumstances one might almost enjoy the appointment of *Cavalier Servente* in form; and no doubt it is something of the same indolence of being, and want of object to do or to think about, in the man-

ner of life of the Spaniards and Italians, which has given rise to the office among the idlers of those people. To be sure, for any more serious homage, the incessant publicity and observation in which we live, would be just as inconvenient.

The passage from Madeira to Lisbon is often made in less than a week—ours took three. It was not till the afternoon of the twentieth day that we descried the rock of Lisbon, a large mountain mass at the outlet of the Tagus; and soon after, a considerable extent of the coast of Portugal to the north came in sight; generally of a brown sun-burnt aspect, uninclosed, unwooded—the ground rising considerably from the sea, but not mountainous; the outline being here and there broken by a conical hill of no remarkable altitude. It was dark before we entered the mouth of the Tagus. A pilot came on board soon after, but we had to wait for the morning tide to carry us over the bar.

Our first experiment of the climate of Portugal was not prepossessing in its favour. We were on deck soon after day-break—the wind was from the north, and at that time blew with a keenness more bitter and searching than I think I ever remembered to have felt before. We could scarcely keep our post above, where indeed there was not

much to detain us: a low sandy-looking shore lay on each side; beyond, on the left, were the Cintra mountains, which we now perceived to be a continuation of that of the rock of Lisbon.

In less than half an hour I was upon deck again; but the scene was already quite changed. We were then close under a small square Moorish-looking tower, standing on a point from the left bank, and which, from its peculiar physiognomy, I immediately recognized as old Belem. From hence we look up the river to Lisbon; indeed we may be said to be already there. The north bank, which here rises considerably from the water, is scattered with that profusion of villages, or quintas, which marks the immediate contiguity of a great capital; and these continually thicken, till, at the distance of two or three miles, they aggregate into the mass which we see covering the hill at the further reach of the river. Where there are not buildings there is cultivation, but without enclosures and without wood; the only trees are the oranges in the gardens of the country houses.

On the right bank, which is not distant, the ground rises somewhat steeply from the river into a series of low rounded hills, all of an equal height, and for the most part of a wild green character. Here and there a village, or knot of houses, is in-

terposed in the hollows that separate these eminences. In front, the view up the Tagus, beyond the city, is obstructed by a forest of masts.

At Belem we took boat for Lisbon; the wind was very fresh, and we ran up with incredible rapidity, passing under the long range of palaces, convents, and public establishments, which line the shore all the way, till we stopped a little short of the city, at Buenos Ayres; a suburb situated on the bank of the river, at the western extremity of the capital. Here we landed, and crossing a dirty street or two, climbed a somewhat fatiguing ascent to Reeves's hotel.

This is an English hotel, kept by an Englishman (a very characteristic specimen) and used chiefly by his countrymen; and in respect to comfort and completeness of accommodation is really not unworthy of its class. Dr. Johnson, I think, pronounces somewhere, that man has contrived few greater luxuries than a good inn; a *dictum*, the truth of which is seldom likely to come more home to our conviction than after landing from a Portuguese brig.

Moreover, we enjoy from hence a fine view, of what perhaps is best worth seeing at Lisbon—the beautiful Bay—its green waters dancing in the sunlight, scattered with vessels of every kind, and as their colours tell us of every nation, and traversed

in all directions by the light feluccas that scud across as lightly and rapidly as an antelope over the desert. Among the shipping just opposite our windows are eminently distinguishable three British men-of-war, reposing proudly in the quiet of their own strength.

It is indeed a splendid prospect, and I never open my window-shutters in a fine morning without being almost startled with the brilliancy of it. Perhaps it appears at that time to the best advantage, for as the sun gets high, the brightness almost approaches to glare. This last is an effect not so commonly produced in these climates as might be imagined. We are more frequently troubled with it in England, where the ordinary dullness of the medium destroys colouring, and diffuses an uniform haze over the face of things by no means pleasant to the organ.

Besides the beauty of the view, the situation is in other respects excellent; high and airy; and, as far as our experience has gone, perfectly free from those annoyances which are supposed to be inseparable from all parts of this capital. How Mr. Matthews was so fairly "stunk out," as he emphatically says, of his residence here, we find it difficult to understand; the imagination, which so often affects the sight, must in this case have ministered to a less noble organ.

The only inconvenience about the place is its distance from Lisbon; or from that part of it, at least, which includes all its resources of amusement or business—so that we cannot get thither on any errand without sending for a horse or *sege* *; for walking is too great an effort in this seven-hilled city, and on a pavement so little agreeable to the feet. A boat however will take us a good part of the way, and forms the most economical mode of conveyance.

* These *seges* are the only kind of vehicle of pleasure used in Lisbon. We saw none but the royal family in close carriages. They are cabriolets after the old style, with windows at the side and leathern curtains in front, and, as we found, perfectly competent to exclude the heaviest rain. They are drawn by two horses, on one of which rides the postillion.

The best mode of getting about the city is on horseback. Very good horses are to be hired—but it is as well to go one self to the stables to make a selection, otherwise they will often mount one uncomfortably enough. I had latterly a remarkably fine animal; and caparisoned, too, in the most imposing style. They are invariably entire; but for the most part very manageable.

II.

THE CITY—PALACES—CHURCHES.

Few capitals have been more abused by travellers than Lisbon. It is, I dare say, in some measure owing to the prepossessions thus created, that it has struck us so favourably. The place, indeed, has faults enough of every kind; but, judging by the general effect, it is surely a splendid city. The houses are commonly large, lofty, massive; built of a fine freestone, which, blanching in the southern sun, preserves for the most part its original whiteness. The streets in all the better parts of the town are quite as wide as proportion requires, or even as is at all desirable in this climate. One quarter of the city indeed is eminently beautiful—I mean that covering the hill to the west of the Praço de Commercio. It is situated very high—the streets broad, airy, and regular; and composed of the splendid houses of the nobility and richest merchants—and through the end of each you commonly enjoy a beautiful glimpse of the bay and shipping.

There are not many squares—that of the Rocio and the Praço de Commercio are the only ones of considerable size. This last is sometimes called the Terreiro do Paço; being the site of the old royal palace which was destroyed by the earthquake. It opens upon the river, from which there is a spacious landing place of uncommon elegance. Its buildings are regular, with piazzas beneath, and contain the custom-house and many of the public offices; but the architecture otherwise is not happy, and if I wished to take a stranger to the most striking point of Lisbon, it would not be to the Praço de Commercio.

The equestrian statue of King Joseph, Pombal's master, stands in the centre of this Praço. I do not much like it. The dress is theatrical—the attitude so too—the horse heavy—some clumsy allegorical figures, with an horse and an elephant, encumber the pedestal.

For a metropolis of such extent and wealth, there are remarkably few public buildings in Lisbon—few at least in which any attempt is made at architectural effect. The only royal habitation, Bemposta, has more the look of a common barrack than of a palace; and the cathedral, which is Gothic, is scarcely equal in extent or dignity to some of our ordinary parish churches.

After the earthquake a new palace, called the

Ajuda, was begun, about two miles out of town, above Belem; a part of the neighbourhood which had been least affected by the shock. Only two sides of the quadrangle—the E. and the S. are as yet built; they have no particular merit of style; but when finished, the whole will no doubt form an imposing mass. What it chiefly wants is space around, wherewith to form gardens and grounds in some degree befitting the extent and splendour of the edifice. At present, the Ajuda has not a foot of inclosure beyond its own walls. The situation is very high and conspicuous, on a brown arid soil, littered with the straggling houses of the suburb; and its white fronts seem to broil in the sun, unrelieved by a single tree or patch of verdure in the neighbourhood. Nor does it appear that there will ever be the means of remedying this deficiency. The streets of the suburbs approach at no great distance, and high roads run close to it on all sides. In this respect it seems to me an abode as little inviting as any of the kind I remember.

The churches in Lisbon are very numerous, but they do not much add to its external splendour. Few of them have towers or steeples—an appendage which, though in a Grecian building it sometimes deforms the proportions of it, always tells well, in what no doubt is its appropriate and spe-

cific purpose, the distant prospect of the city. Moreover, like most modern churches abroad, they are seldom insulated from the rest of the street. In this way all the proportion of the building is lost externally; and there is no room for architectural skill, except on the front, which, shouldered as it is on both sides by ordinary houses, does not afford a favourable field for such display.

It is to the interior of these buildings that attention has been almost exclusively devoted. In this respect nearly all the churches of Lisbon are respectable, and many of them approach to splendour. The shape is commonly the same, an oblong with an arched ceiling; and as these temples are used for worship, and not the hearing of the word, it has not been necessary to sacrifice the proportion or perspective of the area to any solicitude respecting the conveyance of sound.

Some of the churches are very large. That of St. Vicente de Fora is of cathedral dimensions, and with its convent, forms an immense establishment. Most of the princes of the house of Braganza have been buried here—among the rest, the late King, (John VI.) who was a few weeks back gathered to his fathers.

The church and convent of the *Coraçao de Jesus*, was built by poor Queen Maria I., as a fitting shrine for the 'Heart of Jesus'—by which is meant

not any mystic or metaphoric allusion, but the material heart of our Lord, of which she fancied that she had, somehow or other, come into the actual possession of. It is but justice to the Catholic church to say, that the Pope manifested every kind of reluctance to give sanction to this craziness of the Queen, by authorising the foundation of the new convent.

The church is not large; it is in the form of a cross, surmounted by a dome, the effect of which is always good; otherwise the style of the architecture is poor enough, and, internally, the area seems to want light. The Queen herself lies buried by the side of the high altar. There is no doubt that her religious terrors contributed chiefly to her disorder,—an unusual result in a sovereign, whose spiritual counsellors are seldom disposed to sharpen the asperities of devotion, or unnecessarily to disquiet the consciences of their august penitents; except where the correction of heresy is concerned.

In the church of St. Roque is a chapel, dedicated to St. John Baptist, which, for the extraordinary richness of its decoration, is considered as one of the wonders of Lisbon. John V. spent an enormous sum in garnishing this little cell with every kind of precious marble, jasper, porphyry, lapis lazuli, and verde antique; and certainly never

was money worse spent, for the effect is by no means of corresponding impressiveness. What the chapel is really remarkable for, are three pictures of exquisite form and colouring, and which it is not until we have mounted a ladder, and applied the eye close to the work, that we can believe to be of Mosaic. And yet, when we see them again from below, it is still difficult not to think them paintings—so soft is the outline—so rich and warm the colouring—so delicate the gradations of the tints and shades. I had no conception of the perfection to which this kind of work can be brought. The finest of these pictures is that of the Annunciation, which, from the air of the figures, I should fancy to be after Guido; but the tone of colouring is much warmer than that master was wont to indulge in.

The Patriarchal Church is another of John V.'s foundations, and is fitted up in a similar style of luxury. The altars are in a blaze with gems and gold. The building itself is small and no otherwise striking; this surprised us, considering the splendour of the establishment in other respects, which, it is known is a precise fac-simile of the Papal Court at Rome. We saw the whole chapter one day in full costume. His Eminence the Patriarch sat by the altar in the exact attire of the Pope; while deacons and sub-deacons arranged on

each side, wore the purple and crimson of the cardinals and prelates of the holy college.

The new Patriarch is known to be a man of sense and moderation, and moreover is universally beloved by the people. The appointment of such a man at this time does credit to the good sense of the government.

In general, the style of ornament in the churches is sufficiently judicious; rich without being gaudy or flaunting. Nevertheless I could dispense with much of the finery, and, as a matter of taste merely, prefer the matronly simplicity and neatness of the dowager Mrs. Bull. Besides, it is not as seen in capitals, and in her court attire, that we can properly appreciate this disposition to overdress in the scarlet lady. In cases, which are nineteen out of twenty in the whole, where there are not the means of supplying her toilette with substantial splendour, the attempt to trick her out in tinsel and trumpery, has the most paltry effect possible.

As for the ritual itself, the dramatic part of it has never much struck me. No doubt it makes its impression on the people. The worst of these mummeries, whether well or ill managed, is their probable operation on the minds and feelings of the clergy themselves. They, at least, cannot feel the *prestige* of their own representations; nor do I

understand how the habit of these performances can be otherwise than injurious to that simplicity and sincerity of feeling, which, unless it accompany the exercise of the apostolic functions, it is not likely to work to the blessing either of him that ministers, or of those to whom he ministers.

There are commonly paintings in the churches, which are often of respectable execution, but apparently none by masters. The best, I think, are in those of N. S. do Loretto and of St. Domingo. This last church, upon the whole, always struck me as the handsomest in Lisbon.

It is remarkable that Lisbon, the capital of a Catholic country, and which ranks in extent and wealth as the fourth or fifth in Europe, hardly possesses a single fine picture *. Nor am I aware that Portugal has ever produced a painter of eminence. In this respect she forms a striking contrast to her neighbour. Spain has been peculiarly fertile in artists; and perhaps may rank, on that ground, next after Italy and the Low Countries. And beside the productions of her own school, the

* The English ambassador has some half a dozen at his hotel, but as belonging to a foreigner, they do not form an exception to the remark. One of these, a Flight into Egypt, was formerly in the Louvre. Mrs. Baillie, I observe, too, speaks of some good paintings in the possession of the Countess d'Anadia.

palaces of Spain are very rich in the finest pictures of the Italian masters. Its utter deficiency on this point is some deduction of the interest which one takes in Lisbon. A palace without pictures, or a capital without galleries, public or private, disappoints one.

III.

CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION—NOSSA SENHORA DA BARRACA—ENGLISH CHAPEL AND BURYING GROUND.

To-day, May 25, was the Corpus Dei Procession. We were at the pains to go and see it, and in consequence spent a very tiresome morning. There is a sort of infatuation which takes people to look at these things, in spite of their invariable experience of the dulness of them. In this case, however, our *badauderie* was the more excusable, as the exhibition is admitted to be the most striking of its kind, or indeed of any kind, that Lisbon presents in the course of the year. It takes place in the Rocio; the walls of the square looked very gay; the windows were all hung with tapestry, and filled with fair gazers. I suppose we saw all the beauty and fashion of the capital, and in their gayest attire; for the occasion, they say, is the one in which the ladies make the most elaborate display of dress. But in this part of the spectacle, our expectations were a little disappointed. The general mourning, of course, rather interfered with the gaiety of the scene; and I know not

why, but the effect of a crowd, is always unfavourable to individual beauty. In looking upon many faces together, we are seldom much struck with any particular one. Perhaps it is that in the cursory view which we take of a multitude, the eye catches only the general irregularity of outline and feature; and has not leisure to dwell upon the charms of expression or of individual character, which, after all, make the chief interest of a face.

It was, as usual, a kind of field-day with the clergy. All the friars and priests of Lisbon filed beneath us, "black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery." In general, their appearance confirmed the remark which we had made before, both here and at Madeira, that the clergy in these countries, as compared with the rest of the population, are a superior class of men, both in person and expression. In this procession they were followed by the knights of the order of Christ: a string of the first fidalgos in the full decoration of their orders and uniforms; and certainly the comparison was not to the disadvantage of the friars. The costume of these last, however, is by much the most becoming, particularly for old or infirm persons.

The new patriarch, with the host, closed the march; of course every body knelt as the host

passed. The doctrine of the real presence, when once believed, must no doubt give a peculiar interest and sanction, as it were, to all the ritual of the Romish church. But it is a strange article of faith—and one which it is difficult not only to believe, but even to comprehend or conceive the order or connection of ideas in the mind that does believe it. Perhaps if human ingenuity were tasked to concoct a dogma which should try to the utmost the acquiescence of the human mind, it could scarcely produce any thing involving more complicate contradiction, or more directly repugnant even to the evidence of our senses. Yet it was unhesitatingly admitted by such men as Fenelon and Pascal, and is still a fundamental article in the creed of the greater part of Christendom: facts, which of themselves form a considerable presumption how much in our convictions, on these subjects, predominates the operation of that sort of intellectual instinct which distinguishes man as a religious animal. However, the danger of interweaving such doctrines into the very substance of religion has long been observed. They forbid all exercise of our reason upon the matters of our faith, under the penalty of immediate disbelief of the whole of it. A Catholic, unless he receives transubstantiation, cannot attend the ordinary offices of his

church, which are immediately and essentially founded on the doctrine. The inevitable consequence has been a general infidelity among the educated and literary classes of Catholic Christendom.

The consequence, I apprehend, has not yet reached Portugal, and one hardly knows whether or not to congratulate her upon the distinction; for some may account for it by the fact, that she has in reality no class that can be considered as either literary or educated. At any rate, it is evident that the great body of the people preserve a fervent faith in their religion, and an implicit reverence for the ministers of it. Their religion, indeed, is their great pride and comfort; and far from looking with an eye of ill-will, or envy, on their clergy, I have more than once witnessed a manner rather of affectionate attachment towards them. One would be loath to take the responsibility of disturbing their persuasion, unless assured of superinducing another, which, besides its better conformity to the word of God, should have an equally strong hold upon their conviction. They have at any rate the consolation of religion; which, as far as this world is concerned, is, perhaps, every where its principal operation.

One of the best proofs how little the religious opinions of Portugal have been affected by modern

lights is to be found in the success of the recent miracle of N. S. da Barraça. Mrs. Baillie has given a sufficiently "full and true account" of this legend. It certainly requires some charity to construe mildly of a system which continues to degrade itself by having recourse to such impostures. "Our lady of the Cave", is to be seen at full length, about a span long, inshrined in the cathedral, under the title of *N. S. da Conceicão da Roxa*: her altar is constantly lighted up, and as constantly crowded with worshippers, who are commonly found chaunting her praises; and all the nearer pillars of the church are covered with little waxen models of various parts of the human body, the disorders of which had been abated by the miraculous intercession of her Ladyship. Upon other columns you see pictures commemorating similar miracles *(milagros)* as they are uniformly styled. These *ex-votos*, indeed, are found before most of the favourite shrines; but I have nowhere else seen them in any thing like the same accumulation as here.

The English factory has lately built a new church at Lisbon. It is a very simple and elegant structure, the internal area being of remarkably good proportions; and handsomely fitted up with mahogany seats, which, by the way, are all free. They are commonly pretty well filled—but

what is called the respectable class of people does not seem here to bear so large a proportion to the rest of the congregation as at Madeira.

The English burying-ground, after all we had heard and read of it, rather disappointed us. However, the new part where the chapel stands, is prettily laid out, and when the trees have grown up will be very charming. Every body knows that Fielding lies here, and that the spot is unmarked by any memorial *.

* One of our companions made several efforts to find the burial place of Camoens, which is so particularly described in the life prefixed to his works, as being in the centre of the church of the Convent of St. Anna de Religiosas Franciscanas. But no one could tell him of any such church. Perhaps it perished in the earthquake.

IV.

ENVIRONS—AQUEDUCT—ALMADA—BELEM.

We seldom extend our rides much beyond the limits of the town, for in fact the country about Lisbon is not generally pleasing, and there is little in the environs to interest in any other point of view. In the immediate neighbourhood of the city you are almost invariably enclosed between the stone walls of the quintas. When these are surmounted with vine trellices, and overhung with orange groves, the effect is not disagreeable; particularly if the undulation of the ground allows you something of prospect in front or behind; such is very much the case on the Sacavem, or north road, which upon the whole, is the prettiest out of Lisbon. But in general there is not this relief; and on a flat surface, without shade, and on a hot dusty day, it is dismal enough to ride between these eternal barriers.

The road to Bemfica has too much of this character; but you get from it the best view of the Aqueduct of Alcantara; the finest public work in

Portugal, and one of the first of its kind, perhaps, in the world.

There is no single effect of architecture nearly so sublime as that of the stone arch: here we have a range of some thirty-five of them stretching for more than two thousand feet across a steep valley; the centre one being nearly three hundred feet in depth. The sight is necessarily imposing; perhaps the chief drawback from it is, that you are not immediately struck with the use or object of the work; and when it is told you, it seems not altogether proportioned to the effort. In an achievement of this kind the impression is commonly in the combined ratio of its utility and its difficulty; and in the present state of hydraulic science there seems something absurd in the construction of such a magnificent bridge for the passage merely of a stream of water.

Bemfica contains several of the finest quintas of the nobility. They are uniformly surrounded with high stone walls, and crowded with trees and ever-green shrubs. The sense of so much verdure and shade contrasts very pleasantly with the glare and nakedness which prevails without.

One day skirting the western extremities of the city towards the north, we reached the little church and convent of *N. S. da Penha da França*, situated upon a peninsulated eminence at the northern

extremity of the city. The view from hence in the direction of Sacavem is very pleasing; the country beneath is thickly inhabited and well cultivated, and seems overflowing with corn and wine and oil; a profusion of white quintas and villages further enliven the landscape, which, seen under so bright a sky, is one of exceeding cheerfulness.

'Our Lady' of the Penha da França is a favourite saint with seamen, judging from the record of their donations, and from the tales told in votive pictures of her miraculous interferences in their behalf. The cloisters behind, are small, but light; with legendary paintings of martyrdom on the walls, and a fountain of water in the middle.

Returning to town we found our way to a similar eminence, on which stands another church, that of *Nossa Senhora do Monte*—the terrace in front of which, I think, enjoys the finest and completest view there is of Lisbon. The whole city lies spread out in the valley beneath, and rising on the steep of the opposite hill, which is crowned with the dome of New Convent. To the north are the suburbs, where they mingle with the gardens and vineyards of the country: to the south the Tagus; the view of which is well broken by two bold eminences—the nearer one capped by the

convent of *N. S. da Graça*, while on the other, almost insulated, stands the castle.

Another day we crossed the Tagus to the opposite shore. On landing at Almada, we were surprised to find a large corps of English troops marching down from morning parade above. These were marines, from the British ships of war in the bay, which seem, for obvious reasons, to have been furnished with a strong complement of this kind of force.

A good but steep road leads along the face of the hill to the town which stands on the heights. We found here a profusion of plants, many of which to us were quite new. What struck us more was the composition of the rock itself—it is literally an aggregate of fossil shells. We loaded ourselves with specimens; rather unnecessarily, for the formation is of common occurrence enough: but I hardly know any object of the kind which gives more to think about than one of these fragments. We look with interest upon a piece of Roman tile, or Babylonian brick, that speaks to us of the ages that are gone by; but here we have a relic of an earlier world—a memorial of a convulsion which must have involved all organized life in its ruins.

I was much disappointed in the view of Lisbon

from hence. We see the whole city, indeed, covering the rise of the opposite shore with its mass of white edifice ; but the outline is tame and uniform ; neither broken, to appearance, by the site of the ground—nor varied by the shooting up of those domes and spires which should crown a great capital. The picture, too, wants a back ground of hills or mountains, rising above the heights on which the city stands—the hills which we do see are too remote and too low to make any effect.

The country on this side is not unpleasing—at any rate it is very unenglish. The ground, generally broken in its surface, is lightly greened over with pine-woods and vineyards, with white villages scattered here and there. Looking up the river, the shores seem flat and the horizon uninterrupted by a single eminence. It did not awaken any wish to explore it. If one is to live in a flat or tame country, it should be that of England; where, and where only, the absence of a bolder character of scenery is often so amply compensated by that profusion of culture and plantation which makes a picture of every homestead or hedge-row.

Returning across the river, our boat passed under the guns of the English flag-ship. We looked up her armed sides with a feeling of respect and awe, which, as she was a countryman, it cost us no-

thing to give way to. Certainly, as a Portuguese, I should feel much less satisfaction in the contemplation of these vessels, whatever be the moral sublime attaching to them.

The Portuguese have in the river a good many vessels of war, but all, I think, laid up in ordinary. They are still held to excel in ship-building, and some of these hulls do no discredit to their reputation.

There is a great variety of small craft on the Tagus; many of the boats are of a very picturesque appearance, curved conch-like at each end, with a very large surface of rudder. The sails, of a latine shape, are often as disproportionably large. Perhaps there may be some connexion between the two facts. The boatmen commonly carry a great press of canvas, and one is sometimes a little nervous at the rapidity with which they scud over the water: accidents indeed, they say, are constantly occurring.

The most interesting suburb of Lisbon is Belem; it is also the most accessible, as you get there equally well by land or water. The celebrated church and convent are situated on the shore. Externally the church presents nothing at all remarkable; perhaps we were therefore the more surprised by the effect of the interior, to which indeed nothing that we have hitherto seen in the way

of Gothic architecture, as it is called, had in the least prepared us. The building is not long, the nave approaching nearly to a square; and the roof overhead forms one broad and lofty arch, supported by a double row of pillars, which spring up from the floor, and branch out their ribbed groins on high precisely with the effect of palm trees. These pillars are not many, only six I think, in the nave. They stand therefore very wide apart; and being of peculiarly light construction, have not at all the effect of dividing the church into aisles. The whole thus remains one area; and on looking up to the expanse of vault that hangs aloft, one hardly understands how supports so light and so few should sustain the incumbent mass.

The sacristy is a low square vaulted chamber, supported by a single pillar in the middle. What are very beautiful are the cloisters; they form a double range of arched galleries; and nothing can be richer than the stone work of the windows.

In the chapel at the east end are the tombs of some kings: among others of Don Manoel, the founder of the convent; which was built in commemoration of the voyage of Vasco de Gama, the great event that has immortalized his age and reign. One is a little disappointed to find that the sarcophagus in which he lies, like the chapel itself, is modern. Later art has hit upon nothing

more simple and appropriate, in the way of funeral monument, than the old raised tomb, hung round with the titles and achievements of the departed—whose effigy is stretched above, in his armour or his robes, as he lived, and in a posture equally marking the prostration of his mortal being, and the pious hope with which he awaits a better. I rather wonder it has not been revived.

Above Belem is the *Memoria Real*, a small domed church, erected in commemoration of the escape of King Joseph from the attack of his assassins in 1758, and upon the very spot where he was fired at and wounded. It was on the quay of Belem below, that the Duke of Aveiro, and the Tavora family, with their followers, underwent their horrible sentence.

V.

CINTRA.

LEAVING Lisbon, by the Alcantara suburb we come out on a very uninteresting country—at first mere cultivation, and that bad, on a poor soil; with not an enclosure and hardly a tree in sight. Queluz: the palace stands close on the road, a large plain barrack-like building; with extensive gardens behind, laid out in a formal style, but cool and umbrageous. These shady alleys and evergreen thickets seem to compose the only luxury which the country affords in this climate; where one sees little inducement a man can have even to stir out of his own precincts. Indeed, I suspect the temptations to a country life, in general, are very few throughout a great part of the continent; and, after seeing their villages and chateaux, we can better enter into the horror which the French courtiers felt for a banishment to their country seats—a punishment that would not sound very penal in the ears of an English gentleman. As for the old style of

gardening I rather prefer it. It may be remarked, too, that it is really the only one practicable in hot climates; an English garden, as it is called, is out of the question where you cannot have turf.

Beyond Queluz the heaths begin and extend nearly to Cintra. Approaching it from this side we were very much disappointed with the aspect of the mountain; the outline of its sharp granitic peaks was picturesque enough; but it seemed almost destitute either of shade or verdure. The plantations in a few quintas at the base make the only break in the uniform brownness and barrenness of the scene, and for some time we were much at a loss to fancy in what the beauties of the '*fresca Serra*,' could consist.

The fact is, that they lie altogether on the other or north face of the mountain, as we find upon ascending the hill at the base of its eastern extremity. Upon this eminence is situated the Ramallâo Palace, a long range of edifice with much wood and garden ground about it. Beyond this the road, as it winds round the mountain, becomes prettier and greener at every step; the heights on the one side more wooded, the valley on the other more rich; and these circumstances continue to improve till at another turn we see below us the old palace or castle, with its irregular outline, Moorish windows, and huge kiln-like chim-

neys; and close above it, embosomed in trees, shines the white town of Cintra.

It is really a lovely scene. The town seems situated about a third of the way up the mountain; which is not very lofty in itself, but the higher parts are steep and green, and jagged with rock, and its several summits rise into peaks of an almost Alpine character. Below, the surface is of a gentler genius; undulating in hills that are rather steep than precipitous; and on these slopes—around the town, and stretching thence along the base of the mountain to Colares—runs a belt of richly ornamented park scenery, formed by an uninterrupted succession of villas and gardens belonging to the first nobility and richest merchants of Lisbon. Some of the houses are built in a style of Italian elegance; and their white fronts and urn-crowned summits, shining through the trees that envelope them, give that air of architectural decoration which is one of the peculiar features of the place.

The woods themselves are very fine, and are often tangled in a most forest-like intricacy. For nearly two miles the road runs through them, under an almost continued shade; but the accidents of the ground are continually bringing into view the rocky peaks which are up-piled on the heights above; and the wildness and ruggedness

of which contrast singularly with the garden-like ornament of the nearer scene. The aspect of these peaks is rendered much more striking by the picturesque buildings which are perched upon them. On the highest is the convent of N. S. da Penha—an old gothic cloister with a square tower hung, as it were, upon the pinnacle of the whole Serra—and the adjoining summit is crowned by the ruins of the Moorish castle.

There are donkeys, furnished with immense cushioned saddles almost as big as themselves, wherewith to explore the country. We generally made use of them, and in climbing the mountain they are serviceable enough; otherwise there is nothing to see at Cintra, or in its neighbourhood, which is not within the reach of a moderate walk.

Of the villas the most elegant is the Marialva—a very handsome elevation, consisting of two fine *corps de logis*, connected in the centre by a marble arch. We spent here a great part of our first morning. The grounds are small, but they command some fine views, which my companion betook himself to sketch; and I found sufficient solace in hanging over the balustrades of the terrace, or stretching myself under the shade of the cork trees, and deliberately giving way to the luxury of the scene and climate. All was dead and silent in the

palace itself. Our guide tells us, that since the death of the late Marquess, the estate has passed to the Duke de la Foens; so that it would seem that the Marialva family, one of the most historic names of the Portuguese nobility*, is at length extinct. We could find no one that morning to shew us the interior; on another we succeeded better; but saw nothing to repay the trouble of walking through the apartments.

From the terrace behind you have an extensive view towards the north; but all that is fine in it lies close at hand. To the right is the old palace and the town, with the woods, above, and a rich garment of gardens and orange groves covering the lower sweep of the hill below them. To the left, you follow the range of the mountains, with the woods and villas that, in a similar manner, clothe their base: Montserrat, with its circular pavilions, is particularly conspicuous: still farther the white village of Colares is seen nestled in its vines and orchards.

* Owing chiefly, to be sure, to Gil Blas. The time will probably come when the Count-Duke Olivarez himself will be indebted to the figure he makes in that delightful fiction for whatever celebrity he may yet retain in the memory of any but a few historical antiquaries. It is observable that in the Portuguese translation of Gil Blas, another name is substituted for that of Marialva.

It is reluctantly that we lift the eye from these woodlands, to the country in front, where the whole expanse included in the prospect scarcely presents a single point of repose: all is scorched, and bare, and poor; even the sea, which is seen at no great distance to the west, seems to contribute only an additional sense of glare and barrenness. The towers of Mafra are distinctly visible on the extremity of a range of (not high) hills that bound the horizon to the north.

The view towards the mountain is always the most beautiful at Cintra. Returning from the terrace of the Marialva, we were struck by the picture of the Penha convent, as seen through the archway. The arch, shadowed by a light acacia and elm, forms a kind of frame to the object, bringing it out in singular relief against the sky—which is always of that pure "delicious blue" that it does one good to look up to.

The *Penha Verde* quinta stands close to the Marialva, and its grounds perhaps are more beautiful. You enter upon a little quiet garden of white lilies, distributed in parterres of box. Behind is a thick wood, covering the little hill or peak, from whence the *Quinta* takes its name; and the chapel and cross on the summit of which form a conspicuous object from every spot in the

neighbourhood. Pathways run in all directions through the tangles of this shady labyrinth: by some of these we wound our way to the top.

For purposes of landscape, we know, it is seldom prudent to ascend to heights: besides, it too often destroys the illusion which we had cherished below, by betraying the limits which art or accident had before concealed, or laying open the depths and recesses, which our imagination had pictured as unfathomable. All this is peculiarly the case at Cintra, which is a mere oasis in the waste, and elevation here only reveals to us how circumscribed is the Eden in which we are wandering, and how desolate and dreary is the world beyond.

The Penha Verde is a classical spot to a Portuguese: it was the chosen retreat of the celebrated Don John de Castro; and an inscription in the rock, which supports the cross on the summit, declares that this hill was all the recompense he asked of his king for his conquests in India: a fact not more honourable to his disinterestedness, than to his good taste, for I suppose all Portugal could not have afforded a prettier spot.

Montserrat—Mr. Beckford's villa—in a state of miserable dilapidation—open to every wind that blows—and, what is worse, to every fool that chooses to insult the walls by his ribaldry. We were ashamed to see so much of our countrymen's

elegantiæ here. The itch for this kind of improvisation may be reckoned among our national peculiarities, and certainly is not the most creditable of them.—There is nothing so melancholy as a scene like this; for the desolation of a recent ruin is unrelieved by any thing of that romantic association which attaches to the relics of elder days. In the same way it is utterly unpicturesque. Time, however, if its walls would stand long enough, might give it an interest of both kinds, and "moulder into beauty" the ruins which are now mere unsightly litter and rubbish *.

The beauty of the view does not improve as you get further from Cintra—the mountains decline in

* But there is little chance of this—Vathek, it is evident, did not build for posterity: on the contrary, we are told that he purposely limited the stability of his erections to the period he was himself likely to want them. The work of spontaneous dilapidation must have gone on pretty rapidly, even since the time of Mrs. Baillie's visit, if we judge from the different impression which the place made upon her. The lath-and-plaister chaos which it now presents could never have prompted that romantic melancholy which she so eloquently expresses, and which, no doubt, nothing is better fitted to awaken than a scene of recent elegance and luxury in a state of abandonment and threatened decay:—

——————— "Where all is still,
"Save the lattice, that flaps when the wind is shrill;
"Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,
"No hand shall close its clasp again."

height and in character—the wood is less fine—the villas less frequent. At a distance of less than two miles you reach Colares, a small town, famous for its agreeable light wine, and there is nothing to tempt you to extend your researches beyond.

On the heights above Colares is seen a Carmelite monastery. A wild green lane leads up to it, through continued woods. Higher still, and on the summit of the ridge, stands the Cork Convent. This is a little cell of Franciscans, founded in 1560, by one of the De Castros; curious from its solitude and the elevation of its site; and from its construction, being partly walled by the masses of live rock among which it is built. It takes its name from the cork with which (on account of the damp) a part of the interior is lined. A monk received us, and gave us refreshment, for which, as usual, we requited him with a small gratuity, *pelas almas*.

In ascending to the convent we observed a grid-iron fastened to the face of a rock. Our guide pointed out to us a mark of the cross impressed on the stone beneath, and told, with much eagerness, a legend as connected therewith—how St. Honorius, a brother of the convent, was reading his book on this spot, when he was tempted of the devil, in the disguise of a pretty girl; and how he exorcised the evil one, by signing the cross on the rock, which

thenceforth bore the mark of his finger. They shew the cell and chapel of the said Saint among the rocks above.

Another expedition is to the convent of N. S. da Penha, on the heights above Cintra. It is remarkable chiefly for its situation, on the point of an insulated peak, rising to a considerable height above the lofty fell which stretches along the summit of the Serra. We climbed up to it, and knocked at the gate, which, after awhile, was opened by the cook, whom we found to be its sole habitant at that time. The building is curious enough—old and Gothic, with the Morisco tinge, which that style in the Peninsula commonly presents; the cloisters in particular—a little court of two stories, lined with tiles—have altogether a Moorish air.

The *Castello dos Mouros* is professedly Saracenic—we scrambled over the outer wall, which still remains erect, but there was nothing in the style or masonry peculiarly to discriminate its unbelieving origin. The tank which Murphy speaks of is yet perfect, and filled with the most crystal water.

These heights command on both sides a very extensive prospect of a country almost uniformly dull, flat, and arid—in particular, all the charm of Cintra itself is necessarily lost from hence, for

that consists chiefly in the view of the mountain on which you then stand.

The old palace too is worth going over: it is an irregular building, in a style which may also, I suppose, be called Moorish—so unlike is it to the contemporary architecture of the castles which we see in the north of Europe. The rooms are generally floored with brick, lined with tiles, with domed ceilings, the pannels of which are painted with some device or arms. In a small closet they shew a tiled seat affixed to the wall, where Don Sebastian sat, when he held his last council, previous to his expedition to Africa. They shew, too, the room where King Affonso VI. was imprisoned, and the part of the brick floor which he had worn away in pacing to and fro. It was rather droll to hear the old guide gravely detail the deplorable story of this poor Prince and his wife.

The palace has not been inhabited for a long while; probably not since the restoration of the monarchy, except by poor Affonso. However, the late king used often to drive over, and to take his dinner here. There are no troops upon guard—the sole warden, apparently the sole inhabitant, is the old guide I have mentioned, assisted by a dumb man.

VI.

MAFRA—CINTRA CONTINUED.

KINGS do not seem to have shared the good taste which distinguished the churchmen of old in their selection of sites. The founders of the Escurial and Versailles have always been reproached on this score, and the situation of Mafra *, I imagine, is worse than either. It is indeed horrible—the soil around presenting a brown ragged scurf, rather than heath, spread over a tame surface, which makes Bagshot pleasant in the comparison. The ground is rather high, but the view on every side is inexpressibly dreary, not excepting that towards the sea, which is seen at about half a dozen miles distance. Under an English sky such a spot would be absolutely uninhabitable.

* The foundation owed its origin to a prophecy—John V. had been for some time married, but without an heir, when a monk of great reputation for sanctity was heard to observe, *El rey tera filhos se quizer*, i. e. "the king may have children if he will." Being questioned on the subject, he declared the condition to be the establishment of a cell of Franciscans at Mafra. The fulfilment of the prophecy insensibly led the king to enlarge the foundation into a palace.

The palace itself, however, is a splendid pile—the mere mass of such a building imposes so at first sight as to leave little leisure to attend to objections of detail. I have seen nothing to compare to it except Versailles, which, from the plan of its structure, is superior in visible rather than actual extent, and also in the architectural elegance of the garden front. But this inferiority is partly made up to Mafra by the effect of the dome, spires, and pavilions with which it is crowned, and which very happily break the outline against the sky. Versailles, we know, is miserably deficient in this point of view—one of the most important, though often least considered, in a large building.

Perhaps even Mafra owes the advantage chiefly to the unusual circumstance of the centre of the building, being occupied by a church, which is adorned by a cupola and two belfries. The door of this church was open—we entered by it, and found ourselves suddenly in a basilica of wonderful magnificence. It was service time—the monks were chaunting in the choir to the music of a powerful organ: in the nave a group of two or three women kneeling, alone broke the solitude of the marble floor which spread around—one might have fancied them put there by the architect, to mark the lofty proportions of the over-arching aisles. The vastness—the splendour—the vacuity—the

religious gloom of the edifice, combined with the circumstances of the service and music and incense, had a very impressive effect.

The church is in the form of a cross, and lined with marble: there are no pictures, save one at the high altar. The other altar-pieces are carved in alto-relievo on white marble, and large statues of saints shoulder them on each side. The front and the portico are adorned with gigantic saints of the same material; all of Italian chiselling, as the artists names declare, and generally well conceived and well executed.

Mafra, it is known, like the Escurial, is a convent as well as a palace; indeed, it is inhabited much more in the former than the latter capacity; for the court is seldom or never here. We did not see the royal apartments*. A monk shewed us over those of the convent; they are of great extent, and all upon a scale of much grandeur: indeed; the whole structure has the air of a most royal defiance of expence, such as would have done credit to the enterprize and munificence of a monarch of ampler resources than we look for in a King of Portugal.

They first took us to the sacristy, where we were

* I believe they are not even furnished—this, they say, is the case with most of the palaces. The court, in changing its residence, is obliged to transport much of the necessary moveables.

in danger of going over the whole wardrobe of the convent, piece by piece; however, we cut short the exhibition by a hint to the old monk, who probably thought these embroidered vestments the greatest marvel of the establishment. We climbed the belfry, too, (the bells of which played us a concerto,) and walked round the roof, which is floored with brick, and presents an immense surface, on which an army might be reviewed.

What most interested us was the library: a magnificent room some hundred feet long, and lined to the ceiling with books. There are many larger libraries, no doubt, but I think I never before, at one glance, saw so vast an assemblage.

We went round the room and gallery, running hastily over the shelves. Divinity, of course, forms the great mass: in fact, there is little else. All the records and muniments of Catholic Christendom, for the first sixteen centuries, are here accumulated in an enormous aggregate. A vast number of compartments are exclusively filled with the casuistical and scholastic divinity, of which the Church of Spain has been so prolific. Others are wholly devoted to works in mystical theology; and here also the names are almost invariably Spanish. The shelves allotted to German jurisprudence seem almost to rival those of the Spanish scholastics in mass and multitude. In-

deed, after theology, the works connected with canon and civil law, form the chief wealth of the collection. The classical department is small, and apparently not choice in editions. Of works in any of the vernacular idioms of Europe, there is but a small proportion; the greater part are French, including a considerable collection of treatises on antiquities, ecclesiastical history, and bibliography; subjects the prosecution of which does not seem much in the character of that lively people, though in fact they have in these decidedly surpassed all their neighbours.

We saw no English books, and scarcely an English name, save of some of the old Catholic divines, such as Gibbon and Stapleton. Our heresy would naturally exclude our literature from such a deposit: besides, when the library was formed, few of our writers were known on the continent, and scarcely any additions seemed to have been made to it since. The only modern work I saw was Montucla.

We were more surprised at the scantiness of the Spanish and Portuguese collection. It is poor in every thing, save sermons and history. I saw few of the old Chronicles, for which one fancies the shelves of a conventual library to be the appropriate deposit.

They then took us to the kitchen, refectory, &c.

all constructed upon the same gigantic scale with the rest of the establishment; but though magnificently lodged, there does not seem any thing of unseemly luxury in the diet of the worthy fraternity.

We returned to Cintra the same evening. The view of the mountain before us gave an interest to the road, which it wanted much in the morning. Nothing can be duller than this country—a mere moor; or, what is worse, the miserable struggle of the peasant's industry upon a soil of incorrigible barrenness. The road, too, for half the way is very bad; yet we found the journey by no means disagreeable; a climate like this almost atones for every thing. It was, as usual, a most brilliant day; the sun careered overhead through a sky unstained by a speck of vapour, and a fresh breeze in our faces all the way precluded the slightest inconvenience even from his meridian fervour.

One soon sees all that there is to be seen at Cintra; two days indeed, diligently employed, would be enough for that purpose, and the whole district of beauty, might be included in the limits of an English park. We used to entangle ourselves as well as we could in the lanes of this little paradise; but were continually escaping beyond its bounds, and getting into the desart beyond. This compression of limit is the chief misfortune of the place, which, if its own charms are enhanced as con-

trasted with the surrounding country, re-acts equally on that country, as exaggerating the dreariness of it, by the apposition of the freshness and fertility at home. Nothing can exceed the alacrity with which I used to turn my *burro's* head as soon as I perceived myself getting into the brown region.

But though small in extent, there is abundance of picturesque detail, and home view, about Cintra. It is particularly rich in foregrounds; from the broken nature of the surface, scattered with masses of rock, and the abundance and wild growth of the wood and thickets. Vegetation of every kind is very luxuriant; and the dampness of the climate is such, that there is no want of the mosses and weather stains, which so well serve to enrich and to harmonize the various details of the picture.

The wood is often very fine; some of the elms and pines in the *Penha Verde* shoot up their stems through the undergrowth of the wilderness to an extraordinary height. But the cork tree is the glory of the sylva of Cintra. When young, and still more when *barked*, it is far from handsome, but suffered to attain the dignity of age, it strikes out its limbs with all the knot and twist and bold horizontal projection of the oak itself; while its bark, often two or three inches deep, and of a delicate light hue, affords in its 'rifts and swells and

redder scars,' an effect infinitely more rich and picturesque than the rind of any other tree; particularly when coated on its upper surface with a thick layer of moss, or fringed by ferns, long plumes of which often find rooting in its spongy depths. The tree that overhangs the road from the Countess Galvez's garden, struck me at the time as the most beautiful I had ever seen—a light vine tangling its giant limbs completes the effect.

The lanes at Cintra look more like England than any thing we have seen since we left it—so green and so shady—bounded sometimes by hedges luxuriating in untrimmed bush and wild-flower; at others by garden walls, which are overhung by the finest elms and chesnuts. The peeps through and over these thickets to the mountain above are always beautiful. It is a pity that you have not something better to look at the other way; if a rich and smiling plain were spread out beneath, like those which stretch from either base of the Malverns, the view would be almost perfect.

It would still indeed want water, of which there is scarcely a drop at Cintra. When Lord Byron therefore tells us of the 'torrents that from cliff to valley leap,' he was only in want of a line to fill up his stanza, an embarrassment to which they who write in the Spenserian measure seem sadly liable. The climate is considered as peculiarly damp and

wet; but the rock of which the mountain consists is of that loose crumbly nature which does not permit the springs to reach the surface. Here and there a little rill is seen trickling down the hollows, and the most has been made of these, in the way of pool and cascade in the quintas through which they pass; but they are always insignificant.

The town itself is extremely pretty and lively, and must not be forgotten in the general picture; of which, perhaps, it forms the principal and distinguishing feature. I have seen many more rich or more romantic spots than Cintra, considered in respect of its native felicities of landscape; but never, I think, a prettiér or more prettily situated town. The villas with which it 'stands begirt,' assist and confirm this notion of the character of the scene; which should always be kept in mind in the comparative estimate of its excellence.

There are two very comfortable towns; the views from the one where we were, are among the best in the place—particularly that up the mountain, from the little garden on the other side of the road—the peaks of the convent and castle, as seen above the trees, appear to rise over the head with an effect of such immediate imminency!

Cintra is famous for its *Queyjados*, or cheesecakes; we tasted some very delicious; the honey,

too, was peculiarly fragrant. I should not omit to mention the vileness of the wines they gave us, particularly the Port and Bucellas. We were amused at finding in Portugal, and in one of the best inns, worse Port wine than I remember to have had put before me in an English tavern. We could get nothing drinkable but the *vinho de termo*, or wine of the district; a white Colares, light, and not unpleasant.

Much as I have said about Cintra I feel that I have conveyed, after all, but an inadequate notion of the peculiar charm of the place. Indeed it is not very easy to say in what that charm specifically consists, but I suspect it must partly be resolved into the effect of contrast. You find wild rocky mountain rising out of a country, the surface of which, every where else, is uniformly tame and insipid—a 'sylvan scene' of the finest shade and verdure in a region which, as far as you can see on every other side, is singularly destitute of both. Under these circumstances of apposition, and such a sun as this, it is easily intelligible that the spot may strike with a sense of delight much beyond what properly belongs to its own attraction.

VII.

CLIMATE—STREETS—EARTHQUAKE—HOUSES—MONKS—MILITARY —LITERATURE.

THE sun is very hot, and there is little wind, but we often feel a keenness in it which will not allow us to have a button of the coat unfastened. This, I suppose, is the ordinary climate of Lisbon. People here strongly dissuade invalids from coming. The heat of the sun is sometimes accompanied by such a coldness of the wind as to make a difference of ten or twelve degrees of thermometer in turning the corner of a street. Nothing, certainly, can be more trying to delicate constitutions; to those of a more robust make I do not think it disagreeable: on the contrary, there is a sense of dryness and purity and elasticity in the air, which, combined with the brilliancy of the sun and sky, has an effect at once bracing to the nerves and animating to the spirits.

They have seldom frost and never snow: the winter, they say, is chiefly marked by a rainy season, which sometimes continues for six weeks or

two months. In the spring, the bitter north-east winds prevail, and perhaps render that the coldest part of the year. The summer is commonly of long and unbroken splendour, but the heat is described as very oppressive, and I can easily believe it, for neither town nor country seems calculated to afford any refuge from the infliction. The mosquito curtains over our beds remind us of another of the summer plagues of the place, and one from which they are so singularly free at Madeira.

When the weather is cold, however, they must feel it much. The houses have no fire-places, and are otherwise very ill constructed for warmth and comfort; the walls of our rooms at Buenos Ayres are made up of doors and windows. Stoves are used; but in general the Portugueze have a great dislike to a fire, a coal fire at least, and at Madeira they profess they cannot sit in a room with one. It is usual to supply the place of this source of artificial warmth by additional clothing.

We ride a good deal about the streets of Lisbon. They are, to be sure, very dirty; but there is really great exaggeration in the horrors travellers tell of the filth of the place and of the degree in which it interferes with the comfort of existence. Their invectives on this head are so uniform and so strong that we have sometimes been disposed to

doubt the evidence of our eyes and noses in the comparative immunity which they seem to enjoy from the afflictions of which others complain so heavily. The best and most central part of the town has to me a look of positive cleanliness; and if I may not put the testimony of my own senses against those of my betters, I should still say that there is some presumption in favour of our view of the fact, from the indisputable circumstances that the streets in this quarter are for the most part situated high—are wide—exposed constantly to a hot sun and a drying wind, and moreover have usually such a declivity of site that the slightest shower is sufficient to carry off to the river every trace of impurity which may have escaped the scavenger.

In the other quarters there is no doubt dirt enough; and in some, into which nothing but the excess of our exploratory propensities could have led us, the accumulation is very horrible. There is, too, a particular hour in the evening when the atmosphere is apt to be more especially laden with odours—not of Araby; and to a degree that no doubt considerably disturbs the sentiment of the season. Still all this is hardly enough to justify the sort of despair which visitors commonly express on the subject; and it is really rather unworthy of those who seek to see the cities of men, and observe

their manners, to be so far the slaves of their olfactory sensibilities as to refuse to enjoy the interest and splendour of a capital like this, from the uneasiness which the less favoured parts of it may occasion to that officious organ.

So little were we, at least, affected by this fastidiousness, that we resolved one day to indulge our curiosity about the old parts of old cities, by exploring the Alfama—the most ancient quarter in Lisbon, and which wholly escaped the shock of the earthquake of 1755. It is an *agglomerate* of alleys rather than streets—for the most part not three yards wide; the houses of great height; and situate on the steep of the hill between the castle and the river. In the eagerness of research we pushed our horses through passages which, judging from the stare of the inhabitants, had seldom witnessed a cavalier before; but I do not know that we were altogether repaid for the pains. There is little that is at all characteristic or peculiar in the architecture, and the houses were hardly distinguishable from those of the other parts of the city, save in the darker hue which they had contracted by age, and by the exclusion of the sun.

There yet remains some traces of the earthquake at Lisbon—two very striking monuments of that convulsion are to be seen in the ruins of the Jesuits

College, and those of the church of the Carmelites; which last is the only Gothic edifice (except the cathedral) we have met with: it is roofless, but in other respects tolerably entire, and seems to have been a structure of much elegance in its way.

Shocks of this kind have been often felt, but none that has done damage since the great one. The chief scene of that disaster, judging from the modernness of the present buildings, was the valley of the Rocio, and the hill on the west of it. The other, on which stands the castle, the cathedral, and the Alfama, apparently suffered little. It required, I think, some courage to rebuild the city on the very spot on which it had been just overthrown by such a convulsion: and yet I never heard of a catastrophe of this nature having determined a change of site in a town.

We observed, that in the building of their new houses the frame or skeleton of the structure is completed from top to bottom, in wood, before the masonry is added: the reason assigned for this practice is the dread of an earthquake. They argue that a shock would disturb only the stonework, which might thus be thrown down without necessarily involving the fall of the house.

There are many large houses in Lisbon, but few of the residences of the nobility approach in their

aspect to palaces, in the Italian sense of the word. All have gardens behind, which, though very small, are often of exceedingly pretty effect, from the elegance of their arrangement, and the architectural contrast of the buildings around them.

Travellers tell us that in some Spanish and Portuguese towns half the population wear the religious habit. There are plenty of religious at Lisbon, as we saw on the Corpus Christi day, but I must say they seem, for the most part, to confine themselves to their houses. The secular clergy are much more frequent in the streets, and, we hear, are neither so much respected, nor in general as deserving of respect, as their brethren of the cloister.

The military does not seem to form so predominant a body in Lisbon as in most of the continental capitals. The troops have a very respectable appearance, and must have improved vastly since the days of the Captain-Generalship of St. Antonio, when, if we may believe Baretti, the soldiers, even those on duty as sentinels, did not scruple to beg alms in the streets. The Portuguese are naturally very proud of their feats in the last war, in the course of which they planted the *Quinas* of their monarchy in the heart of France; a feeling perfectly justifiable on their part; but in reading their accounts of their victories, one is

amused to observe how wholly they are wont to forget all mention of their British allies, as even co-operating in these achievements.

It is remarkable how mere a machine, how much a creature of system and position, a soldier is; how little, under ordinary circumstances, the feelings or character of individuals affect the technical merit of the mass. The late war afforded some striking illustrations of the fact: the Portuguese and Neapolitan troops were confessedly by far the worst in Europe; yet the Portuguese, with British officers, and combined with a British force, stood their ground against the veterans which had subdued all the continent beside: and in the expedition to Moscow, the French themselves admit, that the Italian divisions fought and endured with as much constancy and courage as themselves. It is not the mere perfection of drilling and discipline that makes the difference. A year after, the very same Neapolitans, under the same general and officers, and in a cause infinitely more calculated to appeal to their national feelings, disbanded at the first report of an Austrian shot. The great point, apparently, in an army is to give it confidence in itself. It is not his own courage a soldier fights with, but what he draws from the general stock of the regiment; which again depends much for its tone upon that of the rest

of the army. On this principle, partly, we must account for the uniform good behaviour of bodies of men in the field, though composed of individuals necessarily differing in every degree from each other in point of natural nerve and firmness.

Perhaps one of the most direct and compendious modes which a stranger can use of judging of the literary or intellectual habits of a people, is the examination of their booksellers' shops. There are many of these at Lisbon; and the stores of some of them are larger than we expected; but, estimated by this criterion, the result would not be very favourable to the scholarship of the Portuguese. We saw no English books; and, what much more surprised us, scarcely any Spanish; a very few Italian and classical; but a large proportion of French. Indeed there was little else of what may be called literature, or the *belles lettres*, except in that language; and I should take it, that the Portuguese who read at all, read only French. Even the French books were those chiefly of professional interest. The largest portion treated on medical subjects. There were also a good many of the works of the modern French physiologists, such as Cuvier and De Candolle; with the best modern mathematical treatises; and a considerable quantity of old French divinity.

We observed that all the shops contained the

French translations of our modern economists, Ricardo and Malthus. This seemed to imply a direction of public curiosity, which we hardly expected among the Portuguese, and for which they are probably indebted to the movement given to the public mind during the period of their constitutional interregnum.

The Portuguese collection was always very meagre. We looked over several catalogues without seeing a title that at all tempted us to inquire for the book itself. Even of their great poet, the editions were commonly from a French press; and the same was observable in most of the modern publications of any importance. I should doubt whether Lisbon contained the materials for printing a neat or handsome book. The best specimens of modern Portuguese style are said to be found in a periodical work, published by the refugee constitutionalists in London*: another presumption, if more were wanted, of the degree in which the political regimen of the country represses its intellectual developement.

* There is but one newspaper, the Gazeta de Lisboa, the columns of which are regularly filled with copious extracts from foreign journals. We regularly saw the principal English journals, whether political or literary, at the foreign assembly rooms; a sort of casino, established by the foreign merchants, to which they introduce strangers. The season of the balls was over before our arrival.

VIII.

ALCOBAÇA.

Our stay in Portugal was much more limited than we could have wished, but we should not have been satisfied had we not found time for a pilgrimage to Alcobaça and Batalha.

For the first thirty miles from Lisbon the road runs on the banks of the Tagus, by Sacavein and Villa Franca; and is for that distance very pretty. Near Lisbon the vines form the chief cultivation; afterwards corn prevails, the fields of which are uniformly planted with olive trees. We pass several thriving villages where the orchard-grounds seem all of a glow with oranges and lemons, and still more with the beautiful scarlet blossom of the pomegranate. The Tagus is always close at hand on the right; but the shores on both sides are perfectly flat, and it does not make any great effect.

Villa Franca is a large and lively town on the river. It formed the extreme right of the English lines in 1810. A range of dark heathy hills from

the west, being a part of the heights occupied by the allied army, here approach the Tagus. For a mile or two farther a space is left between, thickly planted with vineyards and orchards; we then get into the heath, which at first is shaded by a wood of olives of an unusually large growth. In a hollow way approaching Castanheira we, for the first time in Portugal, saw the prickly pear, growing on a stem approaching in size to timber. Aloe hedges are common every where in this country; the plant is just now upon the point of flowering.

Slept at Castanheira, a small town, hardly a league beyond Villa Franca.

We started by day-break next morning, and turning from the river soon plunged into the region of heath—wild and boundless—scattered with round-headed pine—and clothed with a profusion of dwarf shrubs and flowers, among which shines the cistus of every kind and hue. The observation of these contributes a good deal to amuse our time, for there is, of course, much of sameness in the scene; but for a time, at least, it is not unpleasing.

Breakfast at Otta, a white village in the waste, about two leagues from Castanheira. As usual, a host of little beggars besiege us at the door; they are mere children, evidently not professional. I

must say I have not seen a great many of these last in Portugal, with the exception of certain miserable objects, whose claims in any country would hardly be disputed.

Heaths again, with the Monte-junto, a range of dark stone hills at some distance before us. Soon after we left Otta, our postilion, under the guidance of a man who had accompanied him from the village, suddenly turned off the high road and began to strike across the heath by a wheel-track which was scarcely distinguishable. We were at first rather startled by the step, till a little consideration assured us how unlikely it was that there should be any real ground for alarm. The high road goes on to Caldas. The heaths improve in the richness of their flora. In this part they are covered with myrtle, the aroma of which, as it is crushed under the wheels of our chaise, is very delightful.

Alcoentre—Our postilion stopped here to give his horses a bait of bread soaked in wine. We partook of the wine ourselves and found it excellent. There is, as might be expected, some appearance of cultivation in the immediate neighbourhood of this as of other villages; but we scarcely leave it when the heaths resume their predominance.

Dined at Rio-Mayor—a little beyond this village we get into a wide handsome road, which

ascends the Monte-Junto. From the summit is rather a striking view over the wild moorish tract we have traversed. Forest here succeeds to heath, chiefly ilex, some of great size, and scarcely distinguishable either in growth or leaf from the English oak.

After a time we again turn off the high road to the left, and make our way as well as we can through a wild, rough, hilly country, and by a track by much the most impracticable I have ever experienced in a carriage. The scene improves, however—the ground is very broken and varied, and shaded with a profusion of olive, ilex, and cork. Latterly the road runs high, and commands extensive views on all sides—the heaths have already ceased, and we look down into valleys, which, though cultivated, are still of a rude rather than smiling character.

We were long looking for Alcobaça before we reached it: the length of our journey, and latterly the horrible jolting of our vehicle over roads in parts incredibly bad, having made us rather impatient for its termination. The town, however, is situated in a bottom, and you cannot see it till close upon it. Our first notice of its proximity was the sound of the convent bell, just then ringing for vespers.

It was a little before eight when we arrived—

the sun had set, but there was still light, and we could distinguish the long handsome façade of the convent, the modernness of which a little disappointed us. An old castle on the hill opposite, shewed well against the western sky.

Drove up to the Hospedario, and entered under an archway, into a large stable-yard. A servant of the convent then appeared, and learning our purpose, proceeded to get the keys, leaving us in the meanwhile in a small quadrangle, old and neglected, the gloom of which began a little to restore our hopes, which had been rather damped by the modern exterior of the building. On his return we passed into a second and similar area, and thence into a far more spacious court, surrounded by fine Gothic cloisters. We crossed this into another court still larger, and of a similar style of architecture, and ascended some stairs to a long dimly-lighted corridor, leading into the upper galleries of the two Gothic quadrangles, which we had thus again to traverse, in our way to the apartments assigned to us. It was just dusk, and the number of these courts, the endless length of the passages, the venerable aspect and religious destination of the building, all conspired with the gloom and silence of the hour, to make this progress of ours sufficiently imposing.

Our apartment was spacious, but cold; being in fact without a door or ceiling, for which we had to thank the infamous ravages of the French, who when here took pains to burn every thing that was combustible in the edifice. While waiting for tea I took a ramble through some part of the neighbouring cloisters and galleries. It was nearly dark, but a lamp or two, hung here and there, was enough to direct my steps, and Mrs. Radcliffe herself could hardly have fancied a scene of finer gloom. Through a grating in one of the galleries I heard the monks chaunting in the church below. I found my way thither, and entered the aisle of a fine Gothic minster—the style and the proportions of which, however, were but dimly discernible, for the only light came from a few tapers on the high altar. It may be imagined I did not wish for more—there was just enough to shew the body of the church, while the extremities of the aisles on all sides were lost in gloom. The fathers were chaunting the service in a deep full voice; but the choir is placed below the transepts, and I could see nothing of them but their white dresses in the dusk.

Returning to our apartment, I found the Padre Hospedario making tea for us. We stammered out a good deal of conversation in Portuguese.

He told us much of the ravages of the French, committed by Drouet, under the command of Massena. The whole roof of the front was destroyed. The Padre was a stout respectable looking gentleman, much what a Benedictine should be; though by the way these are Bernardins. Our beds were in cells leading out of this chamber.

Next day we went over the monastery—one of the courts is called after Don Diniz, its builder. It has a double range of cloisters, above and below, the windowing of which, if I may so call it, is peculiarly light; and four beautiful orange-trees, now covered with fruit, with a small fountain in play under an arched projection on one side, make the scene very pleasing. Some Gothic inscriptions on the wall mark the spot where were interred the Spanish fidalgos who fell in the battle of Aljubarrota.

Another memorial of the battle is preserved in two immense caldrons, taken from the enemy on that occasion. The refectory and kitchen lead out of this court. The latter is a very lofty room, the fire-place in the middle, with an immense tunnel-like chimney, descending to it from the ceiling.

We saw the church, too, by day; a simple and well-proportioned specimen of the Gothic. In the *Casa de Tumbos* are Don Pedro the first, and his celebrated love, Donna Ignez de Castro, each

entombed in a marble sarcophagus, richly worked, with their several effigies recumbent above. The tombs stand upon lions raised from the floor. The most unpardonable instance of French outrage was exercised upon these monuments and their illustrious tenants, which would have been sacred to the ruffians of any other nation but that of which one is sometimes tempted to think, with Coleridge's Prussian friend, that it is the only one that cannot by any possibility become capable of the least spark of religion or poetry.

We then went over a great part of the building, but saw little to remark upon, except its immense extent, and the horrible effect of French visitation. There are three large courts; the cloisters of the garden, as it is called, is the handsomest—gothic, with a fine parterre in the middle, through which runs a copious stream of water.

The library is a splendid room, and seems the only one that escaped the French. Happily, the books had been sent off to Lisbon. The collection is not nearly so large as that of Mafra, but much better chosen; at least without so great a preponderance of civil law, and scholastic divinity: there are all the best works in French and Italian literature.

Behind the convent is a large and handsome garden ground. In my rambles about this I found

an elegant little chapel, dedicated "Virgini Peregrinæ;" who she is I know not, but in my quality as a stranger, felt bound to do her homage. An old monk, in a broad black hat, was vehemently scolding the poor gardener. There was something rather droll in this unrestrained display of passion and peevishness, under a habit and profession that seem so studiously to disclaim such infirmity.

We were glad to observe so much note of reparation about the convent. Much has already been done; the exterior roof of the building is every where restored, though not the ceilings of the rooms or galleries; but it can never be again what it had become under the hereditary munificence of successive princes, who naturally cherished with peculiar bounty a foundation coeval and connected with that of the monarchy itself.

The situation of the monastery and town is very pretty; the same which was always a favourite with the church of old; a snug fertile bottom, watered by a lively trout stream, and closely surrounded by sheltering hills, which are here covered with vines and corn-fields, orange orchards and olive woods. Indeed all the country in the immediate neighbourhood of Alcobaça is very pleasing; its general appearance reminded one much of some parts of the Kentish weald; green hills sweeping into one another, with small irregu-

lar inclosures, and deep hollow lanes between shadowed by the most luxuriant hedges. But the composition of these last, on a nearer view, sufficiently assured us that we were not in Kent. Arbutus, ilex, myrtle, phillyrea, alaternus, beuplurum, lignum vitæ, formed the thicket, and in many places the copse was completely overgrown and tangled with vines that had strayed thither, and which, though running wild, were covered with a full promise of fruit. The effect of this "truant disposition" of the vine did not escape the eye of a poet who is never more at home than in the description of Peninsular scenery—

"Where o'er the hazel or the quince the vine
Wide mantling spreads; or clinging round the cork,
Or ilex, hangs amid their dusky leaves
Garlands of brightest hue, with reddening fruit
Pendant, or clusters cool of brightest green."

IX.

BATALHA.

THE situation of Batalha is very like that of Alcobaça—indeed I believe it to be a part of the same valley; we descend to the one through the same sort of scenery by which we ascended from the other; and do not come in sight of either until almost close upon it. The first view of Batalha, however, is far more striking than that which we had of its sister convent. The soft yellow hue of the walls; and the multitude of spires and pinnacles which mark their outline had a very beautiful effect as seen over the trees; but coming nearer we find the abbey hemmed in by a dirty village, the meanness of which contrasts disagreeably with the lightness and splendour of the building they surround.

After Murphy's prints it would be useless to enter upon a detail of the abbey. I have already mentioned what are the characteristic features of the exterior; the light glow of the stone and the richness of the open battlement and spires

that run round the roof—or rather did run, for much of this work is already broken away. From the left of the west front an elegant octagon building ascends nearly as high as the church itself; this is the royal tomb-house; and at the eastern extremity is what seems a half-ruined but is in reality a half-built chapel, attached in the manner of that of Henry VII. at Westminster, and which, like that also, is in a style much more ornate than the rest of the building.

The entrance to the convent is on the other side —we found it open and desolate-looking; and venturing forward made our way through a little grass-grown area into a vaulted anti-chamber, and thence into a beautiful court of cloisters, of singular lightness and elegance of construction, and windowed all round with the finest and most intricate stone tracery which I ever saw. In the centre is a garden with thick parterres of box. It was a strange scene—so much luxury of architecture and profusion of carved work, all sharp and white as on the day it was finished—yet with an air of total abandonment, and silent as though it had not been trod by human foot since the funeral of Prince Henry.

On the east side of the quadrangle is a large square vaulted room, which we immediately recognise as the beautiful chapter-house described by

Murphy. At the end of the same side was another door which stood a little ajar; we pressed against it and found ourselves in the church—there was something odd in our thus traversing a building of this kind and extent, the doors each opening to our touch, without meeting a being to question our purpose.

A man at length did appear, and we sent him for a padre, and in the mean time had leisure to admire the church—a fine specimen of the best age of Gothic, very much in the style of Westminster, though considerably less in dimensions—the walls perfectly plain and unadorned, as they were left by the mason, on which account, as well as from the style of the architecture, it reminded me more than any that I had seen abroad of an English cathedral. There are no side aisles or side altars, or chapels—the windows are not large, for the most part painted, but much of the glass is broken.

The Capella Imperfeita, as it is called, at the east end—a building, if we may so term it, of wonderful richness—of an octagon shape, with a chapel in each face beneath. It has never been carried more than half way up the upper range of windows, but would probably, when finished, have nearly equalled the rest of the church in height. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the work with

which the pillars and arches are covered. The entrance arch in particular, I should think, unequalled in this respect; the reeds forming the clustered shaft are hollow, and each pierced in the most elaborate filagree. And so it stands, open to the sun and showers of heaven, its courts overgrown with grass, shrubs, and wild flowers, which are also seen entangling the pillars above, where in one place a vine has found its way through the window, and dressed the arches with its light festoons.

The Chapel of the Royal Tombs—an octagon likewise, light, and airy, but with nothing of the promised splendour of the other. The brave bastard King, Don John I. and his Plantagenet wife, lie in the centre, in the same tomb. Along the walls opposite the entrance are four other tombs of the infantas, their children. The inscriptions were so defaced, that it was some time before we could identify the resting-place of Prince Henry, by his well-known motto, "*Talent de bien faire,*" inscribed in Gothic characters on the edge of the sarcophagus. I was pleased to see the garter ensign and legend upon his tomb, and on those of his father and brother. The French have been here also, and have left the usual track of their footsteps.

The monks of this monastery were no time rich, and are now probably poorer than ever. Their

establishment, too, is in a state, of which perhaps they are not very proud. On this account, I suppose, they seemed indisposed to come to us today, but B—— managed to ferret out one of the brethren, who then made a virtue of necessity, and gave us a very friendly reception. He shewed us over what remains of the convent; for the greater part is a mere ruin, having been burnt by the French; and with the narrow means of the foundation, it has not been possible to make even an attempt at restoration.

We went to the top of the church—it never had a tower, but there was a high round belfry at the east end, which fell down five or six years ago, and ruined a portion of the adjoining building. The outer roof of the chapter-house was broken through, but the vault itself stood firm.

From the top is a very pretty view of the surrounding hills. To the north-east they open; and the towers of old Leyria are seen about a league higher up the valley—the same

——— "delicious vale, where Lena winds
Through groves and pastoral meads*."

* Roderick, b. iii.—The notices of places, and of the historical recollections attached to them, with which Mr. Southey has so judiciously interspersed his narrative, forms one of the happiest features of his admirable poem—the most impassioned and eloquent perhaps of its class.

Our friar then introduced us to the *prelato*, or Superior; a simple good-humoured old gentleman, whom we found in a comfortable parlour. The worthy religious were evidently a little embarrassed by our visit, and appeared to be relieved when we declared our purpose to return to Alcobaça that night. The *prelato*, however, treated us to some excellent marmalade, with wine and oranges; and saw us with much courtesy to the gate.

In the afternoon, while B—— was sketching a part of the building, I rambled into a thicket of cork trees which covers the hill, rich with innumerable wild flowers, that rises north of the abbey. From this point the view of the building is not interrupted by the village: its light walls and airy battlements appeared glowing in the rays of the declining sun, and backed immediately by a rich landscape of soft, green, vine-clad hills, over which were visible the summits of the dark stone range that we had on our right in the morning.

Strolling back to the convent through the cloisters, I find my way again to the church; the door was open, and I had it all to myself. There was a singular sense of silence and loneliness in the solitary occupation of such a building; a rich sunset light was streaming through the painted window at the west end: I stepped softly down the aisle,

and seated myself awhile on the steps leading from the Chapel of Tombs.

We return to Alcobaça the same evening. The road runs nearly the whole way (about four Portuguese leagues) on a high ridge of ground, covered with pine forest, except where some large plantations of olives intervene. About half way is the town of Aljubarrota, which deserved our remark, as it was in gratitude for the great victory here gained over the Spaniards, by Don John, in 1386, that the beautiful abbey we had just visited was founded. Batalha is the Battle Abbey of Portugal; but the triumph it commemorates is one of pleasanter association to the natives than that which gave occasion to the Norman foundation.

Unwilling again to trouble our friends at the convent, we drove to the *estalagem* of Joaquim de Sylva, who treated us very well. Such as have not letters to the fathers we would recommend to avail themselves of his hostelry.

X.

CALDAS—RETURN TO LISBON.

CALDAS * is the Tunbridge and Cheltenham of Portugal. The town is lively and cheerful, for a Portuguese one at least; it has a large place or square in the centre, the houses round which are not very imposing, but the windows are always filled with smart Donnas; and in the streets you are constantly meeting with men well dressed and well mounted—among them were some of the most distinguished-looking people I had seen in Portugal.

The public walk is pretty, and when we saw

* From Alcobaça to Caldas is about five Portuguese leagues, or twenty miles, but the nature of the road renders it a pretty good day's journey. The weather was wet, and the country presented little to interest—hilly and heathy, with a good deal of poorish cultivation in the bottoms. The rain made the sand-roads very slippery, and our horses had in some parts a difficulty in dragging us. Once we were regularly overturned; another time obliged to borrow six oxen from a timber-cart, to pull us up a hill. The view descending to Caldas, including Obidos and its castle, with an arm of the sea running up to the hills, is striking.

it was generally thronged with loungers. At the head of it are the waters, which seemed to be in requisition the whole day. They have the smell and flavour of those of Harrowgate, and I presume similar virtues. The pump-room is in a large building, which includes a hospital for the poorer visitants. An inscription on the wall behind the pump records that the edifice had been originally erected by Leonora, Queen of John II. in 1488, and since completely rebuilt by John V. in 1747. The close of the inscription struck me—"*Ambo misericordes, ambobus Deus retribuet—Fruere hospes, imitareque quantum potueris, et non te Pœnitebit.*" This John V. was really a fine fellow in his way —another Louis XIV. very devout, very voluptuous, and very magnificent. He built Mafra, and the aqueduct of Alcantara, and established and endowed the Patriarchate; but of all his works he probably now "repenteth him" as little as of any of the hospital at Caldas.

Caldas appeared very full—the day we arrived nearly a dozen seges, which had come in since morning, were standing before the door of our inn, which is said to be the best in the place. Yet our accommodation was not better than that we had gotten elsewhere: indeed it was rather worse—the landlord was drunken and uncivil, and the house, from the accumulation of drivers, I sup-

pose, insufferably noisy. One is puzzled to understand how ladies manage travelling in these countries.

We had been advised to see Obidos, a town about a league (four miles) from Caldas, the antique aspect and conspicuous situation of which would indeed have attracted our attention without this previous advertisement. It is a curious place —dark and dirty, as such towns commonly are, perched on a rocky hill, and completely surrounded by the old wall, which, with its bastions and battlements, still remains perfect. Perhaps it would be difficult to find any where a more entire specimen of feudal fortification. I rode round these walls—in one of the gates is a chapel of our Lady, and over the portal is inscribed, *A Virgem Nossa Senhora foi concebida sem peccado original.* Mr. Southey had already informed us of the real subject of the controversy, respecting the immaculate conception.

Set off on our return. From Caldas to Castanheira is about thirty-five miles—heath nearly the whole way, unvaried by cultivation, except in the bottoms, or just about the villages. In parts the ground rose into wild hills over which a green moor of cistus and erica and dwarf ilex extended itself beyond our sight.

It rained violently all day, and we had no other

amusement than that of looking through the windows at the beautiful shrubs and flowers that thronged the earth around; and the time so passed better than might have been expected. The freshness of the green makes a Portuguese heath almost as pleasant to look upon as an English meadow, and the variety of the plants gives it much greater interest for the botanist.

We were surprised to find so little use made of the heaths for purposes of pasture. Now and then we came upon a flock of goats, or wild goat-like sheep, browsing upon the brushwood: but these were very rare, perhaps not half a dozen in the whole. Indeed, however pleasant in other respects, these tracts present nothing to cheer in a political or economical point of view; and if, as it should seem, they occupy so large a portion of Portugal, one is puzzled to understand how the kingdom, without foreign trade or manufactures, can support so considerable a population. The heaths on one occasion may have done good service—much of this country was the scene of the memorable military operations in 1810-11, and its barrenness, I think, must have powerfully contributed to accelerate Massena's retreat.

Sercal—where the horses and we bait, as usual, on bread and wine. Pass the Monte-junto. Dine as well as we can at Otta, and reach Castanheira

before six, after a journey of about eleven hours—welcomed with much cordiality by our pretty hostess, whom we found as smart and animated and *semillante* as ever.

We left at day-break next morning, which, after the late rains, was most lovely. There is nothing like sunrise or sunset for scenery—the lights are so rich and the shadows so broad. But the morning is preferable, when there is such a sense of freshness and life and animation over every thing.

In the neighbourhood of Villa Franca and Albanda are many traces of our operations in 1810; thus we see, from time to time, batteries and earthworks, with embrasures commanding the road.

A large portion of the windows in the town are latticed, and without glass. There is often no window on the ground-floor, and the only light is from the door-way, over which a moveable cane lattice is placed, as a protection. We have observed, too, that in every parish the houses are universally numbered, from the castle to the cottage. The Marialva is so at Cintra.

Along all the high roads are watering-places for the horses, who are suffered to drink as long and as often as they please. In general there is very little water in the country; a scanty stream runs by most of the villages, and is probably the motive that determined their site.

We are yet at some distance from Lisbon, when we come to the stone walls of the gardens and quintas that surround the capital. It strikes me that these would be very available for the military defence of its approaches. Soon after we hail our old friend Nossa Senhora da Penha da França, and before noon reach Lisbon; and are not sorry to find ourselves there, for, after all, I believe it is all that is worth going to see in Portugal.

Upon the whole I cannot say that there seems any great temptation to travel in this country; no part of it that we have as yet seen can be called beautiful; for Cintra is a mere spot, and owes much of its charm to the accidental accumulation of the quintas that crowd the base of its mountain. Judging from what we had passed through, we should fancy all Portugal to be one vast heath, with here and there a little cultivation about the villages; and which, if gladdened with a climate of less brilliancy, would be very dreary.

We have met with less inconveniences in travelling than we expected. The sege is a very comfortable conveyance, and the horses, which of course are never changed, will bring you from thirty to forty miles a day, at a rate of about four miles an hour, taking the bad road with the good. The accommodation at the inns is humble enough, but we

commonly got what was necessary. Tea and eggs and wine were always attainable—this last, a red wine, is the best Vin du Pays that I have tasted; and infinitely more palatable than the trash which they gave us as port, at Cintra and Lisbon.

We suffered less from our beds than we had feared—they were clean; and I think we commonly had them all to ourselves.

In Portugal, as in almost every other part of the continent, you see few new houses; on the contrary, every town or village bears the symptoms of decay or abandonment. The solidity of the structure even of the meanest cabin contributes partly to this effect. An English house or cottage if not repaired soon falls to pieces, but here, though the inhabitant goes, the walls will remain, and nothing less than an earthquake can effect their disrupture. It is wonderful how little of *progressiveness* is seen in other countries compared with the more than geometrical reproduction with which every kind of public prosperity has crowded on in England during the last half century. We hear of some large fortunes in Lisbon, but they seem for the most part to have sprung, like those of the French financiers, at the expence of the public. One of the largest is that of an individual who had the contract for supplying the army in the late war, and the tobacco monopoly appears to

have originated the wealth of more than one other of the great capitalists.

There was no post from Alcobaça or Batalha, though formerly one ran by Coimbra; and the worthy fathers at both places were desirous of getting what news they could from us. The fact, if it be true of other places of the same class, struck me as one of much political importance. In the diffusion of knowledge and communication of opinion, the post is an instrument almost as valuable as the press. Indeed the one is not of much use without the other; and to be systematic in his hostility to the illumination of his subjects, a despot, to use the modern phrase, should suppress both.

A steam boat plies between Lisbon and Villafranca; and another, I understand, in the summer, runs to Oporto. These are the only public conveyances of any kind, whether by land or water, which we could hear of in Portugal: there are neither diligences nor waggons, nor even post horses. All this seems dismal enough to an Englishman; and till he sees the fact, he can hardly understand how people can exist, and exist happily, in the privation of such indispensables.

I have little to add respecting the face of the country, beyond what was noted in passing

through it. The cultivation is so scanty as hardly to afford matter for remark. Olive grounds are frequent. We have always been surprised to find so few vineyards. Pombal, it is said, compelled the cultivator to root up the vines, and plant corn wherever the land was fit for it. If we saw more corn we should attribute the apparent rareness of the grape to the effect of this strange interference of disposition.

He was a fine, active, straight-forward tyrant, this Pombal; and in Portugal we every where meet with the traces of his reforms. Few of them survived himself. Violence, whether in the hands of a mob or a minister, can only pull down. In Pombal's case the very ferocity with which he enforced his projects of improvement created a reaction of feeling against him, which awaited only the moment of his fall to destroy all, however good, that owed its origin to a source so unpopular. The spectacle of this work of dilapidation must have given some pangs to the remaining years of the old man's life; and doubtless cost him more to bear than the paltry insult of removing his bust from the pedestal of the statue in the Terreiro do Paço. One hears dreadful stories of his despotism here; and yet they evidently look back to his administration with respect. It was the single inter-

val in the modern history of Portugal when any thing of energy or system has characterised the government.

"The princes of the house of Braganza have uniformly been a mild, well-meaning race, and personally much beloved by their subjects. Their government was probably the worst of Europe—a doting, drivelling despotism, uninformed by a single spark of vigour or understanding in itself—unchecked and undirected from without by public opinion, or any thing else; unless it were the monks, who, like the Janissaries of Constantinople, were always on the alert to stifle every germ of improvement. For a time Pombal waged a successful war with these people; but the accession of a weak, bigotted, half-witted woman to the throne, naturally restored their proper ascendancy, which they preserved up to the time of the French invasion. Since then all interests and opinions have been in such a state of *deplacement* and struggle, that it is difficult to form an estimate of the real preponderance of any. However, we may be sure that this stirring of the elements will not have passed over in vain; things cannot return to their former state of stagnation and rottenness; and into whatever form or shape they may subside, the result can hardly be otherwise than for the better.

XI.

ROYAL FAMILY—CONSTITUTION—POLITICAL OPINIONS.

In a foreign country one always feels some curiosity about the royal family. That of Portugal is at present in a state of unusual depression. The king is dead, and it is as yet scarcely known who shall succeed him. Of his two sons, one is in Brazil the other in Germany; the queen is in retreat; and the burden of government has devolved on the eldest infanta, who, with her sisters, alone remains to inhabit the palaces of her fathers.

It is customary with the Kings of Portugal to hold a weekly court, in which the humblest of his subjects is admitted to approach and address the monarch. As yet no court of any kind has been held since the death of the late king. However we have seen the infantas twice—once in particular, very long and close, at a grand musical performance at the patriarchal church. They seem very charming young women—the eldest in particular, who, to a look and expression per-

fectly feminine, adds a mien and carriage most happily marking her rank and her birth. We certainly felt very royalist while looking at them; and I should really think the fact of this comeliness in the regent may prove a circumstance of some resource for the support of her authority. One cannot, indeed, much depend upon this sentiment or any other, at a period of strong popular excitement; for fanaticism, whether political or religious, delights in trampling by preference on all those feelings and instincts to which, in its natural state, our being owes its best homage.

The royal family here, I believe, are very popular with the people; under ordinary circumstances it is always the fault of princes if they are not so. The vulgar, that is, the majority of all classes, naturally love royalty; they have an admiration for princes which Mr. Fox calls foolish; as indeed it seems not so much the result of reason as of a propensity originally implanted in us; and happily so, for without it society could hardly go on in quiet. Besides, we necessarily sympathize with persons rather than things. It is the effort, perhaps, of a higher order of mind to feel interest in the mere abstractions of political theory, the realization of which constitutes much of the pride of a free government.

We do not hear much of politics at Lisbon, nor

indeed have we been much in the way of doing so. Every thing seems quiet at present; from which, of course, we can infer nothing. The period that precedes a political movement—like the stillness before a thunderstorm—or "the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below"—is often one of unusual tranquillity and deadness. However it is bad reasoning from this sort of analogy; and, besides, the calm prevailing at Lisbon is easily ascribable to circumstances which keep people quiet under worse systems. A large body of the nation, we are sure, have an attachment, or at any rate a preference for the present order of things; many, no doubt, think and wish otherwise, but for these there is the fear of force to repress the unruly; and the better caution which induces the more considerate rather to bear their present ills than fly to others of which they can less calculate the malignity. The result of the recent political experiment has probably persuaded a good number that there are worse things even than an absolute government.

With respect to the late constitution there can be, I should think, but one opinion. No doubt some good was wrought by the change, for "they who destroy every thing will certainly remove some grievance." In the old system, too, the abuses bore so large a proportion, as to justify a

revolution at almost any risk of consequences; and they had so overgrown and entangled the whole government, that one might almost fancy that nothing less than a thorough convulsion of the state would have been sufficient to eradicate them.

Notwithstanding therefore the instinctive dread which men of sense and good feeling naturally have for revolutions, and the peculiar mistrust which they must entertain for one that began with a mutiny among the soldiery; it is probable that the better spirits among the Portugueze approved the late change in the beginning. The party, however, which possessed itself of power, took a short way of curing them of any such inclination of opinion. It is not worth while dwelling at this time of day upon the vices of the defunct system—like that of Spain, it was only a copy and exaggeration of the great mother scheme of 1789. As a mere plan of democracy it was both awkward and impracticable enough; but the notion of retaining a king with the functions here left to him, which were in their kind and essence of the same class with those of the town-crier and tipstave, was not more absurd in science than it was senseless in policy.

Indeed throughout the whole of their proceedings

the revolutionary party seems to have been just as imbecile in the conduct of their own interests as they were awkward in the management of those of the public. Why *begin* by disgusting the nobility and other great corporations by a sweeping assault upon settlements and privileges, which, if unwise, they would surely have had full leisure to modify afterwards, and at a time, when the enmity or counteraction of those bodies was of less importance? Again, to say no more of *it*, what could be more impolitic than their attack upon the clergy? Why thus painfully and gratuitously provoke the hostility of a body of whose paramount influence over the minds of the people they could not be ignorant; or if ignorant, we want no further assurance of their utter unfitness for their business. The example of some of the Spanish American republics seems to shew that even the Catholic clergy have not that necessary incompatibility with a free government, but that their acquiescence and even their support may be gained by an ordinary respect for their rights and property.

Another error, common to all these revolutionists, is their childish impatience not to content themselves with stripping their former sovereign of all his attributes of substantial power, unless they make the deposed Prince feel his humiliation by

insulting or disrespectful forms. Besides the unmanliness of this proceeding, it is in the highest degree impolitic. Princes are often more chary of the form of obedience than of its substance. Like other people they feel an insult worse than injury. Nothing could more indispose them to any cordiality of co-operation in the new order of things than this ostentation of disrespect—and nothing too more exasperates the mind of foreign sovereigns against such a system, or more inclines them to make common cause with their oppressed brother. The powers or prerogatives of a monarch may be, as in fact they are, variously modified in different kingdoms; but a certain manifestation of respect and homage to their persons has been attributed, and almost equally, by all; and a violation of this claim is naturally felt as more peculiarly an outrage to the whole order.

Besides (and the remark is applicable to other and older constitutional systems) it is a solecism in politics to retain a monarchy at all unless you secure to the Prince an effectual protection against the insults which base and low minds have a natural pleasure in throwing out against what is above them. A King, if he is any thing, is the organ of the power of a state at home; he is, too, in some sort, a personification or representative of its majesty abroad; and you cannot allow him

to be degraded in his own esteem or that of others, without so far disabling his proper efficiency in the execution of either of his functions.

Even in the distribution of prerogative these politicians commonly carry their parsimony towards the monarchy much beyond what is necessary for their own views and purposes. Indeed, the chief source of defect in all these constitutions is, that they are drawn up, as somebody has said, like a plan of attack—with a view rather to the exigency of the contest than the permanent policy of the state. The popular leaders seem to think, that after stripping their sovereign of so many of his prerogatives, it would be dangerous to leave him in the exercise of any. Nothing, however, can be more mistaken than these apprehensions. In a revolution, the question is never one of right, but of force, and that is always with the people. When once the great body of the nation are stimulated to the sense and the exercise of its original power, all opposition becomes hopeless. The mass may condescend to seem to negociate with its mandataries, but both parties, in fact, feel the infinite disparity of their relative position; and it is this sense of irresistible force on one side which so uniformly, because so naturally, leads to the abuse of it. Under these circumstances the revolutionary chiefs need entertain little

scruple in the most liberal attribution of prerogative to the crown, which it is probable will be thereby only rendered a more convenient instrument for their purposes. Even in quieter times, and under more settled systems, give the nation but a regular organ for the expression of its will, and it matters little how the legislative or executive functions of the state are otherwise distributed. Thus in England—how many are there of the rights of the crown, the most important in themselves, and apparently the most material for the theoretic equilibrium of the constitution, which have slept in uninterrupted rust from the moment that the popular branch of the system has come into habitual and unfettered exercise of its power?

There is still a talk of a new constitution to be given by the King. At the period of the counter-revolution, indeed, Don John pledged himself to bestow a charter, equally guaranteeing the rights of the people and of the throne, and the Marquess of Palmella announced this purpose in a circular, addressed to the foreign powers. A commission was even appointed to draw up the said constitution, but hitherto we have seen nothing of the result of its labour. There seems no sufficient reason, however, to doubt the good faith of the government in this declaration of its intentions, and

I do not think the delay is at all a ground either of suspicion or regret. These things cannot be done too coolly or too leisurely—such a postponement is perhaps even desirable in the concoction or publication of an instrument which proposes to fix the political regimen of the kingdom for ever.

For the rest, with the most liberal intentions possible, it is certainly no such plain matter to *give* a constitution.—It is easy enough to *make* one—to draw upon a paper a system of Kings, Lords, and Commons, in which their several proportions and powers shall be assigned and limited with the nicest precision; but the work and the labour consists in bringing the system thus mechanically contrived into harmonious action. In England, as has been observed, all "these parts of our constitution, while they are balanced as opposing interests, are also connected as friends, otherwise nothing but confusion could be the result of such a complex system *." This kind of mutual understanding and compromise may be the work of time, and of the practical experience of the evils arising from each party's acting independently upon its own specific rights: and with us it is secured by a degree of indirect influence which the crown and the peerage contrive to exercise in that assembly

* Burke's Observations on the Conduct of the Minority.

in which, as the representative of the people, does ultimately reside the whole power of the state. But no resource of this kind can be looked for in a constitution fresh struck out, and accordingly nothing is more unmanageable than these popular assemblies in the exercise of their newly-acquired privileges. Even where there is less reason to suspect the influence of ambitious or factious purposes, they seem too often run away with by the foolish notion that all that is gotten from the government is gain to the people; and to fancy, too, that the possession of rights is nothing unless they are kept in constant exercise. This boyishness is common to the political noviciate of all nations, and probably nothing but experience can avail to cure it.

The fidalgos and proprietors of Madeira were all in favour of the constitution—the nobility of the mother country are understood to have been as decidedly and universally of the opposite opinion. The former, in fact, relegated to a distance from the capital, had nothing to lose by the change; while the latter, no doubt, saw in the downfal of the court the extinction of the proper field for their ambition and power. And yet in absolute governments none feel the caprice and contumely of power more severely or immediately than the aris-

tocracy. Nothing could exceed the restraint and slavery of the higher nobility at Lisbon. It extended itself even to an interference with their most intimate domestic relations; and I have been told that the richest of the Madeira fidalgos was once obliged to set off with all haste to Lisbon, to preclude by personal remonstrance or supplication a project of marriage, which he learnt that the court, without the slightest previous reference to himself, was upon the point of finally arranging in his favour.

Nor is it clear what compensation they got for this sacrifice. If, like Turkish pachas, they could trample on others in proportion as they were kicked themselves, it might be something; but they had not even the monopoly of the royal favour; for it has long been observed, that the favourites or ministers of princes are seldom selected from the old nobility. St. Simon, I think, tells of Louis XIV. himself, that, with one or two exceptions, he never, in the whole course of his reign, admitted a nobleman into his council. Rank, birth, and property, have, in fact, no where more real weight than in England; and I don't doubt but that a Spanish or Portugueze grandee would gain greatly in substantial respect and influence, by a system which should substitute public opinion for the prince's

favour, as the appropriate medium of political power *.

There is here, they say, with a certain party, a considerable jealousy of English influence. They look with a sullen eye upon our squadron in the river; the more so as a notion is encouraged that the expence of it is paid by their own government. This sort of feeling is quite natural; and I suppose we should in vain argue with it by questioning what great advantage England derives from her supposed ascendancy in Portugueze councils. In the connection between the two countries, Portu-

* The body of the titled nobility is not large, though they were nearly doubled in number during the reign and regency of the late king. I may remark that the title of Don is very unusual; and, I believe, is properly confined to the infants of the royal family, or to the younger sons of such noble families as are of Spanish origin. None of the Madeira fidalgos bore it; none, too, of those resident in the island, at least, had titles. There does not, however, seem any determination to confine the distribution of these distinctions to persons of ancient family: some of the richest of the Lisbon capitalists, such as Sampayo, Bandeira, Quintella, &c. have been made counts and barons. Once ennobled, they appear to take place among their elder compeers, with as little sense of distinction in public opinion as prevails with respect to our own new-made lords. We are told that titles are, strictly speaking, bestowed only for life; and that, on the death of a nobleman, the next heir does not take the title until directly authorised to do so by the king's addressing him under that name at his first presentation—a sanction which is scarcely ever withheld.

gal seems to have all the benefit. We have taken on ourselves the obligation of protecting her; as it is, possibly, our interest to do, against her more powerful neighbours, Spain and France; but this obligation is obviously a burden imposed upon us by the circumstances of our political position; and, like every measure of self-defence and precaution, one from which we derive no advantage of any other kind. In the commercial relations between the two countries, I am not aware that Portugal allows us any favours or facilities, which it is not, economically speaking, her interest to give; or, were it otherwise, we should make a miserable bargain in purchasing such advantages, by the liability of being at any time involved in a war for the defence of an ally, who can neither protect herself, nor render us, in any case, the slightest assistance in return. Supposing that it were placed at our option to make Portugal in name and in form what our enemies have often declared her to be in effect—a province of the British crown—I apprehend we should have little hesitation in declining the offer. Yet, if we could gain nothing by the absolute possession of that kingdom, it is pretty plain that there cannot be much profit to us in relations which may approximate ever so nearly to the exercise of a direct influence in its councils.

It may be doubted indeed, whether the intimate connection subsisting between the two governments has been much for the advantage even of Portugal herself. The effect of it has been more than once to draw down upon her the anger and vengeance of her neighbours; who, precluded from any means of more direct attack upon England, have fancied they could annoy us by the distress or destruction of an old ally.

Nothing definite has as yet been heard from Rio as to the purposes of Don Pedro. The general opinion is, that he will stay in Brazil. By this means that empire may yet be preserved to the family of Braganza; but it is already, to all intents and purposes, lost to Portugal. England suffered little by the loss of her colonies, because the single benefit she derived from them consisted in her commercial intercourse with these provinces; the continuance of which was better secured to her by the mutual wants and habits of the two countries, than by any restrictions which it was in the power of political supremacy to enforce. With their monopoly, however, Spain and Portugal have probably lost the sole stay which supported their trade with the New World.

XII.

SOCIETY—OPERA—LADIES.

We see nothing of Portugueze society. Circumstances have occurred to prevent our making use of the letters which we had brought, and had it been otherwise it is probable that they would have profited us little, for the accounts we hear give no very high opinion of the warmth of Portugueze hospitality. In fact, the habits of life among the two people are so different, that the intrusion of a stranger would perhaps involve a greater disturbance of the usual routine of existence than it is fair to expect they should incur, upon the claim of a common letter of recommendation.

Even among themselves, as we understand, there is little general society, on the footing on which we find it in France or England. Families have a great disposition to hang together, insomuch that near connections often make a point of seeing each other two or three times in the course of each day; and the indulgence of this unrestrained inti-

macy stands them much in stead of that more comprehensive intercourse which prevails elsewhere.

The events of the last twenty years, I believe, have worked a very unhappy change in the social system of Lisbon. We have heard people speak with great and melancholy delight of the very agreeable footing upon which it was previously to that period, particularly among the English. But the invasion of the French; the consequent flight of the royal family, of the court, and a large body of the foreign merchants; the long and exhausting war which followed; together with the domestic convulsions of later years have naturally operated a most entire disrupture of all these minuter relations, and the country is, as yet, far from having recovered that sense of quiet and settlement which alone can allow them to ramify again with the necessary confidence and security. Under happier circumstances, indeed, politics have no necessary tendency to promote the agreeableness of society, and this effect is likely to be felt with peculiar force in so narrow a kingdom as Portugal.

The Portugueze have no dramatic literature that deserves the name; in this also, unlike the Spaniards who have little other. There are two theatres at Lisbon, however, where Portugueze plays

are enacted; but what we can learn, whether of the pieces or the performance, has given us no encouragement to visit them. The French, in fact, are the only people in Europe who can properly be said to have a theatre; or one, at least, to which men of any cultivation of taste can habitually resort to as an amusement. Shakspeare himself is better fitted to read than to see; the same holds far stronger with the old dramatists, his contemporaries or immediate successors; and since them, we have none whom we can either read or see except the comic writers of the beginning of the last century, the tone of whose morality utterly disqualifies them for representation. As for the present state of our stage, no Englishman at all chary of the reputation of his country for good sense or civilization would wish to take a foreigner to one of the national theatres.

At Lisbon, as in London, the best resource of this kind is the opera; an entertainment, which, as it addresses itself to the senses and not the understanding, however it may weary, seldom, in its worst failures, excites disgust. The opera at Lisbon was at one time the first in Europe. It is still sufficiently respectable. The average strength of the corps, I think, is not below that of the London company. The house itself is large and handsome; the centre being occu-

pied from top to bottom by the royal box. I imagine in this, as in most continental operas, the government contributes a large portion of the expense. The admission to the pit is only a crusado, not quite half-a-crown.

Upon the whole, however, it must be admitted there are no great resources of amusement at Lisbon for a stranger. Individually the people are of a very lively character; yet (possibly from that very circumstance) they cultivate few of those means of pastime or dissipation upon which other nations so much depend for getting rid of their time. Nor is it at all obvious how the idler portion of the community do, in effect, relieve themselves from the burden of their superfluity in this respect. The problem is of more difficult solution, as a stranger sees nothing of the machinery. In France, in fine weather every one lives out of doors. At Lisbon it is just the reverse—There is no public walk, or point of general or daily *re-union*, where people may keep each other's *ennui* in countenance —the coffee-houses are all of an inferior description, and apparently not frequented by the better class of loungers—in the evening you see nothing of that throng of liberated humanity which at the close of the summer day so animates the Boulevards of Paris, and lends an air of enjoyment and cheerfulness to the suburbs of London itself.

We hear no sound of music in the streets, or of dancing in the *guingettes*—even on holidays the faces of the people seem to suffer no relaxation of that composure which is the ordinary character of their expression.

Our chief amusement hitherto, when without a more definite object, has been riding—but the environs are any thing but pleasant, and we commonly confine ourselves to the streets. These, it is true, are rather dirty, and not very gay—equipages we have seen none; for we cannot dignify by the name an old dingy sege, or cabriolet, because it happens to be drawn by four instead of two horses—and it is not the habit of the people, and least of all of the ladies, to amuse themselves in walking.

The balconies of the Lisbon streets form the most attractive circumstance about them. In the first place, when neatly painted, they add much to the effect of the buildings—then they are often filled with flower-pots—*cravos de janella*, a very large kind of carnation, are at present the favourites—and still more frequently with Donnas, who unmask their beauties to our gaze, unobstructed by any of those *zelosias* of which we read in the old Spanish novels. The women are really often very pretty; of the young I think the look is commonly pleasing—at any rate it cannot be

dissembled, that they form an indisputable improvement upon the Madeirenses, and it would be paying these last too bad a compliment to suppose that the recollection of them constituted all the charm of their fair sisters of the continent. The faces of the Lisbonians are not so round nor so full—characters that suit any part of the person rather than the face—their features, though small, are of a more delicate chiselling—their complexions decidedly finer; now and then, indeed, we have seen the most beautiful skins, exquisitely clear and smooth, with the slightest and most delicate tinge of carnation on the cheek that one can fancy. The red and white of an English complexion is not unfrequently apt to border a little upon *fadeur*. This, at least, is not the fault of a Lisbon *belle*, whose skin when fairest has a warmth of tone the farthest possible remote from insipidity; and when shaded by thick black curls, and animated by eyes—not so large and full perhaps as those we had left at Madeira—but of a longer shape, shadowed by a richer fall of lash, and, partly perhaps from that circumstance, more soft and intelligent in their expression—I have sometimes been for the moment half shaken in my allegiance to the rightful supremacy of English beauty. Their forms, too, have little of the Madeira *embonpoint*, though in general, while young,

they avoid the other and perhaps worse extreme. But they are seldom tall, and except the infantas we have seen but few instances among them of what we should call fine figure or commanding air. Their feet, we are assured, are often very beautiful, and that they set much by the advantage, sparing no care or expence in the due ordering of their *chaussure*. The very sedentary habits of their lives may with them, as with the Chinese, assist in cherishing this distinction—though even among the lower orders we observed many instances of its occurrence*.

With respect to the donnas, it must be confessed, we have had few opportunities of verifying this important fact of the *asciutto, breve e ritondetto pede*. We seldom see them except leaning from their balcony, or kneeling at mass. The same circumstance has, of course, rather limited our means of judging of them in one or two other respects. In general I fancy I perceive something studiously feminine in their air and expression; in

* I have little to say of the appearance of the men. The peasantry seem as stout and hearty as those of other countries; but the Lisbonians themselves are rather an under-sized race; and, contrary to what is the case with us, the lower orders are in general better built and better looking than the higher. It must be admitted that these last do too often abuse that 'privilege to be ugly,' which, however, it is a great consolation to know, is among the most undoubted and undisputed of the rights of man.

that respect reminding us a good deal of the French, with whom, we know, this sort of personation is the great secret of female attraction. A French woman never for a moment suffers one to forget her sex; evincing thereby her usual depth in the principles of coquetry; for it is certain that we love, or rather perhaps fall in love, with women, not for the qualities which they have in common with us; or even which are abstractedly good in themselves, as much as for those which are appropriately and peculiarly feminine. There is less of this sort of consciousness betrayed in the manner of Englishwomen than of any others—a distinction for which, no doubt, they are indebted to the greater simplicity of their education—assisted a little, perhaps, by the genius of our language, which is the only one in Europe that does not incessantly indicate the sex of the person speaking, or to whom you speak. Another peculiarity in which the Lisbon women also resemble the French, is the marked demureness, and even seriousness of countenance, which all classes of them invariably preserve in the street. Meeting them in this way, you never by any chance catch their eye—a kind of reserve which, it must be allowed, that they abundantly make up for when in their balconies.

But walking, as I have said, is not the habit of the people; and a lady is seldom met on foot unless when going to mass. Indeed the churches

form the best opportunity which a stranger has of seeing them. They come in full dress, always black, I believe; with no other covering to the head than the mantilla veil; and seat themselves, on their feet, in front of the altar, where we have seen them remain for an hour together—not praying, as far as one could judge, nor, in general, talking; but, apparently, contenting themselves in the sort of homage, which their posture and the place implied; and in the meanwhile, perhaps, deriving some little collateral satisfaction from seeing and being seen by those around. All classes kneel together, the better sort commonly rather in advance of the others. There is a good deal of fashion in the preference of places of worship. One of the most brilliant assemblages we saw in a little mean chapel near the Estrella convent. They are all, I believe, very devout, and their devotion fills up much of their time: and, no doubt, is, so far, a great resource and comfort to them; though the benefit of its operation, for more appropriate purposes, is a little questionable.

The Portugueze ladies, even of the higher class, I believe, do not pay much attention to the cultivation of intellectual accomplishments; at least we hear strange stories of the deficiency of the most rudimental instruction among them. We had little opportunity ourselves of forming an opinion on the fact,—and still less on that of

the higher matters of manners and morals; with respect to which last we should not place much reliance on the accounts that are gotten from others, for the subject is one on which there is always exaggeration. Besides, *ce n'est pas l'affaire des honnêtes gens*—not at least of a passing stranger, who may be well content to worship the outward and visible loveliness of this class of objects without troubling himself with speculations upon matters on which, perhaps, we judge best when we judge least. For after all, the fashions and habits of the country, though they affect not at all the obligation of any one moral duty, necessarily form a material element in estimating the moral pravity indicated by the violation of it. In the instance of women, too, there are other considerations besides those of mere gallantry which should always suggest a gentler tone of animadversion on their errors. At all times, I believe, we shall find women as good as the practice and precept of the men will allow them to be; their morality indeed, in its reaction, exercises a most momentous influence upon our own; but the tone of it is always in the first instance taken from the other sex; and this circumstance should in mere justice be suffered to lighten a little the burden of their responsibility.

Of their persons we had abundant means of observation; and up to the last, saw nothing to change the

very favourable impression we had received on arriving. Almost the last day of our stay in Lisbon, I met with two exquisitely pretty women. One was in the balcony of a large house near the Pateo das Chagas, and struck me as the very ideal of a Spanish beauty.—Tall; her figure rather slight, but of uncommon elegance of make and mien; small and delicately formed features; a complexion clear, though pale; long dark eyes of a soft and languid expression, though there was something almost of disdain in the curve of her little lip. Her head was most beautiful both in shape and air, and she had the true donna-like carriage of it. The other was in the Botanic Garden; she was of a fuller make; with more colour in the cheek; more animation in the eye; more sweetness and play of expression in the countenance; but lovely as she was, she has scarcely made so vivid an impression on my memory as the vision of the balcony.

Every body, I suppose, in travelling, has felt the charm of the apparitions of grace and beauty, which in this way flit across our path, and the sort of irritating recollection which they leave behind. The very mystery that attends these beings, 'whose course or home we know not, nor shall know,' lends them half their interest. And this is natural, for, I suppose, every thing by which love is raised above the mere instinct depends upon the excitement of the imagination, and the moral or

sentimental attributes with which that faculty clothes the objects of its idolatry. One can very well conceive a man of certain sensibilities to be more in love with a woman he had never seen, than it was possible he could be with one whom he had. With such an one the sound of a fine female voice singing, or a beautiful arm put out of window to water flowers *, might kindle a passion that nothing but a sight of the person herself could avail to cure. Graver readers will hardly appreciate this refinement of sentiment; but seriously speaking, I believe that in most cases of violent passion it will be found that some personal charm has given the excitement, and that the imagination does nearly all the rest—the object herself often acting as little more than the figure whereon to hang the drapery furnished from its exhaustless wardrobe. With lovers of this apprehensive complexion, the skilful use and alternation of reserve is the soul of coquetry. It is the *chiaro-oscuro* of the art, in which, as in that of painting, upon the due distribution of the shadows depends half the effect.

* See the Student of Salamanca in Bracebridge-hall, which opens with an exquisite picture of this kind. It is a pity that the writer did not carry on the mystery longer, or even leave it finally to repose in that obscurity which still lends such a fearful interest to the legend of "the Stout Gentleman." See, too, what Rousseau says of the effect of the singing of the *scuole* at Venice.

XIII.

ARRABIDA.

THE view across the river from Lisbon is bounded in the distance by a range of high bold hills or mountains, which extend along the sea coast from Cape Espichel to St. Ubes and Palmella; of these the loftiest is the mountain of Arrabida, celebrated for its convent and its cave, and an excursion to this was the last of my expeditions. B. was unable to accompany me.

Persons travelling above twenty miles from Lisbon are obliged to procure a special passport for the occasion; a vexatious system of restraint common to all the continent, and our perfect freedom from which in England I really think constitutes practically a more valuable immunity than that which we enjoy under the habeas corpus act itself. I had the precaution to take one for Arrabida, but found it was not necessary by the route I went, as there were no considerable towns in the way.

—Cross the water to Cassillas, where I hire a

couple of donkeys and a man. There are no horses to be procured here.

The country is at first pretty; broken sandstone hills covered with vineyards and corn fields and olive grounds, with views on the left to the creeks that run up the south shore of the Tagus. But this does not last long. After following the St. Ubes road for about an hour we strike off by a slight wheel-track to the right; and pursue our way for nearly the whole remainder of the day with the unimportant exception of a patch of vines here and there, over one uniform region of heath and pine-forest, or commonly of both together, the heath being generally scattered with a greater or less quantity of that tree.

The pine-woods (*Espinhaes*) are very extensive. We were nearly two hours passing through that of Mr. I. F. de Caldas, which is succeeded by the Palmella *Espinhal*, yet larger, but not so thickly planted; there was little fine timber.

All this was dull enough; and my donkey, though a very good one, could not carry me very fast through it, so I was obliged to resort to my old amusement of marking the flowers and shrubs*. I made my guide tell me the Portu-

* ——— The mountain path they chose,
The forest and the lonely heath wide spread,

gueze names of them; to which he added a detail of their medical virtues and uses; for they nearly all had some such; and we met strings of asses laden with the blossoms on their way to the Lisbon apothecaries. I suppose every one may gather them for this purpose, as every one may sport over the heaths, for there seems to be no game laws in Portugal; the royal *coitados* or chases are alone excepted from this general franchise. My guide assures me that there are plenty of partridges or woodcocks, snipes also. The sporting season is from about October to February.

This guide of mine was a very intelligent fellow; he had lived five years in the service of no less a person than the late General Picton, whom he followed throughout the whole Peninsular campaigns and up to the walls of Toulouse. He spoke much

> Where cistus shrubs, sole seen, exhaled at noon
> Their fine balsamic odour all around,
> Strewed with their blossoms frail as beautiful
> The thirsty soil at eve, and when the sun
> Relumed the gladdened earth, opening anew
> Their stores exuberant, prodigal as frail,
> Whitened again the wilderness.
>
> RODERICK. B. 11.

We were too late for this spectacle; whole tracks were seen covered by the cistus-ladaniferus, or gum-cistus, but the season of flowering had already past.

and warmly of his gallant master, and seemed to appreciate better than could have been expected from a person in his situation, the superior pitch of his mind and character. It was remarkable that though mixing so long with the English army the man scarcely knew a word of our language. He spoke his own with great clearness and distinctness; indeed coming from Madeira one is struck with the superior intelligibility of the Lisbon pronunciation. The islanders talk a very corrupt dialect; thus they almost invariably omit to sound the final vowel.

Peru—a large deserted half ruined palace, standing alone on the heath. It was built by a Count D'Obidos, about four generations back, of whose wealth, splendour, and eccentricities my man told me some strange anecdotes. The building is of great extent; parts of it are inhabited by farming labourers. I dined under its walls on bread and oranges.

Beyond this we cross a low cultivated ridge, along which is situated a series of towns and villages, Palmella, Azeitaô, &c. On the other side we find the heath again, extending to the foot of the mountains, which now rise directly before us. At a short distance on the right is the palace of the Marquess of Palmella, a large range of white

building, forming three sides of a square, with a court for bull-fights in the middle.

We ascend the mountain by a road winding round the west end of it. Pass the Carmelite Convent; from hence begins a series of crosses, disposed at equal distances, and it is an ordinary penance, my man tells me, of the monks of the Arrabida Convent, to walk barefoot by night over these flinty roads to the Carmo, repeating a certain number of prayers at each station. On gaining the ridge of the hill we find the sea close under us.

Descend the other side, through a thicket of arbutus, laurestinus, ilex, and cork. Some little circular domes and chapels crown the heights between us and the shore—a more romantic and characteristic mark are the rude crosses which are placed on the topmost crags. Soon after the pretty pavilion of the Bom Jesus appears below, smiling, as it were, from among the dark woods, which clothe the steep of the rocks and mountains that inclose you on all sides, except towards the sea, which is spread out at the foot of them—at this moment as blue and unruffled as the sky it reflected. These are all the features of the picture—and, few as they are, they compose one of the most striking I have ever witnessed.

The convent itself is not far beneath, but as yet

the steepness of the wooded hill does not allow it to be visible. As we drew nearer, I heard the sounds of voices and of laughter below, and on reaching the little platform of the building, found it occupied by a large party of young people, who had come over from the neighbourhood to do homage to our lady, and spend a day or two among her rocks and woods. The convent is a favourite object of expeditions of this kind. There are two or three buildings provided for the accommodation of strangers, and in the summer they are often crowded for weeks together.

Our party seemed all of the rich burgher class—the men a little vulgar, but the women by no means so, all young, and in their looks pleasing, almost to prettiness. Most of them, as I learnt afterwards, were married, a circumstance which I had not inferred from their appearance and manner.

As I arrived they were on the point of ascending to the old convent, under the guidance of a young friar. I joined them, though perhaps I should have been better pleased to have gone alone.

The old convent is an inclosure on the face of the hill, where was the original site of the establishment, since moved to a more sheltered and convenient situation lower down. It is covered

with low wood, through which runs a labyrinth of pathways, with little cells and chapels excavated here and there in the rock, in memory of some of the more distinguished inmates of the convent, each containing the image, as large as life, of the solitary, with an inscription commemorating his virtues and penance. Among others I observed the cell of Don *Martinho da Santa Maria*, the son of the Count de St. Estevaô de Castella, who it was said retired to this mountain in the year 1540, and founded this convent, the spot being given to him by his kinsman, the Duke of Aveiro—near it was the cell of Pedro of Alcantara, who accompanied Don Martinho in his retreat. Another is that of Father Agostinho da Cruz, the "Brother of the celebrated poet La Barca, and himself excelling in that kind of literature," who is stated to have spent forty years in this retreat in the practice of every cenobitic austerity.

After exploring the several sights of the garden the whole party, some twenty in number, proceeded to a little chapel, where they kneel before a shrine of our lady, the donnas inside, the men for the most part, without, and began to sing alternately a part of the office of the Virgin. The chaunt was short and simple, but pleasing, and they sang, particularly the women, very well. I stood a little aloof among the rocks, and listened

—the effect in such a scene and such an hour was exceedingly pretty. In the sympathy of the moment I half regretted that I could not join their devotions, for there seems always something churlish in dividing oneself from one's fellows in an office of this kind; and the sense of our weakness is such, that it is not without reluctance we decline any assistance, which even the superstition of our nature may proffer. And then this is certainly the most excusable part of the Catholic idolatry. If religion were to be considered after M. de Chateaubriand's manner, as a matter of taste rather than of truth, one could easily be brought to worship a Madonna—not, indeed, the vile little dolls that disgrace their altars, but such as she has been familiarized to our imaginations by those pictures in which Raphael has revealed to us the ideal of perfect womanly beauty; combining in the "sweet austere composure" of her countenance, all the meekness and purity of the sainted virgin—with the expression so intense, though subdued and reverent, of the deepest and tenderest of human affections.

This chaunting, I should think, occupied about a quarter of an hour: when over, the ladies seemed merrier than ever—in the satisfaction, I suppose, of being, for that day at least, at peace with their friend.

Women are not admitted into the convent itself, and we descended thither without them. It is a curious range of old building, terraced up against the rock with little courts and gardens intermixed. They shewed us a large orange tree which had been planted by St. Pedro d'Alcantara. The superior was a very venerable old man, and looked as one worn with penance and prayer, rather than years. I was struck by the kind caressing manner which the men of our party used toward the old monks. In general, I think, there can be no doubt of the real attachment of the Portugueze towards their clergy—the regulars at least—a feeling which is honourable to that body; and should tend to discredit the vulgar stories told of the irregularity of their lives.

Some of the monks, while we were present, were constantly muttering their prayers. This had rather a pharisaical air; and yet what doth it profit them? or what but sincerity could support men at all under such an existence as theirs? However, it is the inconvenience of all ascetic practices, that pure as they may have been in their origin, they come at length to be performed as much to maintain character, as for the satisfaction of the internal principle; and this inevitable ambiguity of motive naturally engenders something of outward pretence in the individual. Simeon Stylites him-

self must have ended in a mere mountebank at last.

Day was now fast declining. I got rid, with some little difficulty, of my new acquaintance, and strolled up to the *Bom Jesus*—

> —Una picciola chiesa che responde
> All' *occidente* assai comoda e bella—
> Di sotto, un bosco scende sino all' onde
> Di lauri e di ginepri e de mortella.

A very old monk—tall, thin and emaciate, with a long white beard; but withal of a peculiar mildness of aspect; altogether as venerable and interesting a personage as Ruggiero's spiritual comforter, or father Lorenzo himself—has the care and service of this little chapel, and was walking to and fro in the court before it. I was a good deal struck with the man and the scene. One hates to see a young monk; but on an old man the habit sits not unseemly: and such a spot as this, shut in by the rocks and the sea, would be no ill retreat for that interval between the business of life and its termination, in which the best of us might not unprofitably awhile retire, to

> "Walk thoughtful on the silent solemn shore
> Of that vast ocean we must sail so soon."

Leaving my little offering on the plate, I conti-

nued my pilgrimage to the chapel of St. John of the Desert, a romantic oratory which I see perched up among the rocks near the summit of the mountain above: a steep pathway, winding among thickets of lauristinus and arbutus, leads us to this retreat, from whence there is a most extensive view of the sea, and of the coast of Portugal as far as the Algarves.

It is yet a good way farther to the summit of the mountain: when I reached it the sun was fast sinking behind the peaks of Cintra—the Tagus and Lisbon in the distance; a wild waste of heath below.

It was dark before I got back to the convent; the little spot still rung, from time to time, with the laughter of the girls—always one of the pleasantest of sounds, for perhaps there are few purer expressions of human happiness: that of men is a good deal more equivocal in its character; their merriment is seldom without coarseness, or even ill-nature.

As I sat on the low wall near the convent-gate, waiting for my servant, three or four of the young women, taking pity on my loneliness, came up, and entered into conversation. Several of the visitors, too, pass to the convent with small lighted lamps, to burn before the shrines in the night. At length I retired to my room in one of the pilgrim's

houses. My man procured me some pickled fish, and a straw mat from the convent; on the former of which I sup, and on the latter sleep, very tolerably.

The monks of Arrabida never taste meat. They have no property, and depend wholly upon charity for their subsistence: but such is the ardour of the faithful, that they never want for plenty of such succour as the austerity of their rule permits them to partake of.

I was up by day-break next morning; and after breakfasting on a cold fowl that I had brought in my portmanteau, set out with fresh vigour to resume my explorations. My fair fellow pilgrims were stirring nearly as early; and gave me the good morrow with smiles all radiant of joy and good nature.

Set out alone for the cave of St. Margaret, on the shore at the bottom of the mountain, and reach it after about twenty minutes of rapid descent. The cave is merely a large low excavation, worked out by the wave in the lowermost stratum of the rock; but a more romantic spot can hardly be fancied—so wild, so secluded—the cliffs and rocks overhead are broken and piled in the most fantastic shape and manner, and overgrown with the finest vegetation: among the rest were some myrtles of great beauty, and thickly covered with

blossom; I had never before seen the tree to advantage in its wild state. The religion of the place, too, and the wild legends attached to it, gave it additional interest; a stone cross is erected on one of the crags above; and in the cave itself is a little chapel, dedicated to St. Margaret.

I could not distinctly make out the story of the cave, though my guide repeated it to me more than once. But it seems that an English vessel was driven on these rocks, and that the crew was saved by the interposition of St. Margaret, who kindled a supernatural light on the stern of the vessel, and another on the shore; and that the captain, in gratitude, built the little chapel from the remains of the wreck.

> Fair is the dark-green deep—by night and day
> Unvexed with storms the peaceful billows play.

—They tell me there is commonly a great swell of sea on this coast. At that moment, however, the surface heaved as gently as 'a sleeping infant's breast.' A slight ripple only marked the motion of the waters against the rocks on which I sat; I descended among them and bathed, and again climbed up to my seat. The delicious glow produced by the immersion seemed to heighten ones sensibility to the beauty and romance of the spot.

A little bark or two crossed the bay in front. The saint is a favourite with sailors, and doubtless many an orison is breathed out to 'Our Lady' and St. Margaret' from the vessels that pass under the shadow of their cross-crowned heights.

In finally leaving the convent I was greeted by the kind valedictions of the fair *Romeiras*, who waved their hands till I had lost sight of them. There is always something very consolatory in the sympathy of women; but in growing older one should really become a little more independent of it. The prospect of the other alternative is not a comfortable one—to a bachelor at least.

We returned home by a somewhat different route, through Azeitaô; there is considerably more cultivation on this side, but the predominant character is still heath, of which one at length begins to be weary. It is provoking too, to see so little use made of these wastes; they are not even made to feed bees, for which the wild flowers would peculiarly adapt them; but the multiplication of this insect is said to be discouraged, in the apprehension of their injuring the vines.

I was struck by a remark of my guide as illustrative of the agricultural spirit of the people; he pointed out to me a tract of heath which he said might be made to produce very good corn. To my inquiry why it was not then cultivated, he an-

swered, because it was so far from any village; a reason he seemed to think quite sufficient. I have no doubt but that much of this land would be perfectly fit for the growth of oats; but we have seen no instance of this crop in Portugal. It is said they object to them as provender for horses, as being of too heating a quality. I do not know whether barley be more common. The only grain we have observed is bearded-wheat and Indian corn *.

I was not much less than eighteen hours returning to Cassillas, where I was very glad to find myself; for the journey—on a donkey—under a hot sun—and for the most part over barren heaths, was rather fatiguing. There was a prodigious scramble among the boatmen at Cassillas for the honour of transporting me to the opposite shore.

* There is indeed much scope for improvement in this country in every department of its cultivation. Their vegetables are not numerous, and even these are of recent introduction. Fifty years ago Portugal did not produce a cabbage; nor is the fashion of eating them as yet perfectly naturalized. The only fruit we see in the markets are cherries, and those not of a fine kind. At our hotel, or private table, they supply us with strawberries and apricots, and mulberries, almonds, &c. but we do not see them exposed for sale. Oranges of course are abundant, and very delicious; but not so cheap as at Madeira—where I remember we once bought sixteen dozen for a shilling.—The regular foreign demand has no doubt raised the price.

The occasion seemed to arouse all the ancient fire and energy of the Portugueze character—my little baggage became instantly divided among three or four parties, and I was obliged to redeem some of the pieces by a small payment to the unsuccessful candidates.

Next day we left the Tagus, and a few hours soon wafted us out of sight of Portugal. In closing these notes (already perhaps too protracted, respecting a country so little strange to us) I should be tempted to add a few summary remarks on the people; but in truth, though we made the best advantage of the time and opportunities which we had, neither the one nor the other were sufficiently ample to justify our generalizing any conclusion so suggested. That my impressions upon the whole were sufficiently favourable, may be gathered from what has been said; but here also I rather mistrust myself, partly on the ground of the very unpleasant prepossessions with which I recollect to have arrived in the country; and a little too from the consciousness of a certain constitutional impatience of looking on the dark or the dismal side of things, which perhaps does not more disqualify a man as a good Whig, than as an accurate critic of men and manners. The traveller, therefore, who should take this little volume as his guide, may reasonably make some

abatement of the favourable estimate it offers. He may find Lisbon more dirty—the women not so pretty—the people less intelligent and obliging than they struck me; but, after all, I am fain to persuade myself, he will discover still more to deduct from the opposite representations of other travellers—and that of the two exaggerations, my own has deviated the least widely, not from good-nature merely, but from the truth.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX I.

[Page 1.]

THERE is no difficulty in getting to Madeira; almost every vessel going south of the line thinks it prudent to make the island in its way; and not a few touch there; so that beside the convenience of a monthly packet from Falmouth there are seldom wanting opportunities of conveyance from most of the considerable ports of the United Kingdom. Moreover, the wind is commonly favourable for the voyage thither; a week from Falmouth, or ten days from the Thames, is no unusual passage.

But it is not so easy to get back again. The English packet goes on to Brazil and returns by a different course; and, as much as the island lies in the way of vessels going south of the tropics, it is, from the course of the trades, altogether out of their track returning; so that no homeward bound vessel ever voluntarily nears it. Accordingly, to get to Europe, you have nothing to depend upon but the vessels that trade directly with the island itself. These are not many, as a great part of the wine is shipped in East-Indian and other ships bound on ulterior voyages.

Beside, the wind commonly so favourable for the voyage out, is in the same proportion adverse to the return; the ordinary average of this last passage is at least double that of the former.

There are not many opportunities of getting even to Lisbon. The Portugueze packet goes home by the Azores, and the vessels that trade between the island and Lisbon and St. Ubes, and which, indeed, are constantly running to and fro, are for the most part light schooners, called yachts, of about one hundred tons, and furnished with no accommodation of any kind for passengers.

[Page 95, line 9.]

A London *rout* might be supposed to resolve the problem still more completely, except that in this case there is no pretence of society; in any sense, at least, in which the thing is distinguishable from the mere gregarious propensity which we have in common with so many other animals; the object there, I apprehend, is rather to escape from the restraint or the effort of conversation, and Mad. de Stahl perfectly seized the theory of this sort of exhibition of individuals the one to another, when she described it as '*une habile invention de la mediocrité pour annuler les facultés de l'esprit.*' Nothing, indeed, can more thoroughly equalize all pretensions in this respect; and as men of sense do not form the majority of us, there seems no good reason why the festive arrangements of society should not, like its political organization, be constructed with a view to the greater good of the greater number. Besides people, that is, women and young men, go to routs to see chiefly and be seen; and if soberer persons mingle with the throng, and are not amused, it is their own fault.

All these matters I suspect are better understood any where than with us. We English are certainly not a social people; our pride and our shyness, our habits, whether of business or abstraction, our impatience of restraint, and dislike of display, equally tend to disqualify us for this sort of gratification. The only society we enjoy consists in that where domestic relations, or long and early habits of fellowship beget a degree of intimacy that sets us perfectly at our ease. And then, the manners of women with us prevents their contributing that full proportion to social enjoyment which they impart almost every where else. Our young ladies, perhaps, have more liberty in society than those of other countries; but they are sometimes apt to be a little occupied with the expediency of forming for themselves what is called an advantageous establishment, so as not to feel much interest in the homage or attention that promises no desirable result of that kind—and, after marriage, they are too domestic to be perfectly sociable; they cannot, I suppose, be both, and certainly in the option have chosen the better part.

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Cosmogonists have not unfrequently been sceptics; or perhaps it is that sceptics have a turn for cosmogony; the rejection of the received explanation naturally sets them upon contriving a substitute. One can understand how the habit of conversing with these chaotic vestiges may have a tendency to encourage such a mode of thinking; though perhaps the absence of the presumption of an intelligent cause in effects which indicate nothing but the blind sway of elemental force, ought rather to strengthen, or at any rate render more striking the argument in the instances of organized mat-

ter, and of the adaptation of means to ends which its contrivances so abundantly evince. Yet we have seen a French *savant* La Metherie, who after making out mountains to be crystals, thought he had not sufficiently generalized his principle till he had shewn man to be one also*; in the same way that the obstetrical practice of Dr. Darwin is suspected to have had a considerable share in disposing him to the adoption of his favourite hypothesis of the *generation* of the world. One might almost fancy that a devotion to subjects of physiologic research tended in some sort to disqualify the mind for abstract reasoning. Even the exacter sciences do not seem to be without this effect. It would not be easy to point out a supposition of more gratuitous absurdity than that by which Laplace accounts for the origin of the planetary system.

The indulgence of this sort of deliration, however, is not without its use and its moral; the best remedy for atheism, where such a nostrum is wanted, is to try and make out the sense of one of these substituted

* One is prepared for this sort of *galimatias raisonné* among the French, who, since the days of Descartes and Gassendi, or at least of Malebranche and Buffier, seem to have lost the faculty of speculating upon any subject the relations of which lie beyond the jurisdiction of the differential calculus. The fault of the Germans has been commonly of an opposite kind; and one is the more surprized to find traces of the same tendency in no less a philosopher than M. Von Buch, who talks (Travels in Iceland, p. 146, Jameson's translation,) of the "beautiful clue by which the progress of geologic experience promises to connect us more nearly with the living world, which allows us to hope that we shall have a nearer prospect of comprehending the general plan of nature in the formation of organic and inorganic bodies, if we could only again find the same path; for the great course of nature is *but one* and the *same from the coagulation of granite to the career of man.*" In another place (p. 201,) he speaks of 'the great truth to which all geological phenomena lead us, that all the diversities of formations arise only through external movements, which modify the internal powers of attraction, and which at last, when they have reached the highest conflict against each other, give thereby rise to the *vivifying power.*'

theories; to observe the strange nonsense which men of subtle intellect enough (Buffon among the rest) are driven to talk, in order merely to avoid a conclusion to which the sole ground of objection seems to be the too intuitive certainty with which we reach it. If the argument *ad ignorantiam* were ever logically admissible, it would in this controversy be irresistible.

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Camoens has often been compared to Tasso; but the only advantage of merit which the Portugueze has over the Italian, is that of having preceded him in point of time. No comparison can be instituted between the two poems themselves—so immeasurable is the superiority of the Gerusalemme in every quality, whether of imagery, or language, or character, or structure, which can contribute to the interest of a great poem. Yet perhaps it is hardly fair to judge of a work in a language with which one as yet is so imperfectly acquainted; the charm of the style and verse is necessarily in a great measure lost, and this forms three-fourths of the pleasure of all fine poetry. In the order of poets I should be disposed to rank him with Spenser, to whom I fancy he bears some resemblance, in the soft and easy flow of his verse, and the plaintiveness of tone in which he loves to indulge. Perhaps neither had the power or compass necessary to carry him through a long poem *.

* No notion of the Lusiad can be obtained from Mickle's translation, which is one the least satisfactory of any I know. To fidelity it has no pretension, in the most latitudinarian sense of the word—whole passages have been added or transposed, at the discretion of the translator, who seems to me to have ill-compensated this abandonment of his proper business, by the infusion of any less appropriate merit of his own. I hardly know a more fatiguing specimen of that sort of poetic phrase which, as has been said, was introduced by Pope's Iliad, and became a mere cant in the mouths of his imitators.

I have mentioned Barros—a delightful work, the Herodotus of Portugueze literature. There is some little difficulty in the book from the occasional obsoleteness of the expression; and the long-windedness of sentence in which, after the fashion of old writers, he is wont to indulge, is sometimes fatiguing; but, upon the whole, this slight tinge of antiquity has I think an agreeable effect in an historian; and, at any rate, I prefer his conscientiousness of manner and tone to the more rhetorical and philosophical air of "Freire Andrade's Don John de Castro;" a book which has been put into our hands as a model of Portugueze style; and which, indeed, though the author wrote nearly two centuries ago, affects very successfully all the apothegmatic concision and balanced antithesis of the modern French school. Sallust was probably his model, and he is not a good one—one loves an air of truth and business in history—any perception of an attempt at effect or painting, begets a degree of mistrust which is utterly fatal to the sort of interest appropriate to historical narrative.

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Geraniums, though not native, are abundant in Madeira, and grow luxuriantly about the cabins—the little plots of garden are frequently hedged in by them. The plant, however, does not yet seem properly naturalized. I have never detected the scented variety at such a distance from human abode, as to resist the suspicion that it had not found its way without assistance. China roses are as common as geranium—every cabin has its bush.

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Nothing can be more unfounded than the common prejudice, that much of the wine imported from Ma-

deira has been originally brought from Teneriffe, or the other Canaries, and afterwards exported as the real produce of the island. The strictest and most effectual measures are taken to preclude the introduction of any foreign wine whatever; insomuch that it is not without some difficulty and going through certain formalities, that permission can be obtained to import that of the mother country itself. Champagne and claret are occasionally seen at the merchants' tables, but the sort of connivance which permits the smuggling (in vessels constantly arriving from Europe,) of a few cases of these wines for the luxury of a small class of individuals, of course implies nothing as to the facility for the introduction of any considerable quantity of the growth of a foreign and rival island, with which moreover there exists little or no direct intercourse whatever. For the rest, the Madeira merchant need not go to Teneriffe for an inferior article, as the vineyards of the north of his own island would sufficiently supply him in that respect; and there is reason to believe that in the extraordinary demand occasioned by the high prices that prevailed during the late war, that an admixture of the north wines was resorted to as the means of meeting it. The deterioration thence arising in the qualities of the wines has probably contributed, in a considerable degree, to the change which has since taken place in the fashion for Madeira. The merchants, sensible of the sort of prejudice which they had to contend against, have of late paid peculiar attention to the improvement of their wines, and the general quality of the produce now exported is probably superior to that of any former period.

Mr. Barrow estimates the quantity exported at 15,000 pipes. The export of last year (1825) was not much less—14,500. This, however, was considerably above that of the years preceding; and the excess is, no doubt, attributable to the encouragement given to exportation, and, perhaps, to speculation, by the reduction of duty.

The whole growth of the island varies from twenty-five to thirty thousand pipes *.

[Page 165, line 6 from bottom.]

Whatever we may talk of our liberty, there is, perhaps, practically, less *equality* in England than any other country of civilized Europe. Montesquieu, I think, says somewhere, that, had he been born an Englishman, he should never have been satisfied unless he had made a fortune; whereas, in France, it was a matter comparatively of indifference to him—and he was right—for with us the wit and genius and agreeableness of Montesquieu himself would hardly have redeemed the sin of a threadbare coat. In spite of our habeas corpus and bill of rights, as a poor man of whatever class, whether author, or half-pay officer, or footman, or parish pauper, I am not sure but one had better be Spaniard or Frenchman than Englishman.

The extraordinary distance at which we keep our servants in England, is altogether peculiar to ourselves; and the source of it is rather unaccountable; for the difference of station is here so marked and real, that there is no danger that it should be forgotten under the utmost familiarity of intercourse. The consequence probably is, that we are worse served than any other nation: every where else a servant becomes a part of the family, and takes interest in its weal and woe accordingly. It must be admitted, our lower classes

* The following is an abstract of Custom-house returns for the last five years:—

1821	10,115 pipes.
1822	11,143 pipes.
1823	8,129 pipes.
1824	10,979 pipes.
1825	14,432 pipes.

Of the exportation of 1826 I have not the exact return; but it did not much exceed 10,000 pipes.

are in general a coarser and ruder set than the corresponding rank in other countries. Perhaps there is no where so strong a distinction of mind, manner, and habit, between the educated and uneducated, as with us. A French common soldier is hardly distinguishable from his officer in respect of that air of ease, composure, and self-possession, with which every advantage of education and long intercourse with the world, does not always supply an Englishman; who would seem to be naturally a very impracticable animal for social purposes, and to require all the discipline of education, and polish of good habits, to tame him into something companionable.

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We are here all on a level. A young woman of any rank, nursing a healthy child, is perhaps the happiest of human beings. Her time and thoughts and affections are so completely and incessantly engaged; the indulgence of her feelings becomes an exercise of duty—a delightful coincidence that seems to leave no room for other happiness.

It is consolatory to believe that the diffusion of happiness among the several ranks of mankind, is more equal than at first it seems. The apparent disparity, however, is so great, that one wonders how the less fortunate of us bear so contentedly the comparison which the juxta-position of our neighbours provokes. Habit, of course, will reconcile any thing; but another great principle of tranquillization, I suspect, is the increased number of companions, which, as we sink in the scale of life, console us, by their fellowship, for our common depression. The pyramid widens towards the base, and in a ratio infinitely greater than that of its perpendicular altitude. The restraints and checks, too, on sociability decrease in the same ratio. It has been said

of a king, that the fortune which made him such forbad him to have a friend. The principle of this privation diminishes as we descend the scale. Thus in a village where the 'squire must perhaps go into another hundred, and the parson to another parish for a companion, the peasant will find one in every other man he meets.

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A period of political convulsion has always the effect of exciting the exercise of the human faculties. In all the late revolutions, great as was the lack of political wisdom, or indeed common sense, manifested in the conduct of parties, there was certainly no want of talent shewed in the discussions of the press and the senate; and it was impossible not to be struck with the sudden developement of information and ability appropriate to the circumstances, among people with whom almost the rudiments of constitutional knowledge were unknown.

Whether these political changes will work much increase of national happiness, is more questionable. An improved state of society commonly promotes an increase of population, and so far occasions an increased quantum of human enjoyment, considered absolutely and in the mass: but unless it can be shewn to improve the happiness of the people taken individually, the relative proportion may in fact be, at the same time, diminished. It has always been doubted, whether, as man grows wiser, he becomes happier. The vulgar seem to look upon government as boys do on their master; and to have no other notion of liberty than as a mere release from those protecting restraints, which the wants and weaknesses of our nature make not merely wholesome, but necessary for us. This sort of childishness has been the source of half the nonsense and crime of our modern revolutionists. Liberty is, in fact, a serious thing; the exercise of it is a matter not so much of

amusement as of duty. In this, as another sense, liberty is power, which, in a moral agent, always involves responsibility, and, consequently, imposes the application of forethought and care. It will not therefore follow that the political form of the state is matter of indifference: the more reasonable view is to consider man as placed here, intellectually and politically, in a state of probation somewhat analogous to that to which he is religiously subjected; and the true object of society will be that system which most directly promotes the developement, and, by exercise, the improvement, of all his appropriate faculties, whether of thought or action. I do not know that there is any thing repugnant either to reason or to revelation in the supposition, that our condition of being in the next world may in some sort be affected by the different degrees of this developement or improvement in individuals: the illustration of 'such as a little child' seems to refer not so much to the state of our faculties themselves, as to the meekness with which we should bear them.

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Nor is there any thing in the inference that need discourage us. These original prepossessions of belief, if we have such, must be from God, like the rest of our constitution; and in the great truths to which they seem to point—the existence of an invisible world—of a spiritual principle in our nature—of a particular providence—of our own free-will and moral responsibility, this consideration gives us the best, perhaps the only assurance, that, independently of revelation, we can attain: The more direct evidence which we have for the truth happily leaves us no ground for hesitation on such points; but even were this less cogent, our feelings would tell us some religion is true, and our reason point out which.

It is surprizing how little the shocks which Catholicity has received during the last half century, have turned to the profit of Protestantism. One has scarcely heard of a single convert—on the contrary, the rationalizing system indulged in by some Protestant churches, has rather created a re-action of another kind; and in Germany, the country of the Reformation, we have seen even enlightened men taking refuge from these cold refinements in the bosom of the old church. It would seem that a mere confirmation of the truth of natural religion is not enough to satisfy the cravings of our nature in this respect; we want helps to our weakness, and assurance to our instinctive aspirations after a state to which we at the same time feel our own merits can give us no title. Faith, in the religious sense, appears to be a working of the affections rather than a conclusion of the reason.

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There has always been a controversy as to the actual guilt of those individuals; and indeed such is the manner in which State prosecutions were conducted in Portugal, that we can gather neither from the proceedings themselves, nor from the summary contained in the published acts of accusation, any satisfactory notion of the grounds upon which it was substantiated. The papers merely state that such and such acts and language on the part of the prisoners were proved, without any intimation of the evidence upon which the proof rested, farther than an allusion, in two or three instances, to an alleged confession of one of the servants. But of the two probabilities one can hardly hesitate to incline for that which would confirm the guilt of Aveiro and the Tavoras; rather than admit a supposition which would involve the government in the incredible atrocity of having condemned them,

knowing them to be innocent. Reckless and remorseless as Pombal confessedly was in the accomplishment of his political purposes, there is yet nothing in his history which would justify our imputing to him a cold-blooded act of atrocity, such as the annals of human crime scarcely offer any thing similar. Beside, what object has or can be assigned for his thus deliberately involving himself in such enormous guilt? There is no reason to suppose he had any particular quarrel with the two families in question beyond the sort of general hostility which he seems to have entertained against the whole body of the nobility.

A statesman may be a villain almost with impunity if he will only be a very great one. Sylla is in some sort an instance of this; and though it would not be just to Sylla, nor in some points of view to Pombal, to put them on the same footing; yet the respect and dignity which accompanied the last in his retirement, in a country where he had exasperated against him all classes and orders of men by a systematic exercise of violence and tyranny, unparalleled almost in the instance of any other minister of modern times, is certainly an illustration of the sort of moral prostration with which people admire those whom they fear. In both these men, indeed, there was the shew of public good to palliate the tyranny; but this pretence would have little availed a reformer of a less inexorable character. The case of Pombal is the more extraordinary, that in a country where the court and the nobility and church are every thing, the minister must have excited the strongest personal enmity on the part of the new king, whom it is even said he had sought to involve in the guilt and the punishments of the Aveiro conspiracy; had systematically availed himself of every pretext to crush the pretensions of the nobility; and had by many of his acts inflicted the severest wounds upon the church.

Of these the destruction of the Jesuits was the most

memorable and important. Pombal had the merit of commencing the attack upon that celebrated order, and the triumph, before the close of his reign, of witnessing its final abolition. The measure, however will hardly gain him as much credit at the present day, as it did from his contemporaries. The policy of it, on the part at least of the government which projected the measure, is now more than questionable; and there can be but one opinion as to the horrible injustice and cruelty of the manner in which it was carried into effect in Portugal and Spain. A whole class of men of learned education, of liberal habits, and of a sacred profession, were suddenly, and without the slightest warning, in one night dragged from their beds, marched to particular ports, and heaped on ship board; and subsequently thrown in a mass on the coasts of Italy or Corsica, to live or starve as the compassion of strangers might decide; and all this without the slightest pretence of an accusation of misconduct against any one of these individuals. It is rather curious that this transaction should have taken place in Europe, and in the eighteenth century, without calling forth any expression of general indignation. But in this country the common notion of a Jesuit was such, that the people could as easily have sympathized with the sufferings of the devil as of one of that order; and on the continent the voice of natural feeling was prevented by the applause of the philosophist, and philanthropist party, which at that time were in complete possession of the press and of public opinion. Not very long after the French revolution gave the same friends to light and liberty an opportunity of repeating the lesson. The deportation of the French clergy was but a copy of that of the Jesuits, and the crime of the atheist Convention of Paris, it must be admitted, was on grounds of political urgency and party exasperation, infinitely more excusable, if such a word may be used on such a subject, than that of the outrage which was inflicted on

the Jesuits, by governments calling themselves regular, and legitimate, and Catholic, and at a moment of the most profound tranquillity both foreign and internal.

The fall of the Jesuits left a void in the means of liberal education in Catholic countries which has, perhaps, never been supplied. Pombal early saw the deficiency and took some measures to supply it. One of the Jesuit residences in Lisbon was converted into a college for the instruction of young noblemen; and a radical, and in some degree effective reform was introduced into the university of Coimbra. We have generally heard a favourable account of the system of instruction in this university, particularly with respect to medicine; though it is difficult to understand how that branch of study can be successfully prosecuted in a remote provincial town like Coimbra.

[Page 217, line 9 from bottom.]

In the desultory kind of reading that is now fashionable, one gets pretty familiar, if with nothing else, with the proper names of most kinds of literary history; but there were here shelves upon shelves all groaning under ranges of folios, the very names of the authors of which we never remembered to have fallen in with. The sight was calculated to suggest much musing on the durability of this kind of celebrity. It might be curious, too, to consider of the motives which operated so commonly to stimulate to labour so herculean, in times when it was not likely to be so well repaid either in fame or emolument as in the present day. The world of letters was then a very limited sphere for reputation, and the value of copyright was probably unheard of; nor have literary labours often led to promotion in the Catholic church.

The mere *ennui* of the cloister had, of course, a

great share in the stimulus; and in those times I suspect a much greater number of able and active spirits betook them to the church than of late years, when the fields for the exercise of such are so infinitely multiplied. Besides, though 'the reading public' was not very large in particular countries, the world of scholars throughout Europe was sufficiently extensive; and they all spoke one tongue. Latin was the universal language of literature, and a Spanish doctor or German professor was probably more secure of a fit audience for his ponderous lucubrations than he could hope for in the present day, delivering them as he does, in his vernacular idiom.

[Page 218, line 12.]

— Mr. Burke observes, somewhere, that the French are naturally more intense in their application than we. The recollection of their literary history affords some confirmation of the remark; a better at least than could be found in the comparison of any other department of industry. Even in the present day, in those paths to which the national genius has of late inclined itself, physiological research and the exact sciences, our neighbours may boast instances of intense and undivided devotion to which we have little to oppose. With us the professions form the great drain or diversion of talent from the pursuit of subjects of abstract or general interest. The vigorous application of a strong mind to objects of professional ambition, in England leads so certainly to wealth and distinction, that it argues an unusual ardour of literary or scientific research in the individual that for such pursuits would slight the more dazzling prizes that are held out to his worldly ambition. Perhaps there is, in this point of view, some little inconvenience attending a state of things which in other respects forms one of the finest parts of our

social system. The pursuit of a profession always rather disqualifies a man for the apprehension of abstract truth; it leaves him neither leisure for the chase, nor often, even a relish for its object.

[Page 227, line 5.]

Certainly more allowance is to be made for ladies; they are to be permitted a delicacy not merely of organ but of association, which may justify an unusual degree of fastidiousness in their instance. One is therefore the less disposed to quarrel with a late writer, of whose letters, written as they are with all the characteristic grace and ease and vivacity of her sex, the chief, or only fault, perhaps, is her unvaried and somewhat unmeasured depreciation of the country and people which form the subject of them.

In her general view of the country one would hesitate to differ from a writer whose opportunities, as well as powers of judging, were so superior to our own. But it is clear, I think, from her own work, that (beside her hereditary susceptibility of organ) Mrs. Baillie was, from the beginning, labouring under a strong disinclination to a residence in Portugal, from circumstances extrinsic to the merits of the place itself; and that this prejudication, as was natural, has materially affected all her opinions and judgments respecting it. The strongest presumption of this prejudice is the fact of her omission of all mention of those points of advantage which this capital surely possesses—the brilliancy of the climate—the elegance and splendour of some parts of the city—the magnificence of its situation—even the very novelty of the scene seems to have lost its usual effect upon one, who, from the liveliness of perception which she betrays in other cases, would, under other prepossessions, been the first to feel its excitement. As an instance of this effect of the prepossession which I have

ventured to suppose, may be mentioned her dating a great part of her letters from the Pateo das Chagas, without, I think, one allusion to the view which she must thence have enjoyed from her windows—a view decidedly the finest which you have of the river from the town, and to which, I doubt whether Europe affords any thing superior for brilliancy and animation, unless it be the Bay of Naples or the straits of Constantinople.

In speaking of the people, too, severe and sweeping as is her general sentence upon them, I cannot but think that even Mrs. Baillie's own work suggests a considerable qualification of it. It may be observed, that almost every trait which she gives of her own knowledge, so far from corroborating her general censure, is in the highest degree creditable to the courtesy of manner and kindness of heart of her Portugueze friends, particularly those of the lower class. Some of the anecdotes which she relates on the authority of others are no doubt bad enough, but Mrs. Baillie's experience in travelling must have led her to place a greater confidence in this kind of information than any which our own has supplied us with, since she thought herself justified in imparting so many of these stories to the public.

I feel there is something ungraceful, and perhaps uncalled for, in this sort of criticism upon a fair precursor; but I cannot help extending my lecture by one little remark more. Mrs. Baillie's work, we understand, has given great offence at Lisbon. In private correspondence, and even in our published accounts of countries cut off from all intercourse of letters or manners with us, such as Turkey or China, there is, of course, no danger of giving offence by the most unqualified declaration of our impressions. But in the present kind of family intercourse that exists between all the members of the European community, a work professing to give an account of a foreign country, becomes immediately an object of interest and curiosity with the people of that country, and does in fact reach their knowledge as cer-

tainly, and almost as directly, as if originally published in their own capital and in their own language. Now, it may be doubted, whether under such circumstances a person is morally justified in giving expression to all the ill-humour and disgusts which the habits or manners of any particular people may, however justifiably, have excited. At any rate, I am sure that this sort of frankness is not quite reconcileable with good-nature—or with the good-breeding which should be the expression and form of it. Nor is the effect altogether immaterial in a political point of view—nothing tends more to prevent the prevalence of peace and good-will among nations than this system of mutual abuse and railing; and perhaps the haughty and insolent intolerance of all foreign modes and manners and habits which English writers, as well as travellers, love to manifest, contributes more than any thing else to the *unpopularity* of the nation in Europe. The disposition is peculiar to our own travellers—the vanity of the French shews itself rather in praising themselves than in abusing others; and in general, when they do find room for censure, their native *humanity* of address commonly dictates a lighter and more delicate expression of it.

We cannot but think, then, that if Mrs. Baillie had been considerate enough to soften in her publication that unrestrained effusion of her feelings, which it was quite natural that she should indulge in her private letters, she would have better consulted not only the charm of her book, but what from the work itself one may easily gather to be the real kindliness of her feelings. Besides, she has unconsciously been guilty of a little ingratitude—for if she did not like Lisbon, Lisbon, at least, loved her. From all we could hear, she was a favourite with the Portugueze almost beyond the precedent of any other foreigner.

[Page 229, line 5.]

This presence of vegetation among buildings is to me always very charming. Every one, indeed, feels the effect of the lofty ashes that strike their roots among the graves in the aisles of Netley—and of the ivy that muffles the shafts of the great window at Tintern. But here it may be thought that the intrusion of vegetation pleases by marking more strongly the desolation of the spot. Yet I think the effect is equally fine, though of a different sentiment, in scenes of the most perfect architectural elegance. A single tree in a palace or college-court, or a parasite entwining itself round the urns and balustrades of a Palladian portico, strikes me with a charm something more than picturesque, the source or sense of which I cannot very well analyze. It is not the mere effect of contrast, for the converse of the case by no means holds. In the same way a garden, inclosed in a little area of this kind, I think always very beautiful. I do not at all enter into the modern fancy of sinking or concealing all boundary to their places of pleasance: on the contrary, the perception of some partition from the rest of the region, and the sense of seclusion and privacy thence arising, should form one of their most appropriate and distinctive characters. Milton's Eden is the ideal of a park or chase, but for a *garden* it is not clear that the magic inclosure of Armida * does not form a better model. A brick

* It may be observed, that in other respects Tasso's garden is no more open to the reproach of formality than Milton's—

Apriché collinette, ombrose valle,
Silve e spelonche in una vista offerse.

One does not see, therefore, why our own poet's creation should be assumed as the original prototype of this style of gardening. The celebrated line that follows—

Arte che tutto fa nulla si scuopre,

still more decisively resists the imputation. To be sure, the style of

wall, indeed, is a poor substitute for the marble palaces that shut in these enchanted bowers; but built of a more ornamental material, and its outline varied by battlements, or adorned by urns and balusters, a wall I think might be made to contribute as much to the beauty as to the comfort of a garden. We sometimes find this effect in the ruin of an old castle or fortification, where a pleasure-ground has been made within the inclosure of the outer works. The garden of New College, Oxford, and that of the Episcopal Palace at Wells, are instances.

[Page 249, last line.]

One would almost be sorry to see monks and monasteries altogether abolished; they form a variety, in respect to habits of life and costume, of which, in these times of geometrical assimilation, we can ill spare the relief. The effects of civilization seem likely to have the same anti-picturesque operation on our manners, habits, dress and houses, which cultivation has on the surface of the soil; and it so operates chiefly by effacing all those minuter characteristics, marking the distinction between countries and classes which habitual or accidental circumstances had engendered. The increasing facility of communication, both internal and external, among nations, will gradually amalgamate them into one—a result which, however desirable in other respects, will certainly not increase the interest or amusement of the traveller.

It is observable, that although the progress of civilization be thus fatal to picturesque effect, yet a general

gardening here described ill suits the circumstance of inclosure, 'nel piu chiuso grembo' of a palace. The maxim itself, however, is of very equivocal value in this instance. On all these subjects Mr. Price is infallible.

sense of its charm in natural scenery seems, in fact, peculiar to an advanced stage of society. Such, at least, has been the history of that taste in this country, where it has sprung up almost within the last century. Beyond that period we find no trace of it among our travellers, and not much more in our poets.

Perhaps something of the same analogy may be traced in the progress of poetry. It is commonly said that the best poetry comes first; and there is at any rate a reason why the first should always seem best—but, however favourable for the production of poetry, it may be doubted whether the earliest stages of society be those in which its charm is best felt. On the contrary I believe the refinement of habits induced by advanced civilization tends to beget both an increased want of, and a higher relish for poetical excitement. It is not, in fact, until we out-grow the illusions that lie about the infancy, whether of society or of our individual being, that we become alive to the charms of them. The believers in the Grecian mythology, we may be sure, were little sensible of its poetic beauty, and the remark is probably in the same way applicable to the legends of faery and diablerie of our own dark ages. The true mood of inspiration is rather that which *longs* to "hold each dread tale devoutly true;" an actual acquiescence in the superstitions of poetic personification, would hardly be compatible with the sort of pleasurable excitement which is its object. In all its emotions of this kind it seems necessary that the mind should be in some sort active as well as passive—that there should be something voluntary in its subjection to the impression, from what "it half creates and half perceives," in order that the result should be one of the agreeable kind. The phantoms must be of our conjuring, and still subject to the spell which evoked them.

When the Monks go, almost the single distinction of costume will be the military. We have not yet heard that even America has reduced her officers

to the same simplicity of externals as that which confounds her judges and advocates. One need not despair of such a consummation, however; and the general tendency of the age is to subside to the same level. The working of this sort of moral gravitation is indeed perceptible in many more important matters. Within a century or two, possibly, all Christendom will have sunk into a grand homology—one and indivisible—of religion, government, morals, manners, dress, cookery, and education. The historian, any more than the painter or poet, will have no occasion to rejoice in the advent of this millenium. It is the tendency of modern lights to reduce political questions to a mere problem of forces, the average operation of which, as the principles of our nature are the same in all great bodies, may always be calculated, with tolerable certainty. In America, a country already far advanced to this economical beatitude; individuals are already nothing—with ourselves they are infinitely of less importance than they were half a century ago, and they are daily becoming of less. Now it is the fate of individuals—doing or suffering—that excites our sympathy in history; the interest we take in things, or in principles, is of a different kind, and rather assimilated to that with which we watch the process, or await the result, of a physiologic experiment. We exchange amusement for instruction; a natural result of our political adolescence and maturation.

[Page 268, line 7.]

These remarks were made previous to the publication of the new constitution by Don Pedro. Of the merits of that instrument it is not easy to form an opinion; the question is of course in great degree a practical one; and the success of the measure depends infinitely more on the conduct of the government and disposition of the people, than any felicity of mechanism in its own pro-

visions. The *prima facie* objection to the charter is, that it seems to have nothing that marks its adaptation to this country in particular. For any thing one can see it might be the constitution of Brazil or Norway as well as that of Portugal. This capacity of suiting all times and places would no doubt be a great merit in a constitution—so great indeed that the pretension, like others of an empirical character, rather suggests the doubt whether in fact it will fit any. I am not enough acquainted with the antiquities of the Portugueze monarchy to decide whether the tradition of the old system of States or Cortes which she possessed in common with every other European nation, would still afford any fitting or practicable basis for the new superstructure. The obvious advantage of availing oneself of such foundation, is that it gives a motive and principle of fixation and stability, for which we in vain seek, when once set afloat on the interminable sea of political possibilities.

Though accorded, and voluntarily, by the sovereign, it is not clear that the monarchical power is sufficiently well guarded. It is not enough to give certain prerogatives to the crown, unless you secure to it the means of the independent exercise of them.

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I confess, that were I a king in these times, I should not be eager to take on myself the responsibility of *octroying* a charter, until I saw my way rather better through the diffiulties of the measure. I would content myself with establishing a pure and impartial, and, if possible, cheap and speedy system for the administration of justice (the example of the parliaments of France seems to shew that the judicial power may exist in tolerable independence under an absolute monarchy)—would throw open public employments to talents in every class —make war upon all practical abuses in the detail of

administration, whether civil, fiscal, or ecclesiastical—remain, if possible, at peace—and, above all, preserve a strict economy in my expenditure; by which I might manage to pay my troops liberally and regularly; and, perhaps (as royalty, any more than service, can hardly be called an inheritance in these days) be able to lay out a certain sum annually in the purchase of British stock—by way of securing, in the worst event, a comfortable retreat in the situation of an English country gentleman. Indeed it is not at all clear, but that in countries like Spain, or Portugal, or Naples, such an administration forms the nearest approach to good government, of which they are at present susceptible; and if, beside the scheme of conduct thus assigned, the ruling power felt itself strong enough to admit a certain degree of liberty in the press, such a discipline might perhaps be the best preparatory institution which even a philosopher could suggest, to fit those nations for the eventual enjoyment of something better. At present, what they immediately want, is not so much more liberty in the people, as more strength and activity in the State to shake off the slough of abusive usages which corrode the wheels of government and clog all its operations. They have all the burden of despotism, with nothing of the simplicity or vigour which sometimes tends to redeem its oppression.

In the meanwhile it is not reasonable to call princes tyrants and oppressors, because they do not display any peculiar alacrity to summon the rest of the community to a share in their power and authority. Such a distribution may be for the public good; but there is no reason why we should expect kings to sacrifice themselves for that end, more than any other order in the community. Nor does the conduct of the popular force, when the power has accidentally fallen into their hands, give any encouragement to concessions of this nature with the purpose of conciliating its good will. Nothing can be more *tranchant* or uncompromising than the spirit of revolution, as it has lately manifested itself on the con-

tinent. The popular leaders have uniformly, and under all circumstances, refused to admit the slightest attempering of their principles, or to make any, the most reasonable, modification of their claims. As long as the spirit of political change bears this character, one can hardly wonder if the sovereigns think it the best course to resist it altogether.' At any rate the selfishness of such a policy can form no particular reproach against it; since, as Mr. Bentham himself insists, the existence of society depends upon the natural propensity which every individual necessarily has to prefer his own good to that of all the rest of mankind together. At the same time it must be said, that if princes be justifiable in resisting these pretensions, it does not follow that the people are wrong in urging and exacting them by every means in their power. The question on both sides is one rather of policy, 'of dispositions, and means, and probable consequences,' than of abstract principle. On the subject of toleration Dr. Johnson said, he could come to no other conclusion than that every man had a right to declare what he thought truth, and that every other man had a right to knock him down for it. This is cutting rather than untying the knot; but I fear the great problem of the right of resistance admits only of a similar kind of solution *.

* The paradox obviously lies in the different nature of the rights in question. Rights, of course, cannot clash; that of the individual here is not a political right—which is the creature of convention, and no scheme of laws can be supposed to provide a sanction to the means of its own subversion—but is a right, or rather a *duty* of conscience, which in this, as in even less doubtful cases, may supersede the obligations of positive precept. Instances may easily be imagined in which assassination would be a duty. The French fanatics were not so unhappy in their choice of phrase when they preached of the *sacred duty* of insurrection; as, in fact, the only sanction which such a step can have, is, in some sort, a religious one. In this way a man may have a moral right to rebel, and the magistrate a political right to hang him for it: the sort of casuistry, however, which delights in speculating these extreme cases, is neither in politics, nor in morals, a wholesome habit of the mind.

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Whether a commerce so depending was a material increase of wealth, even to the mother country, has been questioned. Smith, I think, affirms, that it has been injurious—upon the principle that the high rate of profit which the colonial trade secured to individuals, raised that rate generally throughout Spain, and thus subjected her to disadvantage in all her other commercial exchanges. It is now doubted, however, whether profit enters at all into price; and at any rate it is clear, that inasmuch as the trade in question was open to all Spanish subjects, it would itself quickly sink to the level of other modes of investment. But a more important loss, perhaps, is that of income derived from the *property* which the crown and individuals possessed in the produce, whether of mines or lands, in the New World.

This loss of revenue will materially affect both the external and internal affairs of the government of the Peninsula. Depending solely upon the resources of their own people for supply, they will naturally find it necessary to pay more attention to public opinion. They were the foreign dominions and colonial wealth of Charles V. which enabled him to crush the commons of Castile. But for these extraneous means of coercion Spain would perhaps have still been foremost among the free monarchies of Europe. There is a story that Columbus proposed his speculation, in the first instance, to our Henry VII: had it been so, it is probable that the sort of political regimen which we enjoyed under the Tudors would have been perpetuated to this day.

By the loss of her colonies and her commerce, Spain will cease to be a maritime power—an important change in the naval balance of Europe, in which, during the last century, she held the third place. Under these circumstances all ground of rivalry with, or jealousy of this country, should cease to exist: it was upon these,

rather than the accidental circumstances of family connexion, that the famous Bourbon compact of the last century was grounded. France will now be her sole neighbour; and, consequently, should be her sole enemy: the family ties of the two governments, however, will probably relieve her from all apprehensions on that side—unhappily so for Spain, as, unless some movement take place in her internal government, she may by the loss of these last motives to vigilance and exertion be in danger of sinking deeper in sloth and apathy than ever. It is in fact a real misfortune for a state, when its political connexions absolve it from all necessity of activity and vigilance on its own part. On this ground the alliance of England has, perhaps, been of equivocal benefit to Portugal.

But whatever be their loss in other respects, there is one satisfaction which will still remain to the countries which have founded the colonies of the New World —the power of spreading their language and their race over continents that in wealth and population will probably one day balance the rest of the terrestrial globe. The British and Spanish nations may be said to divide between them the whole glory of the prospect. A very full share of the heritage has fallen to ourselves. The territories occupied by the Portugueze and Castilians are the most extensive; but already the descendants of Englishmen in the New World far surpass in number those of all the other European nations together; and they are likely to spread over a region, the climate of which will probably assure to them something of the same political ascendancy, which a similar circumstance has contributed to attach to their progenitors in Europe. The principles of Protestantism in religion, and of civil liberty and good order in government, which they have equally inherited from us; are pledges yet more unquestionable of their progressive greatness. One black spot there is in the prospect—the existence of negro slavery—an enormous and ineradicable evil, which must grow with

their growth, and strengthen with their strength; and which one might almost fancy had been provided as a thorn in their side to humble that pretension and pride, which some of the other circumstances of their position are peculiarly calculated to foster. Perhaps we ourselves may derive something of this salutary chastening from the contemplation, whether retrospective or prospective, of the effects of our own administration of a portion of our European empire.

To Portugal and to Prince Henry belong first and chiefly the glory of all those maritime enterprizes of the fifteenth century the results of which have changed the face of the world. They were the attempts of the Portugueze to find a passage into India that suggested to Columbus the project of a shorter cut to the same object; and the Portugueze did in fact discover America quite independently of Columbus. The very first voyage after that of Vasco de Gama, they fell in with Brazil; so that had the Genoese adventurer delayed his scheme but ten years longer, his achievement would have been anticipated.

APPENDIX II.

REMARKS ON THE CLIMATE AND DISEASES OF MADEIRA, AS WELL IN RESPECT OF THE DISORDERS PREVAILING AMONG THE NATIVES OF THE ISLAND; AS OF THE ADVANTAGES AND ACCOMMODATION WHICH IT OFFERS FOR THE RESORT OF CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS: BEING PART OF A LETTER FROM DR. CHARLES HEINEKEN, OF FUNCHAL.

—Dr. Price estimated the expectation of a child at birth in London to be nineteen years of life, and Dr. T. Hebenden, in Madeira, thirty-nine years. Without, however, stopping to inquire into the accuracy of these estimates, or the probable causes for their very great disproportion, allowing them to be correct; it is certainly true, that Madeira is remarkably healthy: from most of the diseases peculiar to warm climates, it is exempt; and many of those which in more northern latitudes, from the frequency of their occurrence, and epidemic or endemic characters, become a scourge, are here either altogether unknown, or but slightly felt. Intermitting and remitting fevers never occur: a sporadic case of *typhus* is now and then met with; but it has not assumed the epidemic form during the last five years; and I am much inclined to doubt whether it ever does to any extent. *Croup* is, I believe, unknown. *Hydrophobia* has never occurred; and I doubt the existence of genuine, unsophisticated *Syphilis*. *Insanity* is rare; *Stone* very

unfrequent. There are not more than half a dozen instances of *Bronchocelè* in the whole island; *Apoplexy* is very frequent. Cutaneous diseases abound; and I think that cancerous affections are more common in proportion to the population than in England; and bowel complaints are very common, and often fatal. The *Elephantiasis*, or *Lepra*, exists here, but is entirely confined to the lower class of natives, and to a very small number too of these, the lazaretto never containing above a score of sufferers out of a population of 100,000. It is a loathsome, incurable, and, in the estimation of every professional man of common sense and mature judgment with whom I am acquainted, *non-contagious* complaint. *Tetanus* is more usual after particular wounds, than in colder climates, but I have never seen a case. *Dysentery* is said to be frequently epidemic; by some it is considered contagious; but although numerous instances of the disease have fallen under my notice, and under a variety of circumstances, yet they have never been of an epidemic character, still less contagious; it often terminates fatally, but, in a majority of cases, either from neglect on the part of the patient, or the injudicious treatment of his medical attendant. *Cholera* is known here by name, for it is only nominally the cholera of warm climates.

In 1814 *Scarlatina* was imported; and, after running its course, disappeared. In 1825 the island was again visited by a mild *Scarlatina*; but whether the source of the latter was similar to that of the former, or epidemic, remains undetermined.

In 1815 the Small Pox was brought by a vessel from the Cape de Verdes, spread over the whole island, and produced a frightful mortality; I have heard it estimated at 2000 persons. Many months back it was again introduced, but has at present made very slow progress, and rarely proved fatal, notwithstanding the Portugueze can boast of an enlightened instance or two of professional advocacy of inoculation!

Hooping Cough and Measles prevailed in 1816; of the latter many died; they both disappeared when the autumnal rains set in, and have not recurred.

Vaccination has been practised since 1805, but has not been kept up with much zeal, or in a manner at all satisfactory, and even at the present moment when the bane is abroad upon the land, no steps have been taken by the constituted authorities to encourage the diffusion of its only antidote. The fault is however perhaps more in the people themselves, than those in authority over them; they are very improvident and seldom think of preventive measures of any description, and their carelessness about their children is proverbial; they would sooner bury than feed them at any time! generally speaking, however, I should say that they were friendly to vaccination, and ready enough to fly to it when the inconvenience of having to attend a house-ful of small-pox stares them in the face.

With regard to the advantages which our island offers to pulmonary sufferers, and the mode in which they can most efficaciously be rendered available to them, I will endeavour to speak as much as possible in the combined character of a physician and an invalid, premising that, as I am writing for general readers, I find some difficulty in avoiding on the one hand, what will appear to the uninitiated useless technicalities, and on the other, what those of my own profession may consider mere prosing matters of fact. I must beg, therefore, of the one class, to consider that I cannot *in toto* lay aside the manner with the name, and of the other, to believe that I feel myself to be the sick man, for whose benefit I am advising to treat the subject quite dispassionately.

In speaking of Madeira as the resort of pulmonary invalids, I wish it to be understood that I am confining my observations to a comparatively limited number, and that I consider it (to use the mildest terms) both use-

less and deceptive, to send the majority of those labouring under confirmed *phthisis pulmonalis*, either here or elsewhere, with the hope of recovery. I shall take for granted that my medical brethren in England will only advise those who are likely to benefit by climate to quit their native shores; and with this proviso I do not hesitate to say that Madeira holds out advantages which are not to be met with combined, in any other quarter of the globe. It is true that I have never visited the continent in the capacity of an invalid, and that its more southern parts are unknown to me; but from the inquiries which I made previous to my choice of residence, and the testimony of many fellow-sufferers who have quitted it for this place, I think there can be no doubt that this climate is superior to any other.

Many objections, however, have been urged against Madeira, and remembering well the force which they had in making me hesitate in selecting it, I will endeavour to state and obviate them for the benefit of others. It is said to be a more complete estrangement from home than many parts of the continent, in consequence of its distance, its difficulty of access, its insular character, and confined intercourse. During the war these were valid objections, but they have ceased to be such since peace has been established. The direct intercourse between England and Madeira is now as complete and constant, and as free from inconvenience and risk, as between the former country and its more immediate neighbours; the sea passage is of course comparatively a long one, but the harassing and injurious land travelling of the continent is entirely avoided.

I was told before leaving England, that I should here meet with a delightful climate, and nothing more —that so far from expecting any of the comforts or luxuries of life, I might be thankful to have its bare necessaries at command—that dull monotony was the greatest pleasure which it could afford, and that "*to be*" should here "content the natural desire."

Englishmen are not more commonly than truly said to be fastidious and captious in regard to every mode of living which differs much from their established standard; and I am not acquainted with any untravelled fellow-countryman who is not (with submission be it spoken) injudiciously wedded to the homeliness of home. If in health this is found to be the case, it is not unnatural to suppose that illness will increase the propensity. I acknowledge that when I first made the dreary volcanic rocks which walled in my land of promise, I felt deceived and disappointed, and was hardly reconciled to the step which I had taken, even when the bay of Funchal (I believe that it is not technically allowed that name) together with the widely extended and beautiful natural amphitheatre upon which it opens, broke upon me. Luxuriantly fertile as every spot appeared, and adapted as it seemed from its extensive southern exposure, and complete shelter at every other point, to afford what I had so long wished for, yet it gave the impression of more confirmed expatriation than I had anticipated; and when, after traversing the streets of an irregularly and ill-built city, I found myself in a spacious uncarpeted, and nearly empty boarding-house, I cannot say that my sensations were at all enviable. When I call to mind that I was at the time so completely alone that I had not even a servant with me—that I happened to be the only inmate of the house in which I had taken up my abode—that illness, from peculiarity of circumstances, was felt with more than ordinary weight by me, and that from the moment I set foot on the deck of the vessel which conveyed me, I had surrendered all hopes of ever revisiting the land of my birth—I am inclined to think that few, if any, have been placed in circumstances more calculated to induce disgust and disappointment. And yet but a few days had elapsed before I was convinced that many of the "comforts" of England would have been nuisances here, and that there was a very

judicious adaptation of means to ends. Whoever expects, whether in health or sickness, to meet with these comforts in any other country, will be disappointed; but that he will be able to obtain all the essentials of the continent on this island, and that those essentials are all which either there or here, the improvement of his health and the enjoyment of life as far as deteriorated health will allow, require, I do not hesitate to say. The temperature of Madeira is more equable (contrasting day with night, and summer with winter) than that of any other place. Our rains are violent, almost tropical; but they are also periodical and circumscribed, and never lingering and teasing. We are entirely free from the piercing keen winds which are met with more or less all over the continent of Europe, and enjoy throughout almost the whole of the summer, although more partially than between the tropics, "the trades," and land and sea breezes, which there prevail. We have no tolerably built edifices, and the streets of Funchal are narrow, steep, and irregular, with white, staring, unseemly houses—but shade, a free current of air, and coolness, are thus promoted, and it boasts the anomaly of a city without smoke or dust, and with all the advantages of a sea-side village.

On the continent places of public amusement abound—here there are none—a fortunate circumstance to most invalids. The society is confined and uninteresting, and variety is a charm we know but little of—but is not society (meaning, be it understood, by the term "parties") any thing but desirable to a sick man? The interior of our houses affords about as much comfort as those of French and Italian houses, for this is an article which an Englishman must make, go where he will from home; and I know from experience that it may be made with tolerable ease here. We have no carriages of any description, and our roads are steep and wretched. An invalid can walk only within his

own garden, or upon the public walk, if he happen to reside in its immediate vicinity, for there is not another yard of level ground within his reach. These are the great objections to the place as a residence for sick persons, and insuperable objections in some respects they are—but they are partly palliated by a complete freedom from dust, by the facility of taking slow horse exercise, and the absolute prohibition which the circumstances of the place and surface impose upon its ever becoming injudiciously violent, and by the comparatively few days, even in the winter, in which the weather would render a carriage necessary—desirable and convenient it would frequently be.

There are four English boarding-houses in Funchal, the terms of which average from a dollar and half, to two dollars a day for each person, with, of course, separate sleeping rooms, but a sitting and dining room in common; they all have private sitting rooms, I believe, for those who may choose to pay accordingly; but in one only, as far as I am informed, can apartments and meals, distinct from the general establishment, be procured. Single individuals or families of two to three persons may, at any of these, be very sufficiently accommodated; but if they expect to meet with establishments upon the scale of those at Brighton or Cheltenham they will be deceived. Larger families may procure furnished houses at the rate of about two to four guineas a week; for although only one house is ostensibly set apart with this intention, yet others are always to be met with: *apartments*, either with furniture, or without, cannot be had, and there is no such thing as boarding and lodging with a private family. From the great hospitality of several of the resident English, it is not, however, a very unusual thing for individuals to remain, during the winter, guests in a merchant's house, and there they enjoy most of their country's comforts and conveniences.

Speaking as an invalid, and at the risk, perhaps, of be-

ing thought needlessly inclined to detail, and derogating in some measure from my professional character, I will suggest, that individuals of my own sex, who cannot command such letters of introduction as will insure them a warm reception as inmates during the whole period of their sojourn in some friend's house, had better at once take up their residence in a boarding-house; and that, unless they can bring with them a steady, sober (for it is a land of wine) servant, who has lived with them for years, and is in every respect to be depended upon, they will find such an appendage a very useless burden; for not one English man-servant in ten is worth his salt after a week's residence here. Ladies, unaccompanied by a gentleman, will find an English woman-servant almost indispensable, (they are not to be hired here), and at one of the boarding-houses at least can insure privacy, without the annoyance of house-keeping. A family in a furnished house will be subjected to greater inconvenience and trouble, than any other description of visitors; for they cannot do either entirely with or entirely without, native servants, and few such are to be procured who speak our language, or conform sufficiently to our modes and customs; but by bringing with them a man and woman-servant with the requisite qualifications, and obtaining here as many additional Portugueze as may be necessary, the difficulties will be in some degree surmounted; and if, bearing in mind that they are about to occupy a house furnished after a foreign mode, and in a warm climate, they provide themselves with those *minutiæ* which their habits may suggest, they will in other respects experience comparatively few privations.

After it has been determined by his medical advisers that a change of climate is necessary and likely to be attended with adequate advantage, that this deserves the preference, and that he can here obtain all which can render a residence in a foreign land, at least, tolerable to an invalid; the remaining question seems

to be, to what period of time it ought to be extended. I am decidedly of opinion, that as a *preventive* alone where symptoms of consumption, and especially in a consumptive family, have threatened, it would be well worth the sacrifice to spend a winter or two in Madeira —that in the most incipient stages of disease, *several* ought to be passed here—that in what goes under the general term of "incipient phthisis" in the profession, nothing short of a residence for some years, (the winters in town, and the summers in the country,) can be of any permanent avail—that in the more advanced stages, the sufferer must submit to total expatriation, and that only with the expectation of prolonging life—and that in the still more advanced steps of the malady, he will be as well, or perhaps much better, in his own home and surrounded by his friends.

In conclusion I will recapitulate, that provided such cases only are submitted to the test, as are within the pale of benefit from any climate, they will probably derive greater advantage from this than from any other; and that with proper and prudent precaution, a residence here may be rendered as little irksome to an invalid as in any other foreign country. Whether Madeira as a summer residence, and one of the West India islands during the winter, would not hold out a fairer prospect of success than any other plan which has hitherto been tried, I am unprepared by experience to say; I think that it would; but it would at best be a harassing, perhaps a hazardous experiment, and few have either the means or the inclination to make it. As a permanent abode, Madeira is superior to any other; for a winter's sojourn, it excels, in my belief, every part of the continent, but in the latter point of view a tropical climate might probably surpass it.

C. H.

Funchal, Nov. 1826.

As both illustrating and confirming the above remarks of Dr. Heineken, we are tempted to add an extract from a paper which another able practitioner in the island, Dr. Renton, has lately communicated to the Edinburgh Medical Journal. It contains the results of the memoranda of his own practice respecting this class of patients during the last eight years; but exclusive of the present winter, 1826-7.

Cases of confirmed Phthisis		47
Of these there died here within six months after their arrival	32	
——— went home in summer and returned and died	6	
——— left the island, but of whose death we have heard	6	
——— and not since heard of (probably dead)	3	
Cases of incipient Phthisis		36
Of these there left the island much improved in health, and of whom we have had good accounts	26	
——— also improved, but not since heard of	5	
——— and have since died	4	
Other diseases		15

Dr. Renton adds, "Of the cases marked *Confirmed Phthisis* there were copious purulent expectoration, diarrhœa, &c. and I examined the bodies of fifteen of them after death, and in every instance the lungs were found almost completely disorganized. Some of those marked *Incipient Phthisis* were probably not fully entitled to an appellation so ominous. Their general character was young people who were said to have 'overgrown themselves,' and who had been subject in England to inflammatory attacks, having cough, &c. Others had suffered from neglected or mistreated inflammation, and in many there was a

strong family predisposition to pulmonary disease. Most of them, I have little doubt, would have been in their graves but for the precautionary measure which was adopted. The other diseases were, asthma, scrofulous glandular enlargements, and rheumatism, all of which were benefited by a residence here."

APPENDIX III.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES OF THE GOVERNMENT, REVENUE, AND CIVIL HISTORY OF THE ISLAND.

ALMOST every Portugueze historian, except Barros, commences his account of the discovery of Madeira by the story of the English lovers, Robert a Machim and Anne d'Arfet, whose vessel is said to have been driven upon this island in 1344. What, perhaps, as much as any thing tends to throw doubt on this tradition is the fact, that the information supposed to have been derived from Machim's surviving companions was not made use of till nearly eighty years after. The earliest date assigned to the discovery of Porto Santo is 1417, and that of Madeira did not take place till a year or two after.

The king Don John I. dedicated or gave the new discovery to the order of Christ, of which Don Henry was grand-master. It was then divided into two captaincyo, or districts, and these were given to the two discoverers. Machico, comprehending the north of the island as far as Porto Monis, to Tristaô Vas Teixeira, and Funchal, including the south and west parts, to Joâo Gonzalves Zargo, and by these the island was first colonized.

The two donatorios or captains returned to Machico, where Tristaô remained, and built the first church in the

island, and dedicated it to Christ. Zargo proceeded to Funchal, so called from the quantity of fennel that grew on the spot, where he also founded a church, and consecrated it to *Nascimento da Virgem Senhora*; and because there was an extensive beach along the seashore, on the margin of which it stood, he called it the church of, *Nossa Senhora de Calhão*, the name which the parish still retains. The church was washed into the sea in the flood of 1803; its tower remains a ruin. Zargo then set fire to the wood, with which, it appears, the island was covered, and whence its name: the fire burnt for seven years, and extending downwards in the valley close to the beach where the colonists had settled, obliged them to fly to their boats for safety. Zargo relinquished his house in the valley, and built one higher up; and for its defence, says the historian, erected in front of it another church, which was named Igreja de Nossa Senhora de Cima, or da Conceicao. And here the second Joao Gonzalves* (Gonzalves da Camara) built a convent for Franciscan nuns, as magnificent and spacious as any in Portugal. Zargo's wife, Constança Rodriguez de Almeida, founded also a church to the "glorious virgin and martyr" St. Catharine; and adjoining the church, many houses for distressed poor, (mereceyras), for the service of the church; and her husband built in the Ribeiro above (Ribera de St. Joao) an hospicio for the friars who had accompanied him, and others of their order; and also a church †, dedi-

* When Zargo returned to Portugal and announced the success of his voyage of discovery, the king made him a Fidalgo da sua caza, and confirmed his title de J. Gonzalves da Çamara, (a name which he took from Camara de Lobos, the spot where he landed,) and gave him for his arms a tower of homage, (torre de homenagem), with a cross of gold and two seals leaning against (encostados) the tower; and for his crest, a seal—Tristaô Vas Teixeira, called by distinction, O Tristaô, appears to have been already a Fidalgo da Caza. His arms were simply a phœnix; but his descendants have added a cross and a fleur de lis, (the arms of the Teixeiras.)

† Now in ruins.

cated to John the Baptist. From this spot, it appears, the friars removed to a convent in the city opposite St. Catharine, and beyond the Ribeira, their present situation.

The gift of the spiritualities of the island made by John I. to the order of Christ, had been confirmed in 1442 by Eugenio IV. Nicholas V. and Calisto III. had also confirmed the donation: the heads of the order, therefore, exercised ordinary jurisdiction in the island, and they sent visitors thither in 1514, who created the bishopric in virtue of a bull of Leo X. The king, however, as grand-master of the order of Christ, is the patron of all ecclesiastical benefices. According to Cordeyro, Madeira was attached to the archbishopric of Lisbon till 1550, when its first bishop was appointed.

In the year 1508 Funchal was raised to the rank of a city, with certain privileges, by the king, Don Manuel, who also, at his own expence, adorned it by erecting public edifices; he built a royal custom-house, and the episcopal cathedral. In 1514 it was made a bishop's see, its ecclesiastical affairs having been hitherto under the control of a vigario, and D. Diogo Pinheiro Lobo was appointed the first bishop.

In October 1566, in the captaincy of Simao Gonzalves da Camara, the fifth governor and first Conde de Calheta, three French privateers arrived, and having anchored in a small bay to the west of the city, (Praya Formosa), landed from 800 to 1000 armed men, took and plundered the city, and, after fifteen days possession, departed just before the arrival of the forces from Lisbon, which had been sent for by the Donatorio upon their irruption. With these troops were imported two Jesuits, (the first that reached the island); and during the Lent of 1570, a college of Jesuits was instituted.

The two captains and their descendants, under the title of donatorios, governed their respective portions of the island till 1582, when the kingdom of Portugal,

passing into the hands of Philip of Spain, and with it its Atlantic possessions, he appointed Don Agostinho Herrera governor* of the whole island, &c. under which form it continues to the present day. The Donatorios, however, still retained their most important rights; and their descendants enjoy at present the revenues, (consisting of the tenths [redecimo] of the government tenths), attached to the title. The Donatorio of Machico reverted to the crown, in default of heirs, in 1540; but was given by the king to Antonio da Silva de Menezes, from whom, I believe, it has descended to the Marquis of Valencia, the brother of the present governor, Don Manoel de Portugal da Castro. That of Funchal is still the property of the descendants of Zargo, represented by the Conde da Calheta, and the Marquis de Castello Melhor.

The Governor appointed by the King has a salary of 6000 dollars, and a donation of 600 from the British merchants annually.

He has supreme authority throughout Madeira, and Porto Santo, in all civil, military, and criminal matters; is the president of all superior courts, and commander-in-chief of all the military forces; he has the patronage of all appointments under and including the rank of captain in the militia, or native force of the island.

The Bishop takes cognizance, independently of the Governor, of all ecclesiastical matters, criminal as well as civil. His revenue consists of 101 pipes and nine almudes of wine; 49 moios 26 alquieres of corn; and 706,600 reis; this last sum he receives in commutation for another 101 pipes of wine which formerly formed part of his claim. He receives also some smaller dues.—A moio is 24 bushels; two and a half alquieres make a bushel.

* Luis Pinto de Miranda Henriquez, the fourteenth governor, was first captain-general by patent of the "Vice-Rainha Margarida de Sabodia," Duchess of Mantua, in May, 1640.

The chapter of the cathedral consists of a dean, an archdeacon, a chief singer (chantrè), a treasurer (Thezoureiro mòr) and a Mestre escola.

There are also 12 canons, one of whom is called Conego Magistral; and must be a D.D. He receives the yearly revenue of the see. Under the canons are four Meios prebendados *(Lemies)*, ten (Capellaês) chaplains, and a sub-chaunter.

There are also connected with the church establishment eight colleges in Madeira and one in Porto Santo. Two are situated in the city, in the parishes of N. S. de Calhaô and St. Pedro; the others at Camera de Lobos, Ribeira brava, Ponta do Sol Calheta, Machico, and Santa Cruz.

The priests are paid by the government, half in produce (wine and corn), and half in money. The revenue is formed of the tenths which every individual pays to the treasury, and which, with the custom-house duties, form the entire revenue of the island; the amount is estimated at about four hundred thousand dollars, and of this the export duties form nearly two-thirds.

Formerly the priests received their entire income in kind, but when money became the more convenient medium of barter in the island, at their own request half was estimated and given in dollars. The amount remains the same to the present day, and the clergy lament the arrangement—thus 706 dollars is the equivalent the bishop receives for 101 pipes of wine and 49 moios of corn, worth, at least, 8000 dollars. From this we learn that wine was then about seven dollars per pipe; labour was low in proportion; a carpenter received but three vintems per day.

The incomes of the vicars and curates are in general small; the latter receive but little besides the fees and presents; the richest benefices are those of St. Antonio, of the Mount, and the Estreito of Camara de Lobos.

Different brotherhoods or societies exist connected with, but not making a part of the religious establish-

ments, and some of them have a charitable object; but their principal duty appears to consist in attending the Host whenever it is taken out of the church; in taking part in all processions, and in attending the funerals, &c., and on these occasions they wear a distinguishing dress. The principal fraternity of this kind is that of the Irmaôs do Santmo. Sacramento, or Brothers of the Sacrament; on them devolve all expenses connected with it, (i. e. they furnish wine, wafers, &c.) and on this account they are generally chosen from the higher classes. They attend at the cathedral and are distinguished on public occasions by a red silk cloak. The Irmaôs da Miseracordia attend all funerals from that institution; their cloak is brown; these brothers as well as those of the Carmo and Saô Francisco pay each six dollars annually to the support of their respective establishments; from which fund the poor are supplied with shrouds and decent burial. The Carmo is distinguished by a white cloak.

Besides these brotherhoods there appear also to exist societies of sisters, Irmâs de Sta Barbara, &c. whose objects are also charitable.

St. James the less (Santiago minor) is the patron saint of the island; the Camara annually walks in procession from the cathedral to the Socorro church to return him thanks, in fulfilment of a promise made to him when the island was ravaged by an epidemic which his good offices availed to stay.

The first religious edifice erected in the island stood on the spot where Machim and Anna are said to have been buried at Machico; its site is now occupied by the Capella da Miseracordia, still called Machim's chapel.

The chapel of Sta. Catherina was the second structure in Funchal, and appears to have been for some time the chief chapel in the city; near it was the residence of the governor.

Funchal consisted at first of but one parish, Nossa

Senhora de Calhaô, now it contains four; the Sè, St. Pedro, Sta. Luzia, and Calhaô, or, as it is also called, Sta. Maria maior.

The convent of Sta. Clara is built on the site of a more ancient structure founded by Zargo, and originally called the church of Conceicaô; in it the remains of Zargo were deposited. The first abbess of the convent was Donna. Isabel daughter of Joaô Gonzalvez de Camara, second captain of Funchal, who appears to have built it. There are two other nunneries; Encarnacaô and Merces. Sta. Clara and Encarnacaô are of the Franciscan order, the other is a Capuchin convent.

The Encarnacaô was built and endowed by a private individual, and both it and St. Clara possess estates adequate to their support. The Curral belongs to this last. Each nun pays 800 dollars on admission.

There are five convents of Franciscans in the island; the largest is in the city, and its Guardiaô is commissary or warden of the whole island; the convents of Camara de Lobos, Calhetta, Santa Cruz, and Ponta do Sol, contain but few monks. They are all dependant on the larger establishments. The Franciscans came to the island with Zargo.

There are also two establishments or asylums called Bom Jesus and Recoltremento das Orfaôs, the first for widows, the other for orphan girls; the last was founded and endowed for the maintenance of twelve, by a private individual; but others, on the payment of a certain annual sum, may seek refuge within its walls till they marry.

At Bom Jesus all pay, and it is said that many ladies during the absence of their husbands from the island retire to it.

Two hospitals have long existed in the city—the Miseracordia supported by its own revenues, and the military hospital supported by the government. English patients are admitted to the former on the payment of a certain sum per day.

At the Miseracordia about twelve poor incurables are provided for life with lodging, a bedstead, a certain quantity of bread and oil, and half a bit each (three-pence sterling) in money per week—but they are not to beg.

Besides this there appears to be no other provision for the poor; all (the town-class especially) give alms, and, as in all Catholic countries, rarely drive away the beggar from the door. Here they receive alms almost regularly from the principal houses—a death from starvation is never heard of. In a climate like Madeira they scarcely require a roof over their heads, and only an apology for clothes on their backs. With their indolent habits, a little food suffices. All the lower orders will beg, especially out of the town, and of strangers, but the regular professed beggars do not appear disproportionably numerous. Alms are always given at funerals, and, I think, also at marriages and christenings.

There is also a lazaretto, which contains about eighteen lepers supported from the public funds.

Twelve neat alms-houses have lately been erected by Senhor de Joaõ Carvalhal, for as many poor widows of respectability.

In speaking of the public or charitable establishments, we must not forget the munificence of one of our countrymen, Robert Page, Esq. Knight-Commander of the Portugueze Order of the Tower and Sword. There are few parts of the island that do not bear witness to the singular liberality and public spirit of this gentleman, in the houses, bridges, benches, fountains, and other accommodations for travellers, which have been built at his expense.

Agreements between landlord and tenant are seldom in writing—the landlord receives half the produce—all improvements are the tenant's, as walls, trees, trellices, &c. and consequently when the landlord wishes to regain possession of his estate, he must pay the tenant for his improvements, called *bem feiterias*, these often

are equal in value to the estate. Hence there is a constant contention between landlord and tenant, especially on small estates, where every cabbage is divided property. In some instances the experiment of letting large farms at an annual rent has been tried, but abandoned, in consequence of the difficulty about the *bem feiterias*, and the inability of the landlord to grant a lease for a longer period than his own life, or for two terms of nine years. In a very few other instances the tenant pays a certain sum for the land or unfurnished house, with the condition that the improvements he makes after a certain time shall be the landlord's; or he takes the land on condition of building a house upon it, and paying a small ground or quit rent, as an acknowledgment to the landlord.

Another disposition is that called *de foro*, which is equivalent to the Scotch practice of *feuing*. The tenure is much the same as that of our copyholds. The signoria, or superiority, is retained by the landlord, who also claims a payment of two and a half per cent. on every subsequent instance of alienation.

An entailed property is sometimes disposed of for a certain number of years, at a rent below its actual value, the landlord receiving privately from the tenant a bonus. Should, however, the heir, upon coming into possession, think the transaction has been a fraudulent one, he can appeal to Lisbon—an appeal of this nature has now (1826) been *sub judice* for several years.

It is very difficult to arrive at the exact meaning and origin of the word *Morgado:* in many respects it answers to our Esquire. At a remote period, a person possessing an income in land above a certain sum, was allowed by law to establish a *morgado*—or, in other words, to entail his estate *for ever*, subject to the obligation of supporting the uncles and brothers of the heir, and in default of a legitimate successor the entail reverts to the king. Hence the proprietors of such estates were called *Morgados*. It is obvious that this arrangement,

wherever the Morgado is without children, must greatly tend to the destruction of the property.

Several schools have been established at different times. In Funchal four endowed, or, as they are here called, Royal Schools, exist, conducted on the Lancasterian plan—they teach reading, writing, arithmetic, and grammar. They are distributed through the city, one in each of the four parishes. Some of the country parishes have similar schools, but I am told that they are generally ill-conducted and inefficient.

The government also supports several professors, who give instruction twice each day in the schools of the college—two are appointed for Latin, one to lecture on philosophy, another on rhetoric, and a third on geometry. The people contribute a portion of the funds thus applied by the government, by paying a small tax, under the appellation of *subsidio literario*.

The royal seminary for the education of the priests, contains schools for Latin, philosophy, and theology. It is in the *Rua do Mosteiro novo*.

The Lancasterian system was introduced into the island in 1817, but it was not in full effect till 1823, when a person was sent to England, and instructed at the school for masters in London. A school-house has been built by the joint subscriptions of English and Portugueze, large enough for three hundred boys. Another for about one hundred girls, supported by subscriptions and *bazars*, has been opened within these three years. It is managed by the ladies, principally English, and almost wholly supported by their liberality and exertions. One, in particular, of our fair countrywomen has peculiarly distinguished herself by her efforts both in the origination and superintendence of the institution. It may, indeed, be said to owe its existence to her. Although the children are all natives, the Portugueze take little interest in the matter—they do not, however, not even the priests, interfere with the system of in-

struction. I believe the New Testament, in the vernacular idiom, is read in the school.

The island contains forty-two parishes, and is divided into fourteen districts, over each of which a Capitaõ-mor, assisted by a major, presides. His office appears to partake both of the civil and military characters; and, formerly, he was too often the petty despot of his district.

The districts are Funchal, Camara de Lobos, Campanario, Ribeira Brava, Ponta de Sol, Magdalena, Calheta, Porto Moniz, S. Vicente, Ponta Delgada, Porto da Cruz, Machico, Santa Cruz, and Caniço. Each captain wears a distinguishing uniform.

The military force of the island consists of a battalion of artillery, raised in 1805, three regiments of militia, and the garrison of the forts. The seventh Lisbon regiment of infantry has been in the island since the time of the constitution. Since the new charter from Brazil, it has been withdrawn.

The Funchal regiment of militia is composed of men residing between the Ribeiro dos Soccoridos and Caniço.

The Calheta regiment, of men from between Ponta de Pargo and the Ribeiro dos Soccoridos.

The St. Vicente, or north regiment, of the rest of the island. They are generally exercised within their respective districts on Sundays; and a certain number of days of duty are required in the year, and they form a fine body of men.

The city is protected by eleven forts, the names of which are Forte do Ilheo, Pontinha, San Lazaro, Fortaleza de St. Lorenzo, do Pico, Forte dos Fontes, d'Alfandega, St. Filippe, Forte Novo, Santiago, and Loires, on the Brazen Head road.

The English government sent troops to the island in 1801, but these left it in 1802. In Dec. 24, 1807, it was surrendered to Lord (then General) Beresford, and the British standard was erected in the fortresses. In

the following year the island was restored, and the Portugueze flag again hoisted, but it continued to be garrisoned by our troops till 1814.

In the fortresses are different prisons for state criminals. I visited the editor of the Patriotic Funchalense, while confined in Santiago.

The Camera, or municipal council, is composed of four Venadores, chosen annually from among the gentry and four Misteres from among the tradesmen, over whom, in Funchal, the Juiz de Foro presides. In the towns the Juizes * Ordinarios preside. Their chief duty consists in superintending all public works; thus they build and repair the bridges, fountains, and roads; take care of the streets, pave and open new ones, &c. and have authority to levy local taxes.

When a new Governor takes possession of his appointment, he takes an oath before the Camera to observe all laws, usages, &c.

Besides the Camera and the Juiz de Foro, there is also a Juiz de Povo, (corresponding to our mayor), with very limited authority; a Juiz dos Orfaos †; a Juiz d'Alfandega, and a Corregidor: the latter is the chief magistrate. He administers justice in criminal matters, and his jurisdiction extends throughout the Madeiras—his authority is superior to that of the other judges—from them appeals are made to the Corregidor. He is also the judge in all matters in which the subjects of other nations are concerned. From him the appeal is to Lisbon ‡. The Juiz de Foro has no jurisdiction beyond the district of Funchal.

* There are five Cameras and five Juizes Ordinarios in the island; Machico, the most ancient; Calheta, instituted in 1511; Ponta do Sol, in 1513; Santa Cruz, in 1515; and St. Vicenta, in 1750. These places have the rank of towns.

† There are three Juizes dos Orfaos; for Funchal, Calheta, and for the north.

‡ The English, by treaty, have the right of naming their own judge (who must, however, be *formado em leyes*) in the case of any

There are four supreme courts in the island :—

Junta de Fazenda, created in 1775
Desembargo do Paço 1811
Junta d'Agricultura 1811
Junta da Justicia 1803

The Junta de Fazenda directs all the financial matters of the island, and executes the orders regarding their collection and distribution of the treasury in Lisbon.

The Desembargo do Paço (privy council) regulates minorities, grants legal dispensations, &c. &c.

The Junta d'Agricultura, as its name imports, attends entirely to this department.

The Junta de Justicia tries and decides all criminal cases punishable by ten years transportation and under.

The Governor, the Corregidor, and the Juiz de Foro, are appointed by the king, and sent from Lisbon triennially : the term, however, is often renewed, especially with the Juizes.

None of these authorities have the power to punish capitally—cases of that kind are referred to Lisbon. They very rarely occur. Stabbing is by no means a frequent practice with the Portugueze of Madeira, who have the more merit in the abstinence, as even murders are seldom punished with death. The Portugueze, by a very mistaken and rather inconsistent tenderness, have a horror of capital punishment, and it is rarely inflicted in any case. At Madeira a lady is commonly induced to supplicate the pardon of the offender, which it is considered an obligation of gallantry not to refuse.

difference or suit with a Portugueze. On these occasions, however, they always name the Corregidor, whose impartiality is propitiated by an annual *douceur* of 400 dollars.

[Among the more important events of the history of Madeira, is the proclamation and suppression of the Constitution. The following account of the transaction was given to me by an ardent constitutionalist, whose prepossessions have probably affected the colouring of the narrative, though I have no reason to believe it contains any mistatement of facts.]

When the news that the constitution had been proclaimed in Portugal in August, 1820, reached the island, measures were immediately taken by those favourable to the change, to spread its beneficial effects. On the 28th of January, 1821, the most active and leading of the constitutionalists, including many military officers, assembled together, and having a few hours before privately communicated their intention to the Governor, they sent five individuals to demand formally at the Castle the acknowledgment of the constitution by the authorities. The Governor, Sebastiaô Xavier Botelho, received the deputies, Medina, Escorcio, Albuquerque, Ornellas, and Vireu, and summoning a council, was disposed to reject the proposition: from this he was however dissuaded by the Brigadier Lecor's representing to him that the garrison was, without doubt, in favour of the cause; and the interview terminated by the Governor's acceding to the wishes of the constitutionalists. While, however, this was going on within the walls of the palace, the populace and military had already proclaimed the revolution, and the air resounded with the cries of "Long live liberty, long live the King with the constitution."

This enthusiasm, or madness, continued for several days, and all business and work was suspended, to give place to a series of *festas*, illuminations, and rejoicings, which extended throughout the island.

One effect it is gratifying to mention—many who had been for years preceding at enmity, influenced by the general joy and diffusion of happiness, sought reconciliation, and the political excitement called forth the finest feelings of the Christian heart.

The constitutionalists confirmed the authorities in their different situations, and the benefits of the new form of government were daily visible in the increasing activity and prosperity of the island. But the step they had taken, in continuing the authorities in their respective situations, was fraught with bad consequences to their cause. Intrigue began—and under pretext of serving the constitution, the Governor sent out of the island, on three hours notice, the Archbishop of Elvas, a liberal and respectable prelate, and by his weight among the priesthood, a main support of the liberal party.

This, however, led to the removal of the governor, and the effects of a free government were felt by the people, in the diminution of their taxes*—the abolition of feudal rights, and the monopoly of mills—in the voice which they now had through their three deputies in the general assembly of the nation—in the diffusion of knowledge by the establishment of two printing presses and the circulation of five journals—in the introduction of distilleries from France to distil their inferior wines, hitherto unsaleable, into brandy—and in the general activity that followed the apathy of the former system.

On the first anniversary of the Constitution, the 28th

* The *Decimo*, a heavy tax on the immovable property of the island, had, I believe, been already, upon the first news of the change at Lisbon, taken off by the governor with the view of keeping the people in good humour. It has not been restored; any more than the monopoly of mills, or the feudal rights above alluded to. Formerly the King of Portugal paid the whole expence of his foreign legations from out of the surplus revenue of Madeira. From 50*l.* to 80,000*l.* annually, was transmitted to London for that purpose.

of January, the foundation stone of a monument, for the erection of which a subscription had been raised, was laid in a spot selected for the purpose, in front of the cathedral, by the assembled authorities; and on the same day an institution, named the Academy of the Friends to Arts and Sciences was established, and the most respectable persons both natives and foreigners were enrolled among its members.

In this promising state the affairs of the island remained till the middle of the following year. On the 19th of June, 1823, the news of the overthrow of the Constitution in Lisbon reached the island by the packet. The governor, Manoel Antonio de Noronha, fearing popular commotion, did not formally announce the event for several days; but as early as the following morning it was whispered throughout the city. The appearance of the citizens has been represented as that of a large family in mourning; black, with a few exceptions, was generally worn, and the Constitutional cockade lingered in the hat till it was no longer safe to shew it. The change was felt by all (except the rabble, who were the tools of the priesthood,) as a private calamity, and the gloom and silence that prevailed was less the result of fear than of sincere and manly grief.

According to established usage Te Deum was celebrated in the cathedral, the authorities attended in state, and the usual salutes were fired from the forts; but beyond this no expression of public feeling was manifest; the Anti-constitutionalists, aware of their weakness, deemed it more prudent to be silent, than at this moment to triumph in the exaltation of their party.

A few weeks, however, only elapsed, before the feelings of the new government were clearly visible in the horrors of persecution.

Intimations had been sent to the government at Lisbon, that the Freemasons of the island were plotting to give it up to the English. In consequence, a new

governor was sent out, with an Alçada or extraordinary commission, specially charged to inquire into the case; and the garrison was reinforced by a regiment of infantry and a company of artillery. The Alçada arrived on the 26th of August, 1823, and immediately entered upon its functions. A great many persons were arrested; and several of them condemned to severe punishment, whether of deportation to Africa or of imprisonment for a certain period. No capital punishment, however, took place. The new governor, Don Manoel de Portugal, had the credit of having uniformly opposed a resort to such extremities, and generally of having contributed much to temper the violence, and moderate the measures of the triumphant faction.

The only corn grown on the island is bearded wheat and barley; and of this there is not much more than two month's consumption; that imported came formerly as flour from America; but mills have been recently established, and it is found cheaper to procure it from the Baltic ports and grind it at home.

Milho or maize forms the exclusive food of the lower orders. It is not grown on the island; which is rather unaccountable, as it would make a better return than any other grain. It is procured partly from the Mediterranean and partly from the Cape de Verdes; none now comes from Africa. Horses are chiefly fed upon it.

Timber, including pipe staves, is procured for the most part from America. The Madeira casks are said to be the best in the world; they are all made in the island, and the coopers form a corporation, having peculiar privileges. They are the only workmen allowed to exercise their craft in the street.

The mode of cultivation and manufacture of Madeira wines has been frequently described; and generally

with much accuracy. The following account is taken from the works of Messrs. Gourlay, Henderson, and Bowdich; but the details have been mostly verified by personal inquiries on the spot. The best kinds of grapes are those called Bual, Sercial, Verdelho, Negro Molle, Malvazia; they are propagated by cuttings, which are planted in trenches dug from three to seven feet. The usual mode of training on the southern exposures, is on square frames or trellices, made of the common cane, and from two to three feet above the ground. In the north of the island they are trained over trees. The vintage begins early in September. The grapes are first trodden by the feet, in a trough formed either of wood or excavated in the rock; and the juice thus expressed is distinguished as the *vinho da flor*; the bruised grapes are then collected within the coils of a thick rope, made of the twisted shoots of the vine, and subjected repeatedly to the press, for the second quality of *must*. This is usually mixed with the former, and transferred the same day into casks to ferment. The rapidity of the fermentation depends partly on the warmth of the weather; and also on the perfect maturity of the grape. The more violent action commonly ceases in about a month or six weeks; but a certain degree of fermentation continues to go on, particularly in the richer qualities of wines. The liquor is clarified by a kind of gypsum brought chiefly from Spain; this is the last part of the process. About the beginning of the year the wine is racked from the lees.

In the case of the Tinta wine made from the black grape called Negro Molle, the grapes only undergo one pressure from the lever, and are afterwards drained through a sieve which allows the husks and seeds to pass, the stalks only remaining behind; the whole is put into a vat open at top, and stirred three or four times a day, till the fermentation has ended, when it is racked off into casks. In making the white wine the different kind of grapes are commonly mixed together,

except the Malvazia or Malmsey, and the Sercial. The former of these * is commonly suffered to ripen for a month later than any other, till the skin begins to shrivel; the Sercial also will succeed only in particular spots. The quantity produced scarcely reaches fifty pipes in the year.

A quantity of brandy, from two gallons per pipe and upwards, is generally thrown into the wines intended for exportation, with the exception, I believe, of the Tinto. In the war time, too, when from the great demand the merchants were unable to keep any stock in hand, it was usual to ripen their wine by stoves; raising the heat gradually from 60 to 100 degrees; and I believe it is still the practice to subject a certain portion of the vintage to the operation of this artificial temperature; the mellowing of the wine is no doubt thus accelerated, but at some expence of the delicacy of its flavour.

The average quantity of produce throughout the island is a pipe per acre, though in some instances four pipes have been raised from the same space.

The north wine is in general very inferior; the only drinkable portion is that of Porto da Cruz. It is nearly all consumed in the island, or converted into brandy. There are about twelve distilleries. Three pipes of wine make one of brandy.

The price of the dry Madeira at present is forty-five pounds per pipe. That of the Sercial, Bual, Tinta and Malmsey, is nearly double, being each eighty-six pounds per pipe.

The sugar cane was sent to the island from Sicily by Prince Henry. The first sugar was made in the Machico Captaincy, and the Malmsey grape first succeeded there.

* The Malmsey is grown only on a few spots enjoying a peculiar warmth of exposure. The grape does not always produce a sweet wine; indeed it does so in one or two situations only; in other cases sugar, burnt by a particular kind of wood, is thrown in.

More than an hundred sugar mills were in existence in the 17th century, one only remained in repair till the present year (1826) when that in the R. dos Soccoridos was newly fitted up; an indication that the culture of the cane is again more attended to. It is indeed likely to increase, as the depreciation of the price of wines will make it better worth while, in some parts, to grow sugar, than wine of an inferior description. The sugar grown here is never crystallized; it is said, however, to be of the purest kind, with a delicate violet perfume. The cultivation of Coffee is daily more attended to. Above ten thousand trees have been planted within the last two years.

The manufactures of the island are few—one silk loom exists in Funchal; but the chief fabric is a coarse kind of woollen, of which they make their petticoats—these are made in considerable quantities in the north. Linen is also woven in various parts of the island. The flax is chiefly grown in St. Anne's, and the northern parishes. Straw-plat, for hats and bonnets, is neatly executed, and employs a good many hands.

The loom differs but little from our own, but is more clumsy. The females are generally the weavers—they weave about three varas per day, and earn three testoons. At St. Anne's I saw the process of dyeing, in a very simple form—the stuff was spread upon the grass, and sprinkled with the dyeing liquor (a decoction of madder, *ruivinho*) till it was saturated; it was then allowed to dry, and the sprinkling repeated, till the wished-for shade was obtained. In this instance a deep chocolate red had been imparted to the fabric.

I also saw the mode of preparing the flax for spinning. It is first steeped in water for fifteen days, dried in the sun, again wetted, beaten, and stoved, and then subjected to an instrument called the *granaddeira*, to separate the fibrous from the brittle portion.

In the Ribeiro Brava I discovered one day a manufacture, of which I had not before heard, that of

ropes from the fibres of ivy. The shoots of the plant, after being steeped in water, were twisted into a strong rope, of about an inch diameter.

Cabinet-making is, I think, the only other manufacture which I have observed in Funchal. The turning machinery is of a very rude and primitive sort; but the results of their ingenuity are often more respectable than one could expect under such circumstances. The greater part of their furniture, like every thing else, is brought from England.

Fish is abundant, and forms an important article in the food of all classes. All the large fish are caught by the hook, the water being too deep, and the bottom too rocky for the use of the trawl or dredge. The seine is sometimes used on the beach, and I have seen it enclose a prodigious quantity of the herring, mackarel, and pilchard.

Some controversy has arisen respecting the precise elevation of the higher points of the Madeira mountains, very able and competent observers having arrived at considerably different results. Captain Sabine's barometrical measurement made the highest summit, Pico Ruivo, only 5,438 feet, but Mr. Bowdich found it 6,164, and the greater number of authorities seem to approximate to this last result. In the course of last year Dr. Heineken again measured this peak, and found it, I think, (for I have unfortunately mislaid the memorandum he was so good as to send me) 6,008 feet. We may perhaps assume six thousand feet as the medium result. The height of the peaks of the Torrinhas, Arieros, and Sidraô, is considered to be about five hundred feet lower than that of Ruivo. The plain of the Paul Mr. Bowdich makes to be 5,159 feet above the level of the sea, and that of the St. Antonio da Serra nearly half as much. The bottom of the Curral, the same observer estimates at 2,080 feet higher than the sea. This is the greatest height at which the vine is cultivated for wine at Madeira. The elevation of the

point from which you have the first view of the valley, ascending from the Jardim, he states to be 3,700 feet—that of the higher ridge, dividing the Curral from the Serra d'Agoa, at 4,161 feet.

The internal communications of Madeira have been much improved of late years. Roads have been made connecting the north and south coasts of the island, and often under circumstances of great difficulty. This is particularly the case with the St. Vicente road, which in passing through the Serra d'Agoa, has in parts been carried along the face of an almost perpendicular cliff. Don Jose d'Alfonseca is the name of the engineer. Another road, leading to St. Anne's, has just been finished. It rises from the Roxinha, and forms by much the most easy and practicable ascent of the mountains. A certain number of days' labour (five I think in the year) are required from every individual for the support of the roads, which *corvée*, however, may be commuted for a small sum of money.

In my former visit to Madeira I made the tour of the island, including the western part, which is of a character considerably different from that about Funchal. The northern descent of the Paul, indeed, is much the same throughout—the mountains are uniformly steep, and the ravines wooded; and the road descending to Ribeiro de Janella, passes through a tract of scenery inferior to few in the island, in respect of variety and grandeur. At the head of the ravine of the Ribeiro de Janella are the Agoas de Rabesal, a spot remarkable for the manner in which the water filters through the rock—the springs come through in fifteen or sixteen different fissures, in a cliff of about 250 feet high.

The plain of the Paul itself bears always the same aspect, except in one part, the Campo Grande, which is wholly without brushwood.

On turning the point of Porto Moniz, to the south, the coast and the mountains lose all interest in respect to scenery. The descent of the mountains is not so

steep, and they are quite bare of wood. Between them and the coast are hills of a moderate height, which are cultivated to the summit. The chief part of the corn of the island is grown here. There are no vines.

Even the costumes of the peasantry, and the structure of the cabins, presents some point of difference from the fashion prevailing in those respects in the east of the island. In one or two places the surface admits the use of carts.

The towns on this side offer nothing deserving of particular remark. Paul de Mar, Calheta, &c. are seated on slips, or depressions, under the hills, like Ponta Delgada. The area of the Arco de Calheta is a complete half crater; but the heights around are not as precipitous as those that encircle the arco of St. George.

During the course of the same season, I made an excursion to Porto Santo; which is about thirty-five miles north-east of the nearest point of Madeira. We took our passage in one of the large boats, which trade between the two islands. The prevailing wind here being north-east, is of course adverse to the voyage. The place is miserable enough, and hardly deserves the effort. The hills (the highest of which rise to about 1600 feet) stand at the two extremities of the island, divided by a sort of plain, or depression, in the centre. They are perfectly barren. The whole island, indeed, has a parched, burnt-up aspect, especially after harvest; suggesting the notion rather of an African than of an European climate. A considerable quantity of corn is grown in the more level district, and near the town a narrow band of vines stretches along the shore; the plants are not trained, but drawn on the hot sand, and the fruits thus ripen earlier than at Madeira *.

* Mr. Bowdich states the produce of these vines in 1813 to be 695 pipes. I should not have expected it to be so considerable. He gives also 3768 bushels of wheat, and 1628 of barley, as the amount of corn grown. The population I have heard variously estimated at 12 or 1400.

The island has but one fountain of good water; it is on the north coast, and conducted to the town by a levada. The other springs are all brackish.

Porto Santo is quite destitute of wood, with the exception of a few pines and palms. The dragon trees, spoken of by Cordeyro, are extinct: there is not even brushwood. The inhabitants depend altogether on Madeira for fuel.

There is but one town, (the whole island indeed is but six miles long, and not three broad), which in every respect is worthy of the miserable region of which it forms the capital.

The chief use of Porto Santo seems to be as a place of punishment. Individuals, whether civil or military, who have incurred the displeasure of the government of Madeira, are often condemned to a residence of some length in the island. This was the case of several of those who had more obnoxiously distinguished themselves in the cause of the constitution.

I should not forget the Desertas, which always form so conspicuous an object in the sea views from Funchal. They are distant about twenty miles, or four hours' row, from Santa Cruz. There are three of them, all very difficult of access, both from the heaviness of the surf on the beach, and the headlong steepness of the cliffs. I could not hear that the southernmost islet had ever been scaled. A party of us made an excursion to the middle, or great Deserta, and passed the night there. Its interior surface forms a hollow, or valley, and is composed of loose rock; on which all vegetation disappears during three-fourths of the year. The only symptom of such was a few ferns on the northern exposure. There is abundance of sea-fowl.

A short time ago one of the governors of Madeira took it into his head that these rocks were made use of as depots for smuggled goods; and, in consequence, thought proper to establish on the great, or central Deserta, a guard of three soldiers. This precaution is still

continued. We found the garrison quartered in a wretched hut. Provisions are sent over every month; and they are themselves replaced every quarter. It is to be hoped that a little consideration will some day relieve the soldiery altogether from this cruel, and, I should imagine, unnecessary service.

From the cliffs at the northern extremity of our rock, we looked down on the comparatively low and flat surface of the *Table Deserta.* It was covered with a marine grass; and, I understand, is farmed of a noble Portugueze family, for the sake of the *lichen roccella*, or orchilla weed, which it produces. There is also great plenty of shell-fish—limpets and *cracas*—which are here collected for the Funchal markets. Rabbits, too, abound.

We slept in a tent which we had brought with us. All night long there was a singular noise, like that of children crying, which we found proceeded from the mother Carey's chickens. During the day these birds hide in the rabbit burrows. . . .

At day-break next morning we had a magnificent view of the whole mass of Madeira; from the peaks of Ruivo and the Torrinhas to the beach, and extending from Point St. Lorenço, as far as Cape Giram on the west. Our passage returning took us nearly eight hours. The chief objection to an excursion to the Desertas is the danger of being kept there by adverse weather rather longer than might be agreeable: on that account, it would be prudent to take provisions for a day or two.

The population of Madeira is estimated at 102,000 inhabitants; but Mr. Bowdich states that he learnt from the best Portugueze authority, that in 1823 it was 98,000 and a fraction, being an increase of 14 per cent. above the census of 1813. The following is a list of the parishes of the island, with the number of fires (*Fogos*) or families in each. It was taken from official sources—of the perfect accuracy of which we have no means of judging. Nor can I altogether account for

the slight difference which appears in the results in different years. Allowing what I believe is the ordinary average, five persons to a family, the sum will not much differ from that given by Mr. Bowdich.

I have procured also an account of the annual number of births, marriages, and deaths in the four parishes forming the city of Funchal.

PARISHES.	1823	1824	1825
Four Parishes of Funchal.			
Sé Cathedral	824	812	842
Saô Pedro	1471	1592	1573
Calhaô, or St. Maria Maior	939	953	964
Santa Luzia	750	744	719
Faial	731	721	723
Prazeres	193	195	190
Ribeira de Janella	163	163	162
St. Antonio da Serra	174	174	175
Magdalena	131	133	134
Camacha	177	178	183
Agoa de Pena	66	69	70
Curral das Freiras	108	103	116
Atabua	379	388	392
Monte	505	492	490
Sao Jorge	546	546	548
Arco de S. Jorge	135	133	136
Saô Vicente	909	938	940
Porto de Moniz	597	596	602
Calheta	608	610	607
Estreito de Calheta	560	557	545
Arco de Calheta	678	685	580
Saô Roque	344	366	732
Ganiçal	40	39	40
St. Anna	630	634	643
Serra de Agoa	243	246	243
Santa Cruz	567	571	560
Ponta de Pargo	496		487

PARISHES.	1823	1824	1825
Paul do Mar	177	176	176
Ponta Delgada	820	803	827
Porto da Cruz	612	616	618
Ponta do Sol	900	909	907
Saô Gonçalo	348	350	355
Camara de Lobos	705	689	704
.....	43	42	39
Estreito de Camara de Lobos	771	778	788
Gaula	282	281	286
Caniço	426	447	440
Saô Martimho	482	473	474
Canhas	771	746	761
Campanario	589	495	481
N. S. dos Remedios of the same Parish		109	110
Ribeira Brava	776	780	757
Seixal	241	240	241
Fajam da Ovelha	470	474	
Santo Antonio	873	867	873
Machico	764	771	787
Island of Porto Santo	426	427	425
List of Baptisms in the Parish of the cathedral of Funchal.—Children born of lawful wedlock	111	110	92
——— exposed, parents unknown	91	88	97
Marriages in the same church	15	29	28
Burials in the same church	121	157	198
Baptisms in the church of Santa Luzia of Funchal	128	109	165
Marriages in the same church	38	28	18
Burials in the same church	75	109	105
Baptisms in the church of St. Pedro of Funchal	290	253	203

PARISHES.	1823	1824	1825
Marriages in the same church	32	43	42
Burials in the same church	168	275	237
Calhaô or Sta. Maria Maior of Funchal—Baptisms	147	148	145
Marriages	21	14	18
Burials	106	131	105

The following specimen of the meteorology of Madeira is taken from a series of tables, which were furnished me by the same gentleman to whom we are indebted for the remarks contained in Appendix II. The limits of our work, unfortunately, would not allow of the insertion of the whole of these tables; and from some irregularities in the manner in which they were drawn up, it was found difficult to present the results of the observations in the shape of general averages. The motive for the selection of this portion, was the circumstance of the temperature being at this time taken by a *register thermometer*, marking the range of variation in the course of each day.

FEBRUARY—1825.

Day.	Barometer.	Thermometer. +	—	S.S.	Wind.	Rain.	Weather.
1	30.57	69	59	64	N.E.		Fine.
2	30.52	69	59+	64	N.E.		Ditto.
3	30.55	71	59	66	N.E.		Ditto.
4	30.51	69	58	63	N.		Overcast.
5	30.45	68	59	65	N.E.		Fine p.m. a few drops of rain.
6	30.40+	67	59	65	N.		Overcast.
7	30.29	65	60—	64+	E.		Do. Night slight rain.
8	30.26	66	61	65	E.		Ditto.
9	30.22	65	61	62	S.	1.70	Heavy, 24 ho. rain.
10	30.25	65	61	64	S.		Rain a.m. Fine p.m.
11	30.36	68½	60	65	S.E.		Fine.
12	30.35	71	59—	67	E.		Do, rain in the night.
13	30.35	67	63	65	S.	09	Thick, some rain.
14	30.40	68	61	66	S.		Ditto.
15	30.44	67	60	65	S.W.		Do. p.m. a few drops of rain.
16	30.46	66	59+	63	N.E.		Overcast.
17	30.44	65	58½	62	N.		Ditto.
18	30.45	67	57—	64	N.		Fine.
19	30.44—	70	56	63	N.E.		Ditto.
20	30.38 +	+69	61+	65	N.E.		Ditto.
21	30.30	72	61+	67	N.E.		Ditto.
22	30.24	75+	61	68	W.		Ditto.
23	30.39	76	60	65	N.		Ditto.
24	30.37	76	59	64	N.		Overcast.
25	30.39	71—	58+	65	N.		Fine.
26	30.42	75—	58+	67	N.E.		Ditto.
27	30.44	69	62	66	E.		Ditto.
28	30.45	—70	—60	—66	E.		Overcast.
						1.79	

N.B. + is the Maximum heat by a register Thermometer.
— is the Minimum, ditto.
S.S. is the Sunset.

MARCH—1825.

Day.	Barometer.	Thermometer. +	−	8.8.	Wind.	Rain.	Weather.
1	30.39	74	61	68	N.E.		Fine.
2	30.32—	69	60	66	N.E.		Overcast.
3	30.38—	72	62	66	E.		Fine.
4	30.41	74	61+	66	N.E.		Ditto.
5	30.39	74	61—	66	N.E.		Ditto.
6	30.32+	70+	59	66	N.E.		Ditto.
7	30.38	73	59	68	N.E.		Ditto.
8	30.38—	74	60	65	N.E.		Ditto.
9	30.34—	74	61	66	N.E.		Ditto.
10	30.39	73	61	67	N.E.		Ditto.
11	30.47	71	59	66	N.E.		Ditto.
12	30.35	70	60	67	E.		Ditto.
13	30.30	72	60	68	N.E.		Ditto.
14	30.30	72	60—	67	N.E.		Ditto.
15	30.34	73	61—	66	N.E.		Ditto.
16	30.35	69	60	66	N.E.		Ditto.
17	30.42	73	59+	65	N.E.		Ditto.
18	30.30	+72	59	66	N.E.		Ditto.
19	30.19	66	60+	65	E.		Do. p.m. N. Nt. snow on hills
20	30.01	71	60	64	N.		Do. p.m. N.W. rain
21	29.84	67	58	63	N.W.	1.30	Showery rain all night.
22	29.97	72	58	65	N.W.		Fine, snow on mountains.
23	29.97	72	59	66	N.W.		Ditto.
24	29.91	67	57	64	N.W.		Showery.
25	29.85	63	57	62	N.W.		Rain.
26	29.90	68	56	62	N.W.		Showery.
27	29.94	68	56	63	N.W.		Ditto.
28	30.10—	69	64	56	W.		Fine.
29	30.15+	—72	60+	66	W.		Showery p.m.
30	30.23	74	62	67	W.		Fine.
31	30.33	74+	61+	66	N.W.		Overcast.
						1.30	

APRIL.—1825.

Day.	Barometer.	Thermometer. +	—	S.S.	Wind.	Rain.	Weather.
1	30.26	72	63	65	N.		Overcast.
2	30.13	72	62	65	N.E.		Ditto.
3	30.06	66	63	65	E.		Ditto.
4	29.88	67	61	64	S.E.	.41	Rain.
5	29.83		——		S.E.		Overcast.
6	29.81		——		W.		Fine.
7	29.98	70	59	66	N.W.		Showery.
8	30.13	67	61	64	N.		Ditto.
9	30.11	67	61	65	N.		Fine.
10	30.18	69	62	66	N.		Ditto.
11	30.28	74	61	67	N.E.		Ditto.
12	30.34		——		N.E.		Ditto.
13	30.30		——		N.E.		Ditto.
14	30.22		——		N.E.		Ditto.
15	30.23	75	61	70	E.		Ditto, slight Leste.
16	30.21	74	63	69	E.		Ditto, ditto.
17	30.20	73	62	68	N.E.		Ditto.
18	30.12	79	62	70	E.		Leste.
19	30.16		——		N.E.		Fine.
20	30.26	74	64	68	N.E.		Ditto.
21	30.35	74	62	69	N.E.		Ditto.
22	30.20	72	64	66	N.E.		Ditto.
23	29.94	70	63	67	W.		Ditto.
24	29.84	73	62	67	W.		Do. rain in the night.
25	29.65	68	61	66	W.NW		Showery.
26	29.97	70	60	65	N.W.	1.25	Slight showers.
27	30.11	68	61	64	N.W.		Ditto.
28	30.18	67	60	65	N.		Fine.
29	30.20	66	60	64	N.		Overcast.
30	30.25	66	60	65	N.E.		Ditto.
						1.66	

MAY—1825.

Day.	Barometer.	Thermometer. +	—	S.S.	Wind.	Rain.	Weather.
1	30.25	67	60	65	N.E.		Overcast.
2	30.17	71	61+	66	N.E.		Fine p.m. overcast.
3	30.03	73	62	68	S.W.		Do. rain at night.
4	29.96		——		W.		Overcast, showers.
5	30.08	71	65	68	W.	.90	Showers.
6	30.23	69	62	67	N.W.		Fine.
7	30.25		——		N.W.		Ditto.
8	30.19	73	61	68	N.W.		Ditto.
9	30.15	74	66	69	N.W.		Ditto.
10	30.21		——		N.W.		Overcast.
11	30.25	70	65	68	N.W.		Do. hills in mist.
12	30.31		——		N.W.		Ditto.
13	30.29		——		N.W.		Ditto.
14	30.23		——		N.E.		Ditto.
15	30.20	71	62	67	N.E.		Fine.
16	30.30	73	62	68	N.E.		Ditto.
17	30.38	68	61	66	N.E.		Overcast.
18	30.36		——		N.W.		Fine.
19	30.25		——		N.W.		Overcast.
20	30.24	71	63	67	N.E.		Small rain.
21	30.31	68	64	67	N.E.		Overcast.
22	30.28	70	61	67	N.E.		Shower.
23	30.28	70	63	68	N.E.	.10	Overcast.
24	30.32	71	64	69	N.E.		Ditto.
25	30.34	72	64	69	N.E.		Fine.
26	30.37	72	66	70	N.E.		Overcast.
27	30.34	71	65	68	N.E.		Ditto.
28	30.14		——		N.		Strong west wind.
29	30.17	76	65	70	N.E.		Fine.
30	30.37	75	65	70+	N.		Ditto.
31	30.42	74	64	70+	N.		Ditto.
						1.	

EXTRACT FROM THE TABLES OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS, MADE BY DR. GOURLAY, IN THE CITY OF FUNCHAL.

1801	THERMOMETER. Highest. Deg.	Lowest. Deg.	Medium. Deg.	BAROMETER. Highest. Inches.	Lowest. Inches.	Medium. Inches.
Jan.	67	52	58	30 2	29 9	30

Wind.—E. NE. NW. N. SE.—most generally NE.

Feb.	65	52	58	30 2½	29 1½	30

Wind.—SE. E. NE. N. NW.—generally NE. and N.

Mar.	71	56	62	30 2	29 8	30

Wind.—E. to the 9th—NW. W. to the 15th—afterwards E. and NE.

April.	67	53	60	30 1	29 6	30

Wind.—N. NW. W. NE. SW.—most frequently NE.

May.	67	52	62	30 2½	29 7	30

Wind.—N. SW. NW. W.—most generally N. and NE.

June.	73	60	66	30 2	29 9	30

Wind.—NE. N. NW. SE. E.—most frequently N. and NE.

July.	75	66	69	30 1½	29 9	30

Wind.—Twenty-one days NE. alternately—afterwards NW. and N.

Aug.	79	67	64	30 1½	29 7½	30

Wind.—Variable from NE. N. E. SW. NW. to W.

	THERMOMETER.			BAROMETER.		
1801	Highest. Deg.	Lowest. Deg.	Medium. Deg.	Highest. Inches.	Lowest. Inches.	Medium. Inches.
Sept.	77	68	72	30 2	29 9	30
Wind.—Most frequently NE. and N.—sometimes NW. —once E.						
Oct.	76	64	72	30 1½	29 9	30
Wind.—Twenty-one days NE. alternately.						
Nov.	72	61	65	30 2	29 9	30
Wind.—Variable from NE. N. to SW.—generally NE.						
Dec.	70	58	62	30 2	29 8	30
Wind.—Changeable from NE. E. N. SE. SW.						
1802						
Jan.	65	51	58	30 3	29 5	30
Wind.—Changeable from NE. N. NW. to W. to the 12th.—after N. E.						
Feb.	67	54	60	30 2½	29 7½	30
Wind.—Variable from N. NE.—two days E.						
Mar.	72	55	59	30 2	29 8	30
Wind.—Generally N. and NE.						
April.	67	54	61	30 2½	29 7½	30
Wind.—Variable from NE. NW. NE. to E.—generally NE.						
May.	69	56	62	30 1	29 7	29 9
Wind.—NW. N. and NE. to the 18th.						

1801	THERMOMETER. Highest. Deg.	Lowest. Deg.	Medium. Deg.	BAROMETER. Highest. Inches.	Lowest. Inches.	Medium. Inches.
June.	70	61	65	30 1½	29 8½	30

Wind.—N. NW. and SE.—most generally NE.

July.	73	64	69	30 2	30 1	30 1½

Wind.—Two days N.—twenty-nine days NE.

Aug.	80	68	73	30 1	29 9	30

Wind.—E. NE. and N.—most frequently E.

Sept.	84	70	75	30 3	29 8½	30½

Wind.—E. NE. SW.—most generally E.

Oct.	76	66	69	30 1	29 8½	29 9½

Wind.—E. NW. NE. N. SW. and W. alternately.

Nov.	70	60	65	30 1½	29 4	29 8

Wind.—NW. W. N. and NE.—generally NW.

Dec.	63	52	57	30 1	29 6	29 8½

Wind.—N. S. NW. and NE.—most generally NE.*

* The mean temperature of Funchal, according to Kirwan, is 68.9 of Fahrenheit, or 20.4 of the centigrade thermometer; but I am inclined to think from the eighteen years' observations of Dr. Gourlay, a resident in Madeira, that Kirwan's informants have led him to rate the mean nearly three degrees of Fahrenheit too high, as he did that of the equator. The difference in the mean temperature of several years scarcely ever exceeds 1° of Fahrenheit in Madeira; and the difference between the means of February and August, which may be considered as the extremes of heat and cold, averages 10°. Mr. Kirwan's result is as follows:—

Jan. 64°.18;—Feb. 64.3;—March, 65.8;—April, 65.5;—May, 66.53;—June, 69.74;—July, 73.45;—Aug. 75.02;—Sept. 75.76;—Oct. 72.5;—Nov. 69.08;—Dec. 65.

In closing this string of unconnected and imperfect notices, the writer has only to express his own apprehension that many of them may be found liable to the reproach of considerable inaccuracy. Every one who has travelled will be aware of the difficulty there is, under such circumstances, of obtaining statements that can be entirely depended upon. To use the expression of Dr. Johnson in the same case, the answer to the second question is often such as nullifies that to the first. Some contradictions of this kind have occurred to the writer himself in revising his collection; but he is at present without either the means of reconciling or removing them: he gives, therefore, the whole as he received it, and with the less concern as to the responsibility so incurred, as his very mistakes, in provoking correction or criticism, may be the means of eliciting more accurate information.

FINIS.

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